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IN FAR NEW GUINEA





A FAMILY GROUP

The ugly custom of face-painting is seldom practised on children, as seen in this picture. It would be more pleasing if the natives confined themselves to floral decoration.

IN FAR NEW GUINEA

A STIRRING RECORD OF WORK AND OBSERVATION AMONGST
THE PEOPLE OF NEW GUINEA, WITH A DESCRIPTION
OF THEIR MANNERS, CUSTOMS, & RELIGIONS

&c. &c. &c.



✓ BY

HENRY NEWTON, B.A.(OXON.)

WITH 47 ILLUSTRATIONS & A MAP

PHILADELPHIA
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
LONDON: SEELEY, SERVICE & CO. LD.

1914



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IN FAR NEW GUINEA

CHAPTER I

TO NEW GUINEA IN A FORE-AND-AFTER

THIRTEEN years ago there was little regular communication between Australia and New Guinea. One shipping firm ran a steamer from Sydney up the Queensland coast to Thursday Island, thence along the coast of New Guinea to New Britain, and through the Solomon Islands back to Sydney. The very moderate speed of this steamer, and the cruising about here and there and everywhere to pick up a cargo of copra, bêche-de-mer, sandal-wood, ivory, nuts, by trading with the natives or taking freight from white traders meant that this was a three months' trip. Adventurous spirits had been trading for years amongst the islands of the unknown and uncharted seas about New Guinea, and most of these started from Cooktown or other North Queensland ports in small schooners or cutters, some of them never to return. The discovery of gold in New Guinea in the late 'nineties had given a slight impetus to the trade from the North of Queensland. So it came about that when I joined the staff of the Anglican Mission to New Guinea in 1899, and had missed a trip of the *Moresby*, I decided to go to Cooktown and see if something would turn up to take me across the Coral Sea, rather than wait another three months for the steamer. At the worst she would pick me up on her next voyage, and I should be no worse off than if I waited down south. On the way up the Queensland coast, at Townsville I fell in with a layman who

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had joined the Mission staff, and who in the north had decided on the same course as I had in the south.

Cooktown is a place that has been and hopes to be again. When the Palmer goldfield—perhaps the richest alluvial field that even Australia has known—was booming, Cooktown as the port of the field was a thriving place indeed. Now all that is left to tell of prosperous days is the very large number of hotels, so many that one visitor to the place is said to have described it as “the town where the people make a living by drinking one another’s beer.” It is a dreary place in which to mark time, but I enjoyed the few weeks I spent there in spite of my anxiety to get across the sea. There are always compensations in life, and the compensations of Cooktown are the kindness and hospitality of the people. I had introductions, and, in Australia at least, that means that everything was done to make time pass quickly and pleasantly.

My friends lived a few miles out of the town and, as they knew I was anxious about getting away by the first opportunity, they drove me in from time to time to find out if there were shipping news of any kind. At last a rumour got abroad that one of the Cooktown firms had chartered a cutter to take over stores to New Guinea, and I went at once to the office to secure a passage in the *Mystery*. The senior member of the firm strongly advised me not to think of it for a moment, and painted the discomfort of the trip in vivid colours. The cutter was about 14 tons register, she would be full of stores, and there were several miners going over; she had no accommodation for passengers, there was a small cabin astern which was reached by pushing back the slide in the top of the low deck-house, and going down by one step and a drop to the floor. In this cabin were two bunks, one on each side under the deck, which you were bound to hit with your head if you got up quickly. There might be mattresses on the boards of these bunks, and then again there might not. At all events, these bunks were reserved for the captain and the crew; passengers, if they went, would get deck accommodation (very

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limited) if the weather were good, which was very unlikely; or they might be able to get down the man-hole forrard, and crawl on the top of the cargo in the hold for a camp, and they would only want to do this if the weather were bad, when they couldn't! So I had better be wise and wait for something more comfortable to travel in. But I was determined to go, so I applied for a state cabin, paid three pounds—a reduction being made in the fare as I was a missionary—for the privilege of going in the cutter, and inquired what was the date of sailing. That was very uncertain; the boat had to be loaded, but that would not take long; a crew could easily be found, but the difficulty was to secure a captain who would be allowed by the port authorities to take the vessel out of Cooktown and across to New Guinea. It meant a deep-water ticket, and no one with the requisite certificate was available. However, something would turn up, and they would let me know. I have never been able to guess what was expected to turn up in the shape of a master mariner, but I supposed business people knew what they were talking about, and having secured my passage I felt something had been done.

While we were waiting, my friends drove in with me one day to see the liner in which I was to travel. She lay in the stream at anchor, a frail-looking cockle shell, but very proudly flying a rooster at the mast-head. "You surely will not risk your life in that little thing; why, it is not safe, you will never get across," they said, and they did all they could to persuade me to reconsider the matter. "Look at her mast-head. Why, she is the Cock of the North!" was all I answered. My fellow-member of the staff, who is an awful sailor, and who usually gets sick as soon as his berth is booked, decided to wait for some better means of transport. It so happened he only had to wait for a week or two, when he got a passage in the New Guinea Government's steamer, the *Merrie England*, and had a terrible trip. They had bad weather, and the *Merrie England* is a vessel which has the reputation of combining

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every possible variety of motion into one, and is sometimes uncertain up to the very last moment what the resultant is to be. Rolling usually predominates, but that is modified by many other peculiar motions.

After some days delay, fortune favoured us in the way of providing a captain for the *Mystery*. A couple of Cooktown men had decided to go across to New Guinea for trading, and they had a small schooner built down south for this purpose. The vessel was brought up the coast by a master mariner as far as Cooktown, but the captain in trying to enter the harbour got on the beach to the north of the entrance and the vessel was wrecked. This meant that a man with a deep-water ticket would be available, providing the Marine Board authorities did not suspend the ticket as the result of the inquiry that followed the wreck. We were all keen on the result of that inquiry. The cutter was loaded, the crew engaged, the passengers had what luggage they could take on board. In simple faith I left nearly all mine in Cooktown to follow me sometime and somehow. I got it all in time. Everything was ready for sea, if only the captain would be allowed to take us, and he was.

Very early one Wednesday morning in the month of August I found my way on board the *Mystery*, the first of the passengers to arrive. The crew were ready, and we were to get out of the harbour on the last of the ebb tide. One by one or two and two the passengers came down, accompanied by miner and other friends, who either had not been able to secure a coveted berth or who preferred some more certain way of travelling. The cutter was moored to one of the wharves, and as there is a big rise and fall at Cooktown, she lay a long way down below the decking, owing to the lowness of the tide. It was an acrobatic feat to get on board her. Some of the passengers and their friends had decided over night, apparently, that as we were to make a very early start it was not worth while going to bed at all; and besides, it was the last chance of a merry night, so why not use the oppor-

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tunity? I was sitting on the rail at the stern when the other passengers came on board. One who took a seat next to me had certainly not wasted the opportunity of a last night ashore. He looked me over and evidently did not know quite what to make of me. At last he said in a somewhat thick voice, "Are you going to New Guinea after gold too?" "Yes," I answered, "after gold of a sort." "What d'ye mean?" he said. Just then his neighbour dug him in the ribs with his elbow, saying, "Shut up! can't you see he is a missionary?" "Oh, I can't stand these adjectival missionaries!" was the answer, as my friend turned his back on me. "Shut up!" came again from his neighbour, eliciting the remark, "The more I say the more I put my foot in it." I was not sorry to have his attention taken off me, for, to tell the truth, I felt some doubt as to how my company would be appreciated by my fellow-passengers.

Up on the wharf far above us were those who had come to see us off; a few in the loosest of loose deshabelle—boots unlaced or without laces and no socks, trousers above those, the bottoms trying to get inside the boots and partially succeeding, buttoned in places only, and held up by a strap, above them white flannel shirts of a yellow tinge and only in places tucked inside the belt. We were waiting for the captain, who was away getting the ship's papers and clearance, and our friends beguiled the time and cheered us by making remarks about the boat and indulging in prophecies as to what would happen to us. "Come up, Bill; come and wait for a decent boat." "That thing is nothing more than an adjectival coffin." "You'll never get over. He'll pile you up, s'elp me he will, like he did that other hooker over there." "Come and have a drink, Charley; its the last you'll ever have. Never mind if you miss your passage." It sometimes looked as though one or other of the swaying forms would come aboard unintentionally, but a lurch back saved them as they held out their hands to grasp at nothing, and others not so far gone drew them back from the edge of the wharf. The

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crew, one hardy old salt who had been in the navy and the merchant service and was well over sixty years of age, was in a bad temper. He had not been able to get much advance on his wages, just enough to have so many drinks that he was mad he could not have more.

At last the captain arrived with the agent, and when the last instructions had been given we cast off and floated on the ebb tide out of the river. We were to get out near to the Lark Passage in the Barrier Reef before dark, anchor for the night on a sandbank, and get outside at daylight the next morning. With a good breeze we should do the 450 miles to Samarai in about three days, but although the breeze was to be all we could desire, it was to be eight days before we were to get on shore again.

When we were clear of the land and had time to sort ourselves we found we were twelve souls on board all told. The captain and crew made two, a young fellow was working his passage as cook, and there were nine passengers.

The hold was nearly full of cargo, and on the hatch was a great pile of sacks of potatoes, over which there was just room for the boom to swing, and which left very little room for a gangway on either side. Forward close to the mast was an open galley sheltered on top and on three sides to protect the fire from wind and weather. The dining saloon was the deck, the table the deck-house, for seating accommodation there was the deck and the deck-house, and also the rail for those who cared for it. An empty box turned upside down enabled the steersman to work the tiller without breaking his back. Plates and mugs were of enamel ware, and there was a fair supply of forks, and spoons, and knives. Plenty of tinned meat and fish, biscuits, cocoa, tea, coffee, milk, fruit, jam, pickles, puddings, while those bags of potatoes promised a change in the form the tinned meat would be served up for us, if the cook knew his business, as we were thankful to find later on he did. We should do well enough in the tucker line, and there was a fine large cask of water.

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In the cabin aft were stored under the decking bags of mails, rations, luggage, so there was little room to spare. When the scuttle was closed, and the slides over the port-holes drawn, there would be less ventilation. It was not inviting down there.

For navigating the ship, the captain—who had never been in New Guinea waters and so had no local knowledge—had a chart of the Coral Sea as good as could be got, seeing that there had not been much surveying done in New Guinea waters since the days of Captain Moresby. There was a good compass on board, but its deviation perhaps no one knew. The captain said he had a good sextant of his own, but this had been impounded by the hotel-keeper with whom he had stayed in Cooktown as security for his board; he had a good pair of spreaders, and a pair of parallel rulers, which would have been useful if one hinge had not been broken, so the captain must depend on the straightness of his eye in marking off a course, or fixing a position when he got near land. To take the place of his own sextant, he had been provided with one which, he told me privately, he thought had an error of about nine degrees, as nearly as he could guess.

Of course there was no chronometer. The crew was supposed to have some local knowledge, but if Jack had it was to be of no use to us, as matters turned out.

A light breeze carried us out from the shore on the calm water inside the Barrier, and most of those on board made up for loss of sleep on the last night on shore. Some would have been glad of a nip, and the captain was asked if he had any spirits on board, but he had none; one man approached me offering to buy any I had, but I could give no help—so the poor beggars had to suffer a recovery as well as they could, though they ought to have had something to ease them off. Early in the afternoon we got to our anchorage and had a comfortable night of it. I had one of the bunks in the cabin, the captain the other; we could have scuttle and ports all open, and so fancy we got some fresh air; the rest slept on deck or

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crawled in from the man-hole forrard on top of the cargo in the hold.

By daylight the anchor was up and we were under weigh for the passage, but before we reached the opening, there was an ominous sound of scrunching under the keel. "Hullo!" called out one man, "that's the first he has found; I wonder how many more he will manage to hit." But we were carried over into deep water, none the worse so far as we knew.

As soon as we got through the passage, the captain set a course for Samarai N.E. by E. When he gave it to Jack the old man growled out, "You had better keep her a point more to the norrard." "No, I won't," said the captain; "I'm not going to get down to leeward and have to beat up against the south-easter." "All right, go your own way, you'll be sorry for it," grumbled the crew to himself.

It was blowing a stiff south-easter, and the cutter flew through the water. There was a big sea running, and the man-hole forrard had to be battened down, so there was no hope of getting into the hold for a camp. Every one prepared for the voyage in earnest now. Boots and socks were taken off and thrown down into the cabin, trousers rolled up, for the cutter heeled over and the water came swishing up through the scuppers, till sitting on the deck-house we were wet half-way to the knees. Now and again a wave would break over us, the cutter would heel over on to her beam ends, and it meant holding on for all we were worth. However, we were travelling, and we were in the best of spirits, for already we felt sure we should soon be at the end of our journey.

That night the rest of the passengers crowded into the little cabin, packed like sardines, head to foot on the bunks, on the floor, squeezed under the stern deck amongst mail-bags, luggage, and rations, the scuttle and the ports closed. I preferred to take my chance on deck, and wrapped up in an oil-skin I lay on the deck-house, risking a ducking from the waves, and sleeping if possible.

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Six-hour watches were to be kept at the tiller by the captain and the crew, turn and turn about, but it was found that when Jack called the captain for his watch at daylight he sang out from below, "Give the tiller to the cook," while he turned over and went to sleep again. After the first night on deck I got up stiff and weary, having had very little sleep, and I thought I would try the cabin when some of the other passengers came on deck. Wearily, one leg was passed down and the step found by a foot, and then the other foot lowered till my nose was just below the roof of the deck-house. If it was slow descending it was quick work getting back again, for the atmosphere was so thick that you could cut it with a knife, and before I knew anything else I was leaning over the side paying my first and only contribution to the sea god that trip. Never again did I dare to try that cabin till we were anchored at Samarai.

The wind held, and we scudded through the water at a great pace. The *Mystery* certainly did not belie the rooster she carried at her mast-head. There was nothing to be done except keep her on her course, and from time to time tighten the halyards and the sheets. The long, weary nights were broken by making cocoa, or coffee for the captain and Jack and myself, at the change of the watch. Much sleep, some exchange of experiences, a little desultory conversation, attempts at reading, passed the time somehow. All day we were broiling in the sun, for we could not rig an awning, and the sails gave but little shade, but we did not mind, for we felt sure we should sight land on the third day from the Lark Passage, and sure enough on the afternoon of that day the sea got calmer. We were having tea a little after four o'clock—we had to use daylight, for there was only a hurricane lamp or two on board—sitting about in all sorts of positions on the deck when some one, feeling cramped, got up to stretch himself, a plate of Irish stew in one hand, a spoon in the other. As soon as he stood up he cried out. "Hullo! what's that ahead? surely that is a reef." Every one was

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standing up in a twinkling, and sure enough less than half a mile ahead of us was a line of white surf stretching away to the east and to the west.

In a few minutes we should have been on top of it. There was hurry and bustle as we 'bouted ship, and stood off the reef again. We hove to a mile or so off, and the captain got out his chart and tried to make out where we were. He had tried to guess at our position by taking a sight of the sun every day, much to the amusement of the passengers, whose sarcastic remarks were not devoid of humour. It seemed pretty evident from the look of the reef that we were some seventy miles to the south-east of Samarai, just about the difference between our course and what old Jack had suggested when we left the Barrier! and if so, there, was a nasty isolated reef, the Suckling, to the west that called for a wide berth, and certainly did not invite investigation at nighttime. Finding when we were hove to that we were drifting towards the reef, and fearing to get near the Suckling during the night, the captain decided to turn tail and run to the south-east along the main line of reef. Very loud and very deep were the expressions of opinion by the passengers when they realized what we were going to do. "I say, Bill, we're off to Sydney again." "Where does the old fool think he is going to now?" "I wonder if he knows where he is or where Samarai lies." "Not he; we're going to sail about this sea till the Judgment Day," and so on and so forth, all of course for the captain to hear. What a glorious run that was along the reef that night! The wind was nearly east, so we were under the shelter of the reef, in perfectly smooth water. We travelled on till nearly midnight, and then the captain turned round to run back again. It was a soldier's wind. The moon was in the second quarter, the stars shining over head in their myriads, and not a cloud in the sky. Less than half a mile away as it seemed was the long, silver line, where the waves were breaking on the reef. Now and again we would pass a small island on the reef, a dark, mysterious

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object that suggested all sorts of ideas of natives and their doings, but all uninhabited as a matter of fact.

The captain hoped to get back by daylight to where we had started from the night before, but the wind dropped after midnight and we made little progress. All the next day we had little wind, and by nightfall we were not quite where we had been twenty-four hours before.

The captain repeated his tactics, but that night we had a deck concert to help while away the time.

It was agreed by a majority of those on board that every passenger should contribute at least one item to the programme, a song or a recitation, and noble was the response. For about four hours the concert went on with but little flagging. We were generous in our appreciation of each other's efforts. Once or twice one or another had to be persuaded to contribute, for we would take no refusal. One great, gawky fellow, who came from the far west of Queensland and had lived his life in stockmen's huts, protested that he knew nothing, but at last gave us one of Lawson's bush poems. One old man who had little to say to any one, who moved about the deck silently, or sat for hours alone, whose clothes were mostly in rags, having apertures where none ought to be, and the tail of whose shirt protruded unforbidden, was ready to recite Byron and Scott and Shakespeare till further orders. Poor old chap, I have often wondered what became of him. He was a man of good family, that had sent many officers to the Indian Army and whose parents had settled in New Zealand in the early days, while he, with a good education and a cultivated taste for literature, had wandered round the goldfields of Australia, and now was going to try his luck in New Guinea.

We had one Sunday on board, and by then we were all companionable. Thinking, as a priest of the Church should, that something ought to be done to mark the day, and seeing no hope of a service, I suggested at breakfast that as it was Sunday we might try to show respect for the day by having

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less swearing on board. My fellow-passengers were evidently taken aback at the suggestion, but they agreed to act upon it. "Only you know, parson, you must not blame us if a word slips out as they will before we can stop it." Miners as a class are good fellows at heart, and there was a noticeable moderation in language that day. Now and again a word would slip out, but even then the end of it would be slipped off and a muttered apology take its place. We were all good friends before the trip was over, and I have always been glad when chance threw a fellow-passenger of the *Mystery* in my way, and if the missionary got to respect the good qualities of the others, they too, perhaps, found a missionary is not always so disagreeable a person as he is sometimes supposed to be.

After our second trip down the reef we got back a little farther than we had done before, and during the day we sighted a small island which we made for. One of our passengers who had lived in Samarai declared this was Teste Island. The captain got out the chart and every one crowded round the deck-house to see on the outspread chart where we were. Teste Island was marked with heights and was evidently a well-known landmark, and close to it was marked a peculiar-shaped conical rock rising sheer out of the water, "Bell Rock." The captain said he could not believe our self-constituted pilot, for the island we were near did not in any way tally with Teste Island as marked on the chart. The local-knowledge man became more and more convinced; the less the captain would believe him the more certain he became. He had often been there from Samarai, there was a good anchorage the other side of the island, and as soon as you were round the end you would see Bell Rock; there was a passage through the reef just ahead of us. What was the good of talking, he knew all about it. Get through the reef and let us anchor before dark, instead of sailing up and down that reef for the rest of our lives. None of the passengers had any confidence in the captain, and some began to be impressed by the confident tone of the man who knew.

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At last the captain gave way; he began to be afraid the passengers would take matters into their own hands and sail the ship themselves.

Up the rigging went the old man, telling Jack he would keep a look out and give him directions from aloft. Old Jack had taken no part in the discussion, and he said nothing till the captain began to drag himself slowly and painfully up the rigging, then he turned to me and said—I was sitting near him—“What does the old fool think he is going to do up there?” He watched him silently for a minute or two, then he turned again to me and nodded his head saying, “Yet you say a man shouldn’t swear.” The captain gave a few orders, and we got close to the reef opposite what looked like a passage, but wasn’t; just before us was a nasty joggle of waves, and we were going straight for it. Then the old salt broke the silence he had maintained with the captain since we left the Lark Passage. “If you go in there you’ll never come out again,” he shouted out. The captain called out an order to ’bout ship, and down the rigging he scrambled. “I should think so, you old fool,” said Jack to himself, as he put the tiller over.

We did not go down the reef again that night, but stood off and on till the morning. A good breeze the next day got us to the real Teste Island during the afternoon, and there was no mistaking it when we saw it and compared it with the chart. We now knew where we were, and kept on our course. There was a good moon, and by ten o’clock at night we were at anchor opposite Samarai. A little more excitement occurred just to finish up with. When the anchor was let go, the captain called out to Jack to give her more chain, and the old man answered back something or other. He rushed forward and there was a scuffle. “Go below, and I will settle with you to-morrow for insubordination, if there is any law in this place.” “Yes,” said the old man, “now we are in port and there’s somebody about you want to make out you’re doing something, after sleeping all the way over and leaving me and

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the boy to work the ship. I know your sort." "Go below!" roared the captain, and below Jack went, leaving his superior officer to lower the sails and make all snug.

I never heard that police court proceedings followed. Old Jack got back to Cooktown, and, later on, a good billet was found for him in the pilot service in Brisbane, but he did not live long to enjoy regular work and good wages. As for the captain, a few days after we arrived the Samarai agent for the *Mystery* wanted to go to Woodlark Island with stores, and the cutter started on another voyage under the same captain. When they had been out for a week they returned to Samarai; the captain had not been able to find the Woodlarks and doubted their existence! The agent was glad to get on shore again; he had had grave doubts as to whether he ever should do so.

CHAPTER II

SAMARAI

As soon as we were anchored, and indeed before everything was made snug, boats were alongside us from the township. There was not much bother in those days about pratique. Many were the inquiries as to where we had come from, and lurid was the language in which those inquiries were made. Never have I heard such useless and meaningless blasphemy. The Customs boat took off the mails; our passengers were not long in getting ashore and in recounting the experiences of the trip. For myself, I decided to spend another night on the cutter. I had been told in Cooktown that it would not be possible to get any accommodation in Samarai. I might "bunk it" on the verandah of Burns, Philp, & Co.'s store, but that was about all the accommodation I could expect—it turned out that was not true. Whether or no, I decided to wait for daylight before attempting explorations. There was still another voyage before I arrived at the head station of the Mission, and how the eighty miles left was to be covered I had no idea, nor what I was to do in the meantime. However, I was in New Guinea and something would crop up, so I turned in, thankful to Mr. Micawber for the consolation of his philosophy.

As it turned out, my luck was in this time, and something did turn up, what I least expected and would have most desired. I was on deck at daylight, and the first thing our cook told me was that the Mission schooner was anchored astern of us. I could not believe him, but he assured me it was so, and as he had been in the country before and knew the

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vessel I took his word for it. I lost no time in getting my traps into the dinghy, and "cookie" rowed me down to the *Albert Maclaren*.

The schooner had got to anchor about an hour after we did, the bishop having had to come on a special trip to Samarai on business connected with the Mission. He had just come on deck looking like any one but a member of the Episcopal order. The boys of the native crew were standing or lolling about on deck, yawning, and stretching, and scratching themselves all at the same time, only half awake. It was my first sight of those amongst whom I had come to work, and they did not look inviting in the early morning, but there was little time or inclination on my part to take much notice of them and their great heads of bushy, fuzzy hair, or the unwashed appearance of all, and the skin disease of some. I sat in the dinghy looking up at the bishop, who could not make out who I was or where I had come from. I did not realize at the time that there was a change in my personal appearance since I had seen him eighteen months ago, and that it was difficult for a man half awake to understand how some one had dropt across from Queensland when no news had been received from the other side for weeks. I had known the bishop pretty well when we were both priests in the diocese of Brisbane, and I felt a little taken aback at the coolness of the reception.

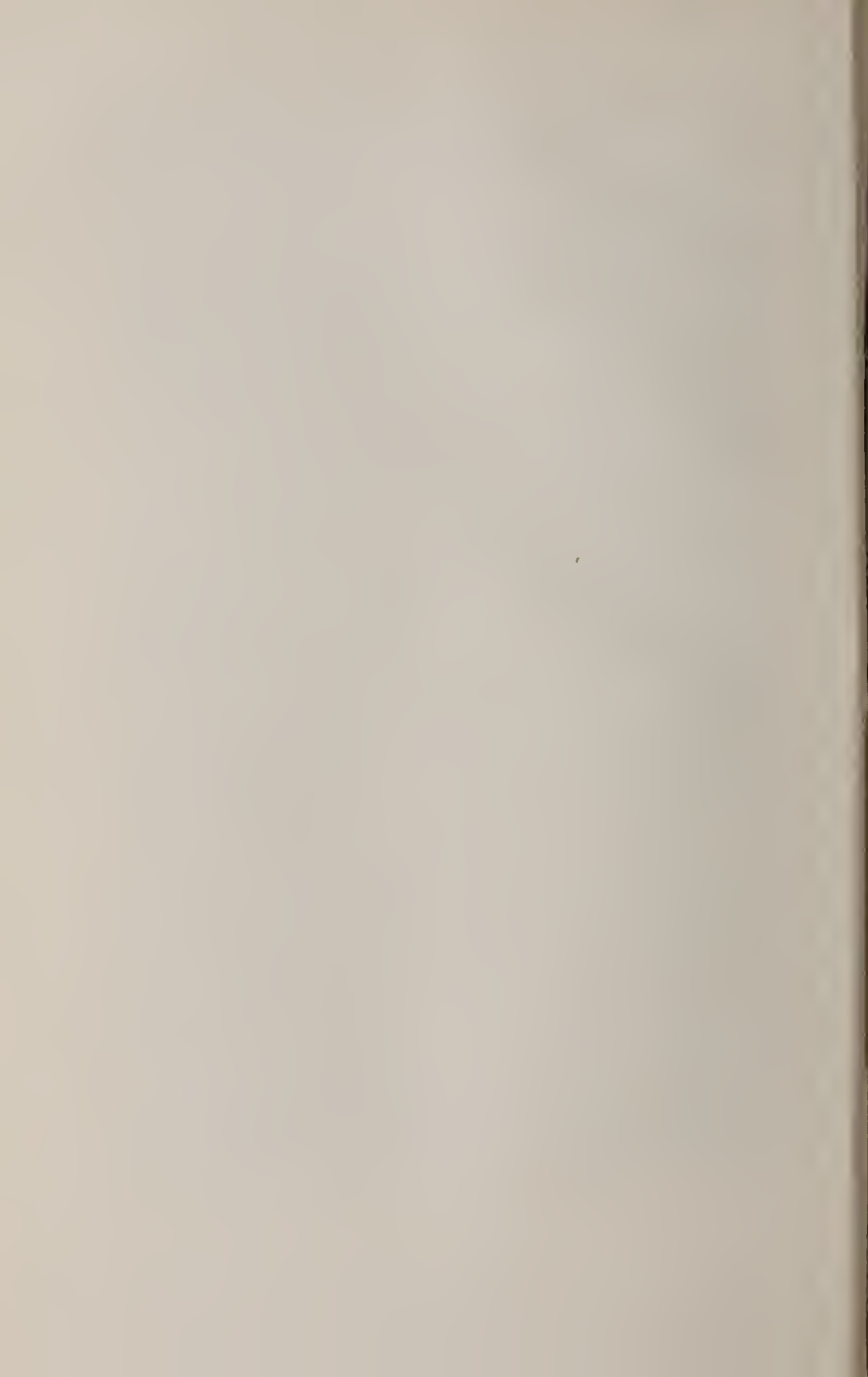
A few words of explanation and all was clear and I was on board and at home, thankful to feel at home after all the wanderings and uncertainties, and with the anxiety about the immediate future at an end.

I was in time for morning prayers with the crew. Every night and morning we have a short service on board in the Wedau language. A hymn and prayers in the morning, hymn, psalm, lesson, and prayers in the evening. The psalm that evening was sung to a Gregorian tune, and inexpressibly sweet it sounded when first I heard it. We never sing Psalm 124 without my thoughts being taken back to that



AT SARIBA

A village scene on one of the islands near Samarai.



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first evening service on the schooner; it still after many years reminds me of the feelings of relief and gratitude I felt when first I heard it in the Wedauan language.

One of the trippers who in these latter days have found out New Guinea, and that it is worth visiting and writing about, described Samarai as being the "Pearl of the Pacific," and indeed she is worthy of the praise. It is only a small island of a little more than fifty acres in extent, set midway below the long islands of Rogeia and Sariba, which flank it to the north and the south about two or three miles away. To the west a little farther off is the mainland, with very small islands on coral reefs in the foreground. These islands and the mainland are mountainous, rising abruptly out of the sea, the mountains covered with dense scrubs. Out to the east about four miles is the island of Doini, lying north and south, some three miles long, across the channel, and so giving some protection from weather.

On the eastern side of Samarai itself the land suddenly rises to a height of about 200 feet, and this hill takes up about half of the island. At the foot are great boulders in the sea on which the waves break themselves and boil. A coral reef not very wide runs round three sides of the island, the water being deep on the western side where the anchorage is, opposite to the flat land on which the township is built. Most of the flat was a swamp in the olden days, raised but little above the level of the sea, and a splendid breeding-place for mosquitoes? So, of course, there was a good deal of fever, and Samarai was considered an unhealthy place, but though fever may have caused many deaths there were other contributory causes. At all events, the swamp has been filled in, and a Government medical officer who knows his work and is keen about his profession has in these later years made Samarai as healthy a place as a township in the tropics can be. No medical science can contend with the foolishness of people who throw their lives away and ruin their constitutions. The rainfall at Samarai is very heavy, and it is a close, depressing climate,

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but there is little fever except what is brought to the place from outside.

In the early days Samarai, which was then called Dinner Island, was a station of the London Missionary Society, but when the Protectorate over British New Guinea was proclaimed the Government arranged to exchange the island for another near by and nearer the mainland.

Being well away from the mainland, Samarai would form a convenient penal settlement, and the headquarters of the Government for the eastern end of the country. There was a fair anchorage, and the distance from the surrounding islands and the mainland would make it more difficult for prisoners to escape. The missionaries had planted cocoa-nuts, but Sir William MacGregor, when he was lieutenant-governor, had all the scrub cleared from the hill and the whole island planted. A Residence was built on the hill, and a township laid out on the flat. Avenues of crotons were planted at the end of the main street and along paths in a reserve. These crotons gave a glorious blaze of colour. Leaves green, and red, and yellow, and purple of various shades and tones, many of them variegated, were a wonderful sight, and one could not but wonder at the boldness with which Nature combined colours on the one bush. Nature in the tropics is lavish to prodigality, and unending in her shades and combination of colour of leaf. One may be disappointed in the flowers, but one can never cease to wonder at the gorgeous colouring of foliage.

There were few houses in Samarai thirteen years ago, excepting those built of native material; now civilization has come with glaring, blinding galvanized iron on roofs and walls, a few buildings of native material for the police and others being all that is allowed to harmonize with the natural beauty of the place. A store and residence, a Government office, two hotels, one just completed, one in course of erection, were all the European buildings besides the Residency; the rest were of native material. But if the galvanized iron offends the



NATIVE HOUSES

These houses belong to a village in Barbile Bay. The thatched shelter in the foreground is for the pigs.

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eyes, at least it has meant a supply of good water, and it is the only means of such supply, for water in wells is brackish, being nothing but the soakage from the sea through the coral under the island; and if civilization has introduced buildings which do not harmonize, and never will harmonize with the beauty of the place, the white people have done something by their gardens to compensate for this to some extent.

Every cottage has its garden and many a hedge. Masses of colour from bougainvillea, roses, honeysuckle, dracænas, and orchids; palms and ferns all add to the beauty of the island, while the convicts keep the streets and paths beautifully clean.

The two hotels—since increased to three—were a sign of the effect the discovery of gold has on a place. Very little accommodation was needed for traders, who lived when in port on their schooners and cutters, but Samarai was the port for the goldfields up the north-east coast away near the German boundary. Provision had to be made for men coming and going to the fields, and as communication with the outside world was infrequent, and with the goldfields irregular, a man might be delayed for weeks in Samarai going or coming. When he came from the fields delay was especially vexatious. How many men have found after waiting for weeks in Samarai that the gold so hardly won, and at such a risk, had melted away, and the only thing to be done was to look for another “team” of boys, and go back to the field for another turn at gold-digging, the change south being perforce postponed.

There were three white women in Samarai in 1899, but there were five or six places licensed to sell liquor, and life was free from many of the restrictions of civilized communities. Later on, when the march of civilization brought more white women, and order, and a sense of decency, some of the old hands would express their disgust at the changes, saying a fellow could not have a decent spree in Samarai now, there were too many white women about—one might as well stay on the field, better in fact.

Wild and weird were the tales told of early days, of men

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with nothing to do, sitting or lying about in native houses with uncertain floors. The store-keeper, who was also licensee, would decide to go to bed and leave a supply of liquor handy for his clients to dispose of as seemed best to them.

They would spend the night drinking and gambling, the empty bottles thrown over the verandah would form a fine heap on the ground, and sometimes one or two humans would follow the bottles as the result of a heated but disconnected argument, and decide to remain there till the morning. The store-keeper and publican would count up the dead-heads in the morning, and divide the total cost amongst those whom he had left to enjoy themselves over night. Rough and reckless they were, as all pioneers seem to have been, especially when it was gold that had attracted them, yet they had many good points about them; they would never leave a white man in a hole, and they were generous to any one in distress. The country owes something to them. Just such tales might be told, though with a different setting, as Bret Harte tells of early Californian days, but there has been no Bret Harte in New Guinea to tell them.

There was a resident magistrate stationed in Samarai, who had to patrol an immense coast-line in a sailing vessel, besides numerous islands, and dispense law and justice to white and native. He was known as "Big feller Govament" by the natives, an assistant magistrate was known as "Little feller Govament." There was an officer for Post Office and Customs work. There was the gaol and a contingent of armed constabulary. The gaol was built for the accommodation of native prisoners; not that this meant there was no need of a place of detention for members of the white race. Occasionally a white man had to be accommodated. One man, an Irishman, who had been indulging not wisely but too well, and had decided on open-air treatment, was lying asleep in the street, and it was necessary to remove him. A detachment of native police was told off to carry the member of the ruling race to the gaol. When they had hoisted him on their shoulders,

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and were marching off, the unhappy man waked up for a moment, and, not quite understanding the situation, said "Hullo, boys, what have I done? why am I a hero?"

The gaol consisted of buildings of native material, since replaced with sawn timber and galvanized iron, with a stockade of high poles built around the compound on three sides, the vacant side being the seashore. There was a gate with an imposing lock, and at the gateway stood a policeman in uniform, blue serge jumper and calico, with a red turkey twill sash, and a leather belt, who with rifle over his shoulder kept guard with much solemn dignity. The gate was padlocked at night, but it was fortunate the native prisoners as a rule seemed to think it a breach of etiquette to run away. They could swarm over the stockade with the greatest ease if they wished to. Sometimes a man would be so lost to shame that he would swim out to the islands, or get away by the help of friends. Perhaps a desperate character, who would not play the game, would climb over the stockade, or swim round the end, take a dinghy from one of the schooners or from the beach, and get well away before the escape was detected. Later on, when the poles of the stockade rotted and fell down, leaving gaps through which even a white man could pass, it was still a point of honour amongst the prisoners not to make use of their opportunities. These gaps were convenient, of course, as short cuts, and might be so used.

It is said, but this may not be true, that when the warder—a South Sea islander—blew his whistle for the prisoners to fall in, the count would not always be right, and the warder would angrily demand where the others were. They were just outside having a cocoa-nut or something, and they would come hurrying in through gaps to take their places in the line, and then before the assembled multitude the delinquents would shamefacedly have to listen to a lecture. "What name you walk about all the time? you no savee prison, you savee fence! What name you no stop along a fence all the time? What name?" Still the sentinel kept solemn guard where people

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ought to go in and out. Possibly it was the fear of the unknown that made the prisoners respect bounds. What might the white man do? how far might his magic extend? and so the old men would sit and mope and long with breaking hearts for their home, and their gardens, and their friends, but never daring to attempt to escape. The younger men, perhaps, found that prison was not such a bad place, plenty to eat, tobacco to smoke, and not too much work to do; they would not be so well off in their own villages. Often when prisoners have come home they have said the only thing they objected to do was the sanitary work of the township. Possibly the one mistake the Government has made in the administration of the country is that of being too lenient with prisoners.

It always seems as though white people who come into contact with what are called the lower races go to one or other of two extremes. Either they have no conception of the native point of view, and indeed find it impossible to conceive there can be a native point of view, or at least one that is worth considering, and so they ride roughshod over native feelings and prejudices. This is the mistake that most men make, they are so hidebound and narrow in their views, and self-satisfied with their own opinions and ideas. And yet it would or should be fairly obvious that no one can come to a just decision, or be fair in his dealings with others, who is not able to understand the other point of view.

Perhaps Englishmen in particular err in this way. Or else people are so concerned with the native view, and the way things appear or are supposed to appear to the native mind, that they sacrifice all the wisdom and all the inheritance of civilization to the native idea. This is certainly the lesser of the two evils, and this is the mistake that missionaries and paternal Governments are prone to make. And it sometimes seems to be the opinion of the administrators of the law that the child race does not understand, and so the people must be treated as children, with the result that punishment may become a farce. It seems to have been forgotten sometimes

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that the children must be taught the heinousness of offences by a punishment they will dread, and, as there is no moral stigma attached to imprisonment, it is the more necessary to make the prison a place to be objected to. There is no doubt at all that the Government of New Guinea has from the first kept the interest of the native races in the foreground, and in spite of attempts to induce the authorities to consider the commercial development of the country as the most important thing, and material progress as ideal progress, the responsible people have kept the high ideal of duty to the natives, as set especially by Sir William MacGregor, in the forefront of policy and administration. The idea seems to have been to show the prisoners we do not think of revenge, but rather that we wish to be the friends of the people, so that when prisoners return home they will be well disposed, and help their people to be well disposed to the Government. Unfortunately this policy has rather had the effect *also* of bringing the punishment into contempt. Years ago the long-sentence prisoners were sent home with presents of trade—it may be that they had to be kept after the expiration of their sentences for some time, and during that time they had worked for the Government and were paid. I remember on one occasion murderers after a long sentence were returned to Boianai loaded up with trade. And the effect on the young men was to make them dance round saying, “What can I do to be arrested and get such a lot of property?”

In the old days the mere removal by force of people who feared they knew not what, and who had never dared to move far from their own home, was punishment enough. Nowadays, when so many of the young people have been away to work and have travelled about the country coming to no harm, it seems that punishment should be more severe and made a deterrent far more than it is. Get the native point of view by all means, no good will ever be done unless it is allowed full weight, but surely it is wisdom, if we believe we have learned anything from history and Christianity, to allow

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the lessons we have learned at great cost to modify action. In many ways it has often struck the non-official mind that life in New Guinea is one long comic opera with varying scenes, both as regards native life and the intercourse of white and coloured. But those who are anxious about the future of the race cannot always be satisfied with Gilbertian situations, amusing as they are.

The Mission now has a resident priest in Samarai whose duties are as varied as those of any missionary in any part of the world, and of all men a missionary has to be a Jack-of-all-trades and often a master of none, oftentimes alas! not even of his own, perhaps the most difficult of all. All passengers have to tranship in Samarai and get to the stations on the Mission boats. Goods and mails all come through the port, and the priest, besides his parochial work, which fortunately is not heavy as the population of the island is small, has to see to the ordering and shipping of all stores, to the running of the Mission boats, the despatch of mails to the stations and to the outside world, to keeping the Mission accounts, and to providing hospitality for members of the staff as they pass through Samarai. To him comes all the backwash of scandal and libel with which some folk delight to blacken the character of missionaries and to hinder their work. On his devoted head fall all the complaints of worried and sometimes inconsiderate folk whose supplies are not always what they ought to be, and who do not remember that there is no "Whiteley" to go to in Samarai, and that it is sometimes better to have sent to them the best thing obtainable rather than nothing at all, and who do not always remember that delays are sometimes beyond the most careful foresight.

It must be remembered that missionaries are human, and they get crotchety, living alone, with the worries and anxieties of their work, and perhaps a little narrow-minded too. They do not really want to worry people, but when nerves are out of order—or, still worse, livers—then it seems a relief to let off steam. The philosopher of human nature may be inclined

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to argue that carping criticism and complaining as a means of relieving feelings is after all not very different from outbursts of language, lurid and vivid, which serve the same purpose with others who are not missionaries. Still, what is the good of having a man to do your business if you cannot slang him sometimes, and steam has to be let off? Fortunately the priest who is and has been for some years in Samarai, and who has done so much, in a quiet way, to secure smooth working for all the stations, is himself a bit of a philosopher, and sometimes answers letters by saying he is sorry So-and-so has had fever, or by asking "Was your liver out of order?"

Besides all his varied business duties, the priest in Samarai has to provide regular services for the white people who live there or pass through the port. A celebration of Holy Communion is held every Sunday morning, Matins and Evensong at the hours of 11 a.m. and 7.30 p.m. There is a service for such of the natives as come from the districts where the Mission is working, and who are "signed on" for work in Samarai, and one is thankful indeed to find many of our native Christians are regular in their attendance at Communion when away from home, and that those who are confirmed make their Communions from time to time, though the service is in a language they do not understand. Then the priest is the chaplain of the gaol, and he holds a service every Sunday afternoon for the prisoners. This is a weird service but no doubt it does good; at least it shows the prisoners that there is some thought for their spiritual welfare. The service consists of hymns, lesson, psalm, and prayers, all these in the Wedauan dialect, and a sermon in "Pidgin" English. The prisoners come from all parts of the eastern division of the territory and some few from other parts; the dialects they speak are numerous, though they have means of communication with one another which no mere white man can understand.

Doubtless to many people it will seem a useless work of supererogation to have a service in a dialect so few can understand, but it is a consolation, if a sad one, that there are

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always some from our own district who can join in the psalms and hymns and who can understand the prayers and lesson, and there is always available a choir from the boys working in Samarai. Wherever prisoners come from they have been more or less in touch with missionaries, and have some idea as to why a "misinari" is in the country, and above all, natives talk over everything that concerns them amongst themselves *ad libitum*; and so, though the direct benefit of the service may seem small, the indirect gain is considerable, and after all that gaol service is but an exaggerated instance of what every missionary, if not every priest, must learn—that the issue is in Higher Hands, and a man's duty is to do the work that lies nearest him as best he can.

But the address in "Pidgin" English is the most weird of all. It is strange and yet explainable how readily coloured people pick up and understand that barbarous perversion of English. It is framed on the same principles as their own languages, and every white man who cannot speak native seems to fall naturally into the use of it. So universal is its use that it is said that in German New Guinea the Government officials must use it if they want the natives to understand them—certainly "Pidgin" German is inconceivable—and the French in the South Seas are in the same position.

It would approach blasphemy were one to put in print the form in which truths of religion appear in "Pidgin" English, as for instance the way in which the Almighty is spoken of, or the relation of our Blessed Lord to the Eternal Father, even though the close connection of the sublime and the ridiculous has elements of humour. At least there is nothing blasphemous in the way in which a South Sea Island teacher began his address one Sunday to the prisoners: "My friends, I am glad to see so many of you here to-day."

For my own part, when I have taken the gaol service I could never bring myself to use "Pidgin" English, and not simply because I am not familiar with it. Fortunately I have always been able to find an interpreter who knew

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Wedauan. He translated into "Pidgin" English, and if at times I writhed at the form in which my teaching appeared, it was not always possible not to see the humour or to preserve one's gravity entire.

In addition to his other duties, the priest in Samarai tries to get away once or twice a year to visit miners and traders scattered amongst the islands to the south-east. We have always kept in view the duty of the Church to people of our own race, that they have a claim upon the ministrations of the Church equally with the native races. We have never been able to do all we wished to do, but we have tried to do all we could, and at least we have never forgotten that it is as important to try and prevent white people lapsing into practical heathenism, as it is to bring the heathen into the Church of God.

CHAPTER III

METHODS OF TRAVELLING

THE *Mystery* had brought a mail, and that alone was sufficient to make her welcome. People who get their letters every day, or even every week, have no idea what an important event in life the arrival of a mail in New Guinea was thirteen years ago, when there was no regular communication with the outside world. Whenever a boat was sighted the signed-on boys would carry a cry of "Sail oh!" round the island—a cry that increased in volume from the sound of the single voice of him who first sighted the white speck away in the passage, till a hundred voices, police and prisoners and labourers, joined in the cry, and every one on the island left whatever work might be in hand to see what the boat was. Nothing was so important as news to an isolated community. All eyes and all glasses were turned on the approaching vessel. Who is she? where does she come from? And as every trader's boat was known, it was soon decided if she was a stranger—and if a stranger then she had a mail at all events. And as people turned back to pick up whatever they had been engaged in, the strange feeling of exhilaration and longing, the sudden widening of the horizon, mental and sentimental, gave way with some at least to a feeling of dread; there was a tightening at the heart from fear as to what news there might be from friends and loved ones on the other side. We might be interested in our work, keen on the life in the new country, but every time a mail came in it told us we were strangers in a strange land, and our real home was elsewhere.

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The mail must be answered before you left Samarai, even though there was no idea when a boat would be going across to Australia. It did not do to take your letters away to be answered at your leisure, for you never know when you would get them down to Samarai from up the coast, and if they were in the Post Office they would go by the first boat, and that might be at any time, for in New Guinea it is the unexpected that always happens, and one learns very soon not to put off such things as answering letters in a place where time seems to be no object and you need not hurry, for as sure as you do you will miss a chance and be sorry for it. Just because there are no time-tables it does not do to procrastinate.

It was wonderful what faith people showed in the Post Office in those days, in human nature, and in luck too for that matter. Mails were sent to and from New Guinea in any possible way. Any cutter or schooner going and coming would take a mail, and letters always arrived somehow and sometime. At some far-distant mission or trading station a bundle of letters would be given to a trader to be brought to Samarai, and thence sent all over the world, and it seemed they always reached their destination. How often have we had cause to be thankful to all sorts and conditions for thoughtfulness in bringing or taking our mail! How much more would have been the isolation did not every trader on leaving Samarai go to the Post Office and say, "I am going to such-and-such a place, is there any mail?" or calling at a station—often going out of his way to do so—send up word, "I am going to Samarai, have you any letters to send?" Of the thousands of letters that have been sent to and from New Guinea in the most casual way, as it seemed, few have been lost. Thousands of pounds in cheques and notes have been sent through the post, and we at least have lost none.

Of course the Britisher, no matter where he is, grumbles and growls on any or no excuse, and of course the Post Office is one of the institutions most to be grumbled at, but when

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one thinks of all the risks and chances that the New Guinea mail ran in the early days one can only wonder, and be thankful to all who were responsible for one of the most useful and civilization-preserving institutions of modern times.

I do not think we value our mail nearly so much nowadays when communication is regular and comparatively frequent.

We did not remain long in Samarai after the bishop had finished his business and answered his mail. We got away as soon as we could, and there was only one way of travelling up the north-east coast—by sailing vessel. Of these the Mission had two, the *Albert Maclaren*, named after the founder of the Mission—a fore-and-aft ketch of fourteen tons, usually called the “Sikuna”—and a cutter, the *Canterbury*. The schooner was given to the Mission by a lady in Sydney when the Mission was founded, and she was specially built—so strongly that, after being twenty years in commission and in spite of reef and hurricanes, she is still one of the strongest boats in New Guinea waters, and, as we think, the fastest. She was run by a white captain and a native crew. Many and varied have been the captains of the vessel. White men with or without tickets, for navigation laws were perforce lax in a place like New Guinea. She has been run by a native New Guinea boy as captain, always with a native crew; and for how much kindness do the members of the staff owe gratitude to captains and crews? The New Guinea boys make fair sailors, varying in different districts in this as in other ways, but they are uniformly kind and courteous to those they know and have learned to trust.

There was not much accommodation on the *Albert* for passengers, very little comfort for any one, least of all for women—what they have suffered in travelling in New Guinea no one but they themselves know. She had to be cargo boat as well as passenger craft, and whenever she left Samarai she was as full of cargo as she could be: tinned stuff of all kinds, meat and vegetables, jams and fruit, flour, tea, sugar, biscuits,

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everything edible was in tins packed in cases or crates, then medicines and trade of all kinds, drapery, calico, tobacco, plane-irons, tomahawks, knives—it was a very general cargo that was stowed away in the hold. The saloon was the hold, and the hold was the saloon, and there, too, was the sleeping accommodation, bunks running fore and aft the whole length of the vessel, on both sides. A deck-house with skylight and port-holes was over the cabin amidship, and you got down by a ladder, through the scuttle, which was closed by a slide. Another deck-house was over the captain's cabin aft, which was approached in the same way, no bulkhead except one right forward shutting off the fore-castle, where the crew had their quarters. As goods were more likely to get damaged than humans, the goods were stowed away out of the weather, before passengers were thought of, so that when you came on board you found there was no room below, cargo filled the bunks. There were no conveniences on board, there was no room for them. The captain would give up his cabin if there were women travelling up the coast, the ship full of cargo, and he with the men camped on deck. Coming back, the vessel was usually empty, and a curtain drawn across the cabin gave some privacy and there was a little comfort.

With the cargo was always taken on board a supply of cockroaches, great brown creatures, and no matter how vigorously captain and crew waged war against them, the boat was never clear of them. For there was always a fresh contingent to be taken on with the cases. Every trip the captain would buy them—dead—at so many for a stick of tobacco! but the only way to clear the ship was to sink her. One man tried that in deep water, and sold the vessel for what he could get, as she lay too deep for him to get her up again! The beastly things would be found in the tea, the sugar, the biscuits, the butter, the milk, if tins were not closed very tight, and they flavoured the food. When the weather was very bad they seemed to suffer from *mal de mer* and did not trouble you, but that was no consolation, for you did not mind then

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whether you were worried or not. If the weather were good and you were sleeping below, or on deck, with but little or no covering, just when you were dropping off to sleep you would feel a nip and a nibble; it was only the cockroaches investigating the ends of your toes, and they seemed to relish them.

Fortunately, if you were favoured with good winds you were not long on the schooner at any one time, for the stations were not far apart and the boat had to call at all of them; but if the wind was against you, as of course it was, either going or coming—since the coast trends from south-east to north-west and the prevailing winds are either south-east or north-west—then, oh! the dreariness of beating against a dead muzzler. What a short distance one travelled in a long time and in a long way, and how the waves seemed to slap the vessel in the cheek as she lay over close-hauled, or rose and fell to the motion of the sea, making no headway; like “a billygoat in a cabbage garden,” as a captain once expressed it to me! Beating past a point, or the end of a reef, or an island, and longing for the time when you would give her a little free sheet, every double-tack bringing you back to the same spot, tides and currents were of course against you, and, no matter how certain you were that you had gone out far enough this time to get round, you found yourself making more and more leeway as the tide caught you with more current near the shore, and you must ’bout ship and try again.

In the narrow passages between the islands and between the reefs the current is so strong and runs so continuously for days at a time, that a sailing-boat can do nothing but lie at anchor waiting for a turn of the tide, and tides do not turn with the same regularity as they do in civilized communities—they, too, seem to know no law, or at least to obey none. Once nearly all the boats of the eastern end of the country were collected at East Cape waiting at anchor for a chance to get through the passage, and some waited nearly a fortnight before they got through.

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But if a head wind and contrary currents are trying to the patience and the temper there is one thing worse, and that is a calm. So long as there is wind there is something to be done, but to lie in a calm, like a painted ship on a painted ocean, it may be for days, in sight of the place you want to be at—waiting for a breeze—too far away to take the dinghy and go ashore, with the sun beating down, scorching everything, melting the pitch and making everything too hot to be touched, deck, and rigging, and rail. To go down below, and melt in the sweltering heat while the boom bangs from side to side with a swish, and a bang, and a rattle of the sheet block to the time of the swell which makes no ripple on the oily, dead sea, while the sails flap in a lazy, useless way as though annoyed at having nothing to do, and losing patience like a human. This is something to try the temper. “Put a guy on that boom,” shouts the captain from below, where he lies reading and smoking, or sleeping like the philosopher every sailor in sailing vessels ought to be. The boom is guyed back, but it does not make much difference really, there is not the shiver through the vessel there was, but there is a constant jerking and straining, and even the guy won't stop the flapping and grumbling of the sails.

Every one sleeps or tries to sleep, and the boy at the helm gets his head down over the tiller and sleeps too. Now and again a boy stands up to yawn and stretch himself, to look round and, it may be, begin to call the wind with a “ive lo-lo-lo-lo-lo-lo o-o-o” as effective as a white sailor's whistle. To get up in the morning and find yourself a mile or two farther back than you were when you turned in, because you have been drifting with the tide, could anything be more aggravating; to lie on deck at night and find the tide has caught her heel, and turned the vessel round so that a sweep has to be got out to turn her in case a puff of wind does come; to find yourself drifting on to a reef so that sweeps must be got out to row the vessel out of danger,—how different it all is to travelling on a steamer to schedule time, master of

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the elements as nearly as man can be. It is very still and very beautiful, with stars shining overhead when one is becalmed at nighttime, the silence, the vastness speak to one of solitude and of eternity, but oh, it is weary work. And what a change when a ripple far away tells you the breeze is coming, how intently one watches to see if it is only a catspaw to aggravate things more.

“He come, wind he come!” some one calls out, and at once there is bustle and life, sheets hauled in or let out, as the case may be, brightness, briskness, good humour, and even the vessel springs off like an animal when the sails fill, she seems to jump suddenly into life, and the sound is sweet when she begins “to talk.” The misery of past days of inaction is forgotten as soon as there is life and motion.

Travelling on the cutter was much the same as travelling on the schooner, only more so, but this vessel was not used much for passenger work. She was run by native captain and crew, and her work was to get supplies and to carry cargo, to get native food and cocoa-nuts, timber and building material, posts for fencing, and so on, but sometimes we have had to travel on her.

The chief danger to navigation in New Guinea waters is the number of coral reefs that are scattered about, very few of them charted. Sometimes there is enough water to make it safe to pass over them, and it is a beautiful sight to look over the side and see the coral, with the fish of varied colours swimming about. Snow-white coral with long branches, or bright red far more brilliant under water than out. And then the sudden drop into deep dark nothingness at the edge of the reef that rises sheer from bottomless depths. You get no warning from shallowing water, and you may be piled up with your bow hard and fast and no bottom over the stern. Or you may think you have enough water, when suddenly you hear a scrape on the bottom, and you know you have struck a nasty pinnacle of coral that has ripped off the copper, and you can be thankful if it is not worse. In many places it is not safe to



BEACHING A CANOE

Scene at Kumabun Creek, Collingwood Bay. The outrigger is a great feature of native canoes.

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travel unless a boy is at the mast-head to keep a look out for the light green water that marks the patches of reef, and this can only be seen with any certainty when the sun is behind one.

One of the worst parts of the north-east coast is Collingwood Bay, and it has been an unwritten law in the Mission that boats did not travel there at nighttime. Sometimes it would happen that one could not get to an anchorage before dark, the wind would drop and the current would keep us back, and then we had perforce to keep on or anchor on the lee side of a reef with a kedge and a warp, and hope a squall would not come up during the night. There have been anxious nights when one feared the coir rope would be cut in two on the sharp edges of the coral on the reef. Or when a thick squall came up from an unexpected quarter, and lo! you were on the weather side of the reef, and must get away at all risks.

Once I was on the schooner in Collingwood Bay during the north-west season, the most treacherous time, when you do not know whether to expect calms, or squalls with heavy blows and blinding rain. We had been becalmed all day and had drifted some distance from the land; towards nightfall we tried to work in to shore for an anchorage with the sweeps, but a bump on the stones warned us not to try to get farther. We were nearly clear of the worst part of the Bay, and if we could only keep on a course we should be safe. Soon after dark heavy squalls of wind and rain came up and we were soon travelling at a great pace. However, we were on our course, and we reckoned to be past the last island and reef by ten o'clock and then all was clear. If we did not make too much lee way we should be right, but we did not know at what rate we were travelling. On and on we went. A sea had got up and we were taking in water as the waves beat over the sides; it was raining in torrents, and the wind lashed the heavy drops into one's face. Nothing could be seen ahead, indeed it was difficult to stand and face the storm. We had a look out

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forward, and some native passengers huddled astern calling out on their mothers and grandmothers to help them in their fright.

Soon after nine o'clock there was a sudden flash of lightning, and the look out called out: "Luff up. Leef ahead." Round we came, and only just in time. When she settled on her new course another flash of lightning showed us the white boiling water on the reef just astern of us. It was a close thing, but we were right now. There was plenty of sea room to beat about during the night.

Only once have I spent a night on the stones in the thirteen years I have been in New Guinea, and I have travelled many thousands of miles during that time. Only once, and the experience is one no one cares to repeat. We were travelling in the cutter at nighttime and turned too soon when passing the end of a shore reef; it was a dirty night with drizzling rain. We heard the bump, bump, bump, and found we were fast. The tide was falling, it was as dark as pitch; the only thing to do was to lower the sails and wait for the morning. Fortunately there was no wind to speak of, and but little sea. Every one went to sleep except the captain and me, we two had a wakeful night. Every wave struck the vessel under the counter and made her tremble from stern to stern like a beaten animal. At daylight natives ashore saw our plight and came off to help us. Soon there were about a hundred in the water round us on the stones, lifting, pulling, shoving. We got a kedge out and hauled in on the windlass, and thought we were doing well, but it was the kedge coming to us! We got out poles and sweeps. We worked for hours in the broiling sun. Gradually as the tide rose we moved her inch by inch to the tune of native shouts and songs. How those natives worked, and how they enjoyed it all! And how thankful we were when about midday we felt the buoyancy of water under our keel once more, and how gratefully we rewarded those men with sticks of tobacco! They went off ashore laughing and playing over the reef. Jumping from stone to stone or swimming

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where the water was deep, always holding the precious tobacco high over their heads to keep it dry.

Since those early days the Mission has had a motor launch given to us by the Low family of New York through the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. She was very convenient and ran for years, till she was lost in a hurricane in March 1912. It was a comfort to know you probably would be at a certain place at a certain time if only the engine behaved itself. More than once it did not, and one pitied the engineer as he toiled and sweated in the engine-room trying to find out some little thing that had thrown her out of working. One felt that the man—not a member of the staff—was justified who, after working for hours and doing no good, and going on deck for a blow, turned round and deliberately threw the spanner at the thing. He did not do much good, but he relieved his feelings, and he probably set to work again in a better frame of mind.

We had a brute of a journey once on that launch of ours. After travelling all night against a head sea and head wind with the tide against us, smashing into it and being beaten back so that we did not do more than a mile or two an hour, the circulating pump broke about eight o'clock in the morning. We were a long way from the land, and we were anxious to get to Samarai to catch the mail, and we had nothing on board to mend such a serious break. When anything went wrong with the engine the usual procedure was for every one to crowd round on deck, looking through the port-holes of the deck-house, or down the gangway, or lie on the top of the deck-house gazing down the scuttle. No one but the rawest of new chums would venture to crack a joke with the engineer then; others had too much respect for his feelings—and his temper. Remarks were made one to another in subdued tones, as one speaks when there is dangerous illness or death in the house. This time there was no use gazing, there was no doubt as to what was the matter, and it was serious. We tried to fix it up with wire, but that was no good, and so we held a consulta-

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tion. The engine would go all right, but she would run hot in about three minutes. It did not seem much good running three-minute spells and waiting for half an hour between for the engine to cool down again, and we had about sixty miles to go to Samarai. If we turned back we could get nothing to help us. In Samarai alone was there any hope of putting things to rights, and if we could not get fixed up in Samarai then we must send to Sydney for new parts. We might get a fair wind and sail the distance, but it was not hopeful. At last a suggestion was made by some one which did not sound promising. Unship the pump, disconnect the piping and connect with the outlet, pass the pipe through the stern port-hole of the engine-room to the deck, bend up the end and pour water through the engine in the reverse way. If only water could be kept running through the water-jacket chamber, she would keep cool, and there was plenty of water in the sea. Of course it would all run out into the bilge, but then the bilge pump could be used to pump it out into the sea.

It sounded complicated, but it might work ; at all events it was worth trying, and there was nothing else to be done. The engineer set to work to adopt the engine to the new idea, and by twelve o'clock we were ready to start. We had a funnel on board used for filling the fresh-water tank. It was bent and broken and rusted at the nozzle, and was of a size neither to go inside nor outside the end of the escape pipe we had adapted to our purpose. We started dipping water with a bucket over the side and pouring it into the engine, which was set going. Everything seemed to work beautifully for about ten minutes, then the engineer stopped her. "It won't do," he said, "she's running hot, we'll have her seizing directly." We looked at the engine and we wondered what more she wanted, certainly the quantity of water in the bilge was proof that plenty had passed through the jacket chamber.

One of us suggested—perhaps it was he who had been dipping out of the sea!—that the water was running through

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too freely. The engineer fixed a check-valve to the intake, which was now the outlet into the bilge, and we tried again.

What it was none of us knew, but the engine worked and ran beautifully without a stop till we got to Samarai. For twelve hours we poured water into the engine, dipping at the rate, I reckoned, of forty buckets an hour. It did not all go into the engine: some splashed over the funnel, a good deal squirted out between the nozzle and the upturned end of the pipe. It took a good many hands to work the scheme: one had to dip, another to hold the funnel in position, another to pump out the bilge. We gave each other spells at it, but we were not sorry, if a little proud of ourselves, when we came to anchor opposite Samarai. We were wet and sunburnt. We had had to take off boots and socks, roll up our trousers above the knee, and the salt water and the sun played havoc with our shins and feet, but we caught the mail steamer.

When the launch was wrecked in March 1912, a New Guinea boy showed that there are those of the child races who can be martyrs to duty. We had no engineer, and the launch had been laid up for some time, and the boy was put in charge of her for a short time. He had been on her before, and knew something about the engine. They had been running more than was expected, and the boy was probably too lavish with lubricating oil. At all events the supply gave out before they got back to Samarai, and it was necessary to anchor the launch. While she was at anchor a heavy blow came on when there were only two boys on board. One said, "Let us jump for it, we can't hold on." "You can jump, I'll stop," was the answer of the boy who was in charge, and he went down below to start the engine in the hope of keeping her off the shore. His mate jumped, and was washed ashore unconscious, dragged out by natives on the beach. The launch broke away and was dashed to pieces; the boy who would not desert his post was never seen again.

Another way of travelling is by whale boat, but that is shore work. Whale boats are rowed by a crew of four, six, or

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eight, and always carry a mast and sail for use if the wind is favourable. New-Guinea boys row fairly well if not with very much science, but it is one thing to row in an outrigger on a river in calm water, and another to row in a whale boat in a choppy sea, when you are as likely as not to miss your "catch." The boys vary a good deal in different districts in this as in every other way; indeed the longer one lives in New Guinea, the more one realizes how dangerous it is to argue from the particular to the general. Very few of our Mission stations keep a regular whale-boat crew. We depend on natives from the villages, who are engaged for the trip. So many have been used to boats either as boarders on the station, or signed on as boat boys to traders or to the Mission, that they have learned to row after a fashion. For convenience we travel at night, unless we can depend on a fair wind. At night one avoids the heat and glare; it is easier for the boys than rowing in the heat of the day, and also on the north-east coast one can depend with a fair degree of certainty on calm seas at night during the south-east season, with a wind off the land.

The crews on these trips give the lie to the ordinary charge that the natives are lazy. They may not row for long spells, and it is necessary to take a double crew so that there can be frequent changes, but they plug away with a good deal of determination and in the best of humour. They sing and laugh and joke, they relate past experiences, laughing over what tells against themselves, remembering the insignificant details, such as the number of strokes of the cane when so and so was punished for something in the school days gone by.

They tell stories of folklore connected with the mountains, and valleys, and points of land; they remind you of various incidents of life in which you have been concerned with them, and you hear something that sheds a flood of light on what was dark before; perhaps to your shame you find you were altogether wrong in a decision, and fortunately there is little light to show your blushes.

Laughing, talking, singing, joking, and smoking they while



A LAKATOI

The picturesque sail so familiar on the Papuan stamp is made of native matting.



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away the time, then when you want to lie down on a seat or in the bottom of the boat for a sleep, they are ready to do everything to make you comfortable. They are perfect gentlemen in their own way are New Guinea boys, full of thoughtfulness and consideration, ready to put themselves out, thinking of how they can make those comfortable whom they have learned to love and trust. Should a white woman travelling by whale boat suggest that the smell of tobacco makes her feel sick, the cigarette is at once put away with a "Oh, I peg your pardon, *Túau*" (sister). One boy sits at the helm, and in what seemingly uncomfortable positions they can sit for hours, and do not seem to mind! Sometimes one gets caught in bad weather when travelling by whale boat. A big sea gets up against the tide, and rowing against wind and tide is heavy work, or squalls with heavy rain come on, every one is drenched in a minute or two, and the boys must from time to time shake their great mops of hair to free them from the water, as a dog shakes himself when he gets out from a swim. But on the whole, though for years I made two trips, one up and one down the coast, by whale boat every month besides odd journeys, the trips have been pleasant and enjoyable, and I have then got into closer touch with the people than at any other time.

You can travel by native canoe if you wish to, sometimes you must, and some canoes are very comfortable indeed to travel in, providing the weather is good and the sea calm. The canoes vary in different districts. On the Port Moresby side are the great lakatois, two or three canoes tied together, with a big decking and huge crab-shaped sails of plaited pandanus or other leaves. In these the people travel up the Gulf of Papua on trading expeditions, taking pots and bringing back sago. About Samarai and the eastern end are smaller sailing canoes which can stand up well against a head wind. But up the north-east coast there are no canoes that sail. At Taupota and Wedau they are just dug-outs, shaped stem and stern, with an outrigger lashed to the side a few feet away. At either end of this outrigger are small platforms to carry

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food and such like. You must sit in the canoe and be pretty careful how you sit or you will capsize it. The seat is just a narrow bit of wood, and the canoe so narrow that there is room for one foot only in the width, so you must sit cramped and uncomfortable. Farther up the coast the trees of which the canoes are made are larger, the outrigger farther away, and a large platform built in the middle, stretching out over the outrigger on one side and over the dug-out on the other. The platform is floored with split palms, and may be anything from 4 to 8 feet square. Here the old men sit in solemn dignity, and there is a fireplace of stones and earth in the centre. You can rig up an awning, and have a lounge on such a platform, and travel in luxury, or you can cover the platform with mats and sleep quite well. On such a canoe I have travelled for hours and in calm weather played chess. The native paddles are about 4 or 5 feet long with an elliptic flat blade. The natives sit facing the direction in which they are travelling, bend well forward, chop the blade in the water and pull the canoe up to the paddle, and as they finish the stroke they draw the paddle out of the water striking it with a rat-tat against the side of the canoe, working in perfect time, and singing and shouting together as they go along paddling first on one side and then on the other. One man sits in the stern and steers with a paddle, correcting the zigzag motion that would result from all paddling now on one side and now on the other.

CHAPTER IV

UP THE COAST—DOGURA—LANGUAGE

It was very early in the morning when first I saw Dogura. We were becalmed off Cape Frere, a bold promontory that rises sheer out of the sea to a height of 3000 feet some five miles to the east of the station. A stone's-throw off the Cape, and the sea is hundreds of fathoms deep. How we missionaries have come to hate that Cape, bold and magnificent though it is! It seems to kill the wind, and to have a current round it always against you! so that no matter how merrily you have been travelling along you seem to stop there right in sight of your home; and what a beast of a place it is to beat past in a head wind!

How often have we at Dogura sighted the schooner, as we thought, clear of the Cape, and just when we were beginning to anticipate the pleasures of a mail, she would disappear behind the Cape, not to be seen again for hours, perhaps not till the next day!

We had passed some places on the way up the coast more beautiful even than Samarai. East Cape is surely one of the most beautiful places on the earth. From Samarai you run away nearly north through China Strait, and across Milne Bay for some thirty miles, and then you are at the eastern end of the mainland of New Guinea. Here the land runs out into a long narrow point with a ridge in the middle of it, the end of the long mountain range which forms as it were a backbone from far away to the north-west in Dutch and German territory to East Cape in the south-east. Away to the north-west the mountains rise to unknown heights into the region of perpetual snow.

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Off East Cape are a great many small islands and coral reefs. A very narrow passage separates the Cape from a small island fringed with coco palms, and with a round grassy hill in the centre of it on which are two casuarinas: then a wider passage between this island and a smaller one, covered with coco palms and with a foreshore of pure white sand.

The mainland at the end of the Cape is low and covered with coco palms leaning out over the sea, but very soon the land rises suddenly and the hill is covered with a dense scrub, a dark green mass with at certain seasons splashes of bright red in the foliage. Round the Cape you travel—if the wind and tide suit—and then a course is shaped at a very sharp angle to the direction you have come. Native villages, the houses on piles, line the shore, roof and walls of plaited coco or sewn sago leaves, or palm leaves of some kind or other, blending in perfect harmony with nature. Colours of various hues from crotons and dracænas brighten the scene; canoes are pulled up on the beach, native gardens cut out of the scrub or the mountain-side are surrounded by a fence of poles to keep out wallabies and wild pigs, the natives walking about in the villages, or sitting here and there as they watch the vessels go by add a touch of life to the scene; the women with their skirts of coco-palm leaves or sago leaves, swinging and swishing with the motion from the hips, walk along, some carrying bags of food or bundles of wood suspended from their shaven heads, and it may be a baby on top of the load, or carried straddle-wise on one hip; the men with their great bushy heads of hair, carry a spear or tomahawk over the shoulder, for a man never goes without one or other or both, a little netted bag or small plaited basket is suspended from the shoulder containing areca nuts and lime spatula, a little gourd of lime, a few pepper leaves, and various odds and ends as numerous and perhaps more useful than those which every schoolboy carries in his pocket. The men have little clothing, but their dark skin obviates any suggestion of nakedness. They have merely a cincture round the waist, it may be of twisted



LAKATOI CANOES OFF SAMARAI GETTING UNDER SAIL.

UP THE COAST—DOGURA—LANGUAGE

human hair or plaited vine roots no thicker than a boot-lace but of many strands, and a loin-cloth of palm leaves, treated with heat of the fire and marked with a pattern, fixed to the belt in front and behind. Farther up the coast these loin-cloths are made of the bark of a mulberry beaten out and often dyed with quaint stencilled designs, and the end behind hangs down nearly to the ground, so that it is no wonder some strangers who did not go ashore went off to tell of people who certainly had tails. If there be one who has been fortunate enough to have been away working for the white man, or who has made copra to sell to some trader, he will be distinguished—or his friends will, for they pass round their property—by a fathom or so of calico, red or blue, or white or vari-coloured, or which had been in time past of some such colour, though now the dirt has sobered all down to a dull yellowy hue; this will be wound round the waist, the end falling to the knees, and fastened round his body is a leather belt with watch-pouch and knife-sheath, the former innocent of timepiece but filled with small articles compressed into a small space, the other nearly always with a knife in it, for what can be more useful to a native. The pigs and a few fowls wander under the coco palms investigating everything, apparently on quite friendly terms till the fowl lights on something, only to be made to relinquish it by some interfering pig. Everything fits in and harmonizes with nature, and you appreciate it all the more when you come across some trader's house roofed with glaring galvanized iron, which hurts the eyes in more ways than one.

From East Cape to Cape Ducie you run along not far from the shore and the scenery is much of the same character, and then it all suddenly changes. The mountains are still close to the beach, with but little foreshore, but the scrubs give way to grass on the mountain-sides, and the rounded ridges to sharp razor-backs which zigzag from the shore to the range beyond. The top of the range alone is covered with scrub, and there are dark lines of foliage in the gullies

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between the ridges. So sharp are these razor-backs that a man can only just find footing, and they fall sheer on both sides to the valleys. In the wet season the mountain-sides are streaked with silver lines of water falling in cascade after cascade, rushing, tumbling, hurrying as though impatient to get back to the sea, their mother, and only at peace when they rest on her bosom. The mountains look as though they had been suddenly raised from the sea in bygone ages, and the water had washed bare the sides of all that was soft and loose, carrying back what it could to the sea that had been robbed. And indeed the huge terraces of coral, 1000 feet up, rising cliff on cliff, tell of the days when all was under the sea.

Here and there the mountains recede a little from the shore, leaving grassy lawns sloping to the sea, and again valleys are noticed, widening out as they near the sea, down which flow streams, and though none is large, the fall is so great that the tide affects them but little, and at their mouth you can, even in ordinary seasons, obtain a drink of fresh water as you pass by in your whale boat. In the wet season the sea is covered with great patches of brown water, great circles ever widening out from the mouths of the river, and great trees are carried out to sea. Patches of coco palms on the shore mark where the villages are. Higher up the coast again the scenery changes to the low, undulating wooded hills of Cape Vogel, to the long, low, marshy country of Collingwood Bay, to the rugged, volcanic Cape Nelson with its wonderful fiords, to the long, low, marshy country again, which stretches with miles of sandy beach to the German boundary.

Peculiarly uninteresting is that long stretch of low coast when seen from the sea, and yet there is a solemn grandeur as one walks along the beach under the callophyllum trees, which always lean out to sea, and in the glare of sun and sand give one the impression of entering some great cool cathedral, as you see a man far ahead of you passing from brilliant dazzling sunshine to most grateful shade.

UP THE COAST—DOGURA—LANGUAGE

Dogura has a magnificent situation, though it looked a very lonely place to me when first I saw it from the sea. The mountains recede from Cape Frere in a semi-circle round to another cape not so bold, and the chord of the arc is some seven miles long. The shore is roughly semi-circular of a larger radius, but broken by little bays, by bold bluffs, or points of cusp-like land. At the back of Cape Frere itself there are sharp peaks rising to some 4000 feet, the tops clothed with dense scrubs.

The eastern end of the amphitheatre is a large plain watered by two streams, the Uruam and the Wamira; here the natives have their gardens, and the water of the streams is used with a good deal of ingenuity to irrigate them. Along the foreshore are the groups of villages. Diwari on the slopes of Cape Frere; Wamira farther west at the head of the deepest part of the bay; and Wedau, most westerly of all, across the Wamira River. The foreshore is lined with coco palms where the villages are, Fiji almonds, brilliant in browns and reds when the season changes, while the native kapok here and there adds a more brilliant splash of bright red in its turn. When you coast along close to the shore in a whale boat, you will find bluff coral cliffs covered with snow-white blossoms of a vine the natives call "gegedara." To the west of the Wamira River, and not more than 200 or 300 yards from the beach, the ground suddenly rises 250 feet, and then stretches away a perfectly level plateau to the mountains a mile beyond; the plateau is broken into here and there by gullies, which run farther, or not so far into it.

Right on the front of this plateau is the Mission station. Thirty-five miles away are the great islands of the D'Entrecasteaux group; Goodenough, Fergusson, and Normanby lying north-west and south-east, separated one from another by narrow channels, and away to the south finishing off with many islands at East Cape, some 50 miles nearly east of Dogura. The shore trends away to the westward, another 30 or more miles from Dogura, before it turns back nearly

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at right angles to Cape Vogel, some 13 miles from Goodenough Island, which rises out of the sea sheer and bold to 9000 feet, an island that is one great mountain. So the islands and the mainland make of Goodenough Bay a great inland sea of triangular shape, eighty miles by sixty by thirty, and we never get any really big seas, though even here it can blow at times and make sailors anxious, wondering if they can hang on in places where there is no shelter.

Very beautiful are the lights and shades on the mountains and valleys in the late afternoon, gorgeous is the colouring of the sunset sky, violets and reds, and pinks and purples shading one into another and gradually fading away in the short twilight of the tropics; not less beautiful, though perhaps not so much noticed, are the sunrises. Brilliant are the mountains at night lit up by long lines of fire, when the natives are burning scrub in the hunting season; wonderful are the starlight nights, but most wonderful of all the moonlight, which sends the natives nearly wild with joy of living; they are ready to spend the whole night singing and dancing, and playing, laughing, shouting in the simple joy of existence free from care. They would never go to sleep at all on moonlight nights, did they not get tired out, and so they sometimes sleep just where they have been playing, or were they not sent to bed on the Mission stations. They have some sense of beauty, have these people of New Guinea. The calm sea as it lies like a sea of oil, the beauty of the moonlight, the glories of the sunset sky; *i ai gaga* (it is beautiful), they will say when you disturb them as they stand and gaze in silent admiration.

Somewhat monotonous is the succession of bright cloudless days during the south-east season, but the air is dry if the sun is hot, for the mountainous islands to the eastward rob us of a good deal of our rain, and Dogura is a dry place for the tropics. There are those who have come from countries of duller skies and who, revelling in the bright sunshine, have declared that they could never tire of it, but after a while

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they have confessed that they longed for a dear, dull, grey day, such as in other lands they had despised.

Very trying, on the other hand, is the north-west season, and thankful one is to be under shelter when the heavy squalls come, and the rain beats down as though millions of buckets had been emptied above, and the noise on iron roofs is such that you can hardly hear one another speak. Then the air is hurried, and the perspiration streams out of the pores of the skin as you sit quietly in the house, and when you are writing you must have something under your hand if you do not wish the ink to run into unintelligible smudges when you get farther down the paper. We do not get long continuous rains at any one time. It really could not keep up at such an excessive rate for long. Fairly regularly in the wet season every day the rain comes, does its business and clears away, the sun breaks out fierce and strong in its heat, and then there is the hot vapour rising from the ground to add to discomfort and depression. But how the vegetation grows! hills that were dry and brown are in a day or two clothed in green, trees and shrubs send out fresh leaves of various colours while they are young, Nature responds on all sides, and one realizes what a wealth there would be were the rainfall distributed over the whole year.

Dogura was a small station in 1899. The mission-house, facing a little north of east and overlooking the sea, was built of sawn timber imported from Australia when the Mission was founded in 1891. The roof was of galvanized iron.

The house was built on piles about nine feet from the ground, and in the shape of a cross, the shaft of the cross being the chapel in the centre of the building, with a dining-room behind it. On either side of the chapel was an open passage, and on to these opened glass doors, which gave means of access and provided air and light; farther on, the arms of the cross were made up of rooms for the staff, one room for each member; all dined in common. A very wide

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verandah right round the whole building added to comfort and coolness. On the top of the chapel was built a small spire surmounted by a cross.

The other Mission buildings were of native material, dormitories for boys and girls, a cottage for the native teacher, schoolroom, "cook-house," and huts for work boys. Near the house, on a point between two gullies that run into the plateau, was (and is) a little tree which had been the corner-post of the first chapel. It was one of the first buildings—of native material—which the missionaries put up when they landed, so that the daily offices of the Church might be said, and from time to time the Holy Sacrifice offered, and pleaded for the work of God in this new land. The corner-post took root and grew, surely a fit emblem of the growth of the Church, and of the comfort and consolation she has to give.

Dogura has grown since those early days. The house had to be pulled down and rebuilt, the chapel removed, to be built as a separate building half as large again, to accommodate the native Christians of the villages who came on Sunday mornings to worship. Even now it is far too small, especially on the great festivals, when the worshippers are kneeling on the verandahs which run round the building, as they join in the celebration of the Eucharist.

The corners of the verandah round the house have been closed in to make room for the larger staff, especially when all gather at the mother house for the Annual Conference. Schools, dormitories, outhouses have been rebuilt and increased in number. Back on the plateau, a quarter of a mile away, an establishment for half-caste children has been formed, with its house and dormitories and school, so that Dogura looks like a small village—a city set on a hill, but, alas, the roofs of grass have given way to galvanized iron! Utility has conquered art, and much as one would prefer for its beauty and for its coolness to use only native material, the labour and worry of rebuilding houses of native material every two or

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three years in a place where building material is scarce, have forced our hand and made us bow to the inevitable. We have to get posts for buildings and for fencing from the islands 35 miles away; there is no sago near to us, and since we have stocked the place with cattle there is little grass for roofing, and to get enough coco-nut leaves for renewing walls is as much as we can manage. Then, too, water is a consideration here, as in Samarai. The nearest water is a quarter of a mile away down a steep hill, and with over a hundred people living on the hill, water must be thought of. So, though we agree with our visitors when they criticize our iron roofs, we cannot do as we would.

When first the Mission settled on the plateau it was quite bare of trees, but we have managed to get some to grow, in spite of the long spells of dry weather, and some of the bareness is taken off the scene.

At Dogura we found fifty-six boarders gathered from different parts of the coast-line; the number has since increased considerably, while the area from which they come, and the dialects they speak, have increased in far greater proportion than the numbers have. The theory of the work is that the boarders shall receive a higher and more varied education than is possible in the village schools, and that all might learn the Wedau dialect, which it was hoped would become the *lingua franca* of the Mission area, until such time as English could be used. With more discipline of life, and more teaching of Christian doctrine, it was hoped that characters would be strengthened, and that some of the boys would offer themselves as teachers for their own people, and so the Church would take root in the country, and develop in harmony with the character of the people. If we have not had as much success as we hoped for, we have trained a few teachers, while those who have gone back to village life have not always failed to keep up to a fair standard of Christian living, all things being considered, and they have a wider outlook than they otherwise would have had. We are able

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now to find in most of the districts boys who understand Wedauan, and who can be used as interpreters to their own people by those who can speak that dialect.

The language difficulty is one of the most serious obstacles to our work. Roughly speaking, there are two distinct languages used on the north-east coast of New Guinea: a Melanesian language as far up as Wanigela in Collingwood Bay, and a Papuan language from there to the German boundary and farther on. Of both of these, but especially the Melanesian, there are many dialects. The structure of the language remains fairly fixed, but the vocabulary alters every few miles along the coast, and pronunciation varies with it, so that he who knows one dialect will find that spoken a few miles from home unintelligible, nor will he be understood. In one district the letter H is hardly ever sounded, in another it is as plentiful as in the mouth of a Cockney; here S's, there K's are sprinkled over the language as from a flour dredger. The old people of the villages were able to make themselves understood when they travelled about for trading purposes, or when visitors came to them, and all are wonderfully quick at picking up new dialects. Blessed with a good ear and a retentive memory, the children at Dogura would be heard jabbering away in Wedauan after a few weeks, taking to the new dialect as a duck takes to water.

The staff had all to learn the language; they could not be of much use for their work till they had done so, to some extent at least. We went through a course of Wedauan, reaping the benefit of years of patient labour on the part of Copland King, a priest who came with the founder of the Mission, and of others who had been in the country years before us. In language lessons every day Mr. King gave us the full benefit of his past work, and few of us realized how different it is when one enters into the labour of others. What patience and perseverance had been expended in reducing the language to writing, in drawing up a grammar, in forming a vocabulary, which we find when we refer to it

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even yet contains words we fondly hoped were new discoveries of our own, in translating portions of the Scriptures and of the Prayer Book, in adapting hymns! Those of us who had some aptitude for language, and could speak Wedauan passably in a few months, had little idea of the labour and of the difficulties of the real pioneers.

The language has a very definite grammar with exact rules, and the natives are very careful to speak grammatically. The little children rarely make a mistake in the villages, and they very soon learn to use the correct words for shades of meaning. The natives shiver when they hear a false concord, as painful to them as discord to a musical ear, and they are fond of their language and proud of it. Their sense of humour would be touched as some word was used which gave a meaning quite different from that intended to be expressed, but often the pain swallowed up the humour. One could see how they suffered when in his ignorance a preacher trampled on their most tender feelings, and murdered the delicate touches of the language they loved; at times they could not be restrained by the solemn duties of a service or by the reverence they felt for the *dimdim* (foreigner), and you would hear your mistake corrected in a low voice, more in sorrow than in anger. They were always ready to help one and to correct one without ever hurting one's feelings, so politely did they put it. Many a preacher as he walked home from service would become pupil, as he learnt how he should have said this or that, or at least how he should have put it. How many hours have children spent explaining the niceties of the language so that their teachers might teach them, and how keenly they appreciated the humour of mistakes. Some have a wonderful gift of explaining, and of using examples to make their meaning clear. How patient they were, and how quick to pick up the meaning or the drift of what one wanted to say. One or two native words in a sentence would give a key, some gesticulation or facial expression would afford help.

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There have been members of the staff who were never able to pick up the language, but just learnt a few words, and yet they have done good work, and taught much truth. How it was possible, no one could tell, only the quick intuition of the people can account for it; and in the quiet of the villages when they were talking things over amongst themselves, some, who had been better instructed by teachers whose knowledge of the language was less crude, would explain to others how the mistakes arose, and so would correct them. There is a tradition that one member of the staff was heard to say as he looked down at a sick man lying before him, "*Ega a ta nonori* (I do not know) what's the matter with you, but if Sister Florence (the nurse) were here she would give you something to put you right," and the sick man was comforted! Another has been heard to say, "Take that *dedewaga* (box) up to Dickie's *numa* (house)," and straightway the boy took it. "Take that table to the beach and *washi-washi it bibina* (good)," and it was done without any hesitation. Another instance of a different kind was when a member of the staff wanted to show a visitor how well his table boy understood English, he said to him, "Go and bring a ripe pawpaw from the tree near the school." The boy looked puzzled for a minute and then went off, coming back almost directly with the fruit. He had not understood a word except pawpaw and school. Some of the natives are wonderful mimics. I have seen a string of small urchins marching behind a missionary who walked with long strides and a springing step, and each one walking as far as his short legs would allow him in exact imitation of the great *bada* (master). At times a group of boys on a station, or in the village, will be kept in roars of laughter by some rogue who talks exactly in the tone and manner, with the same mistakes as some member of the staff, and even if you yourself are the victim you cannot but enjoy it, but don't appear or the proceedings stop at once. Even more enjoyable is it when some one else is the object of good-humoured caricature, especially as then



A TWO-STORIED HOUSE

A house with an "upstairs" is not often seen in New Guinea.



A HOUSE IN MILNE BAY

Some attempt at architecture of which a New Guinea house cannot ordinarily boast. The harricade is to keep out the village pigs. Note the fishing nets in foreground.

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the humorist does not feel so constrained to cease in your presence.

A member of the staff—so tradition says—who had not been long in New Guinea went to visit a village a few miles up the coast from Dogura. When he got home he announced at mealtime with great gusto that he had heard a new form of salutation. He was asked what it was, for all were keen on adding to their knowledge of the language, and all listened with intense interest as he explained. When I landed all the people called out "*Giana! Giana!*" I smiled to them quite gratified, and so it was wherever I went through the villages all the people when first they saw me cried out "*Giana!*" The older members of the staff burst into peals of laughter, much to the astonishment of the language learner. He too saw the humour of it when it was explained that the natives had been struck by the size of his nose. He had been greeted by expressions of astonishment, much as a London gamin would say, "What a nose!"

Sometimes the humour of the situation would be too much for our own gravity, even when one wanted to be serious. Soon after my arrival at Dogura, the school teacher went away on furlough, and I was placed in charge of the school. I knew nothing of the language; but I learnt more quickly there than I should have done elsewhere. After a few weeks it became my duty to speak to one of the girls very seriously for giving trouble to her teacher (not to me). I kept her in after school to speak to her, and intended to appeal especially to her better feelings, and to arouse her sense of gratitude. I expatiated on how much her teacher was doing for her, and how she ought to try and make things easier for us missionaries. Now Wedauan has two forms of the first person plural, one inclusive of, and one exclusive of, the person addressed. In the midst of the homily, which was being listened to very demurely by the little maid, who stood before me with downcast eyes, I spoke of what we (*tauta* inclusive) were doing for her and her people. Very quietly

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she interrupted me, raised her eyes and said, "Not *tauta*, but *tauai* (exclusive)," and the lecture came to a sudden end.

Years after, when I should have known better, as I was doing something in the store one day with two little motherless children some five and three years of age playing about, one of the girls brought me a cup of tea and some cake. I broke the cake for the little ones and said to the younger: "Here, St. Clair, am cake a *votikai*" (I have broken off a piece of cake for you). Leonard, the elder, received his piece in silence, and a minute or so later said quietly, "Master, not *votikai* (tear), but *vogimai* (break)," and he was not especially concerned with the reputation of the cook!

The language is very powerful in assimilating new words. An English word is taken notice of, the pronunciation adapted, a prefix and suffix perhaps added, a vowel thrown in here and there to separate two consonants, and lo and behold! it is at home at once; and when you hear the word and, thinking it is a new one to astonish your fellows with and to brag about, you inquire the exact meaning of it, the natives are astonished that you do not know your own language, and laugh uproariously when at last it dawns on you that you had better not display your new knowledge except to trap some one else with it. So "keep a look out" becomes "virukautiei," "down below" in a vessel becomes "daumbaro," "painted" becomes "penitai." Once I was told a Government party was expected to go on an expedition inland, and the armed constabulary would land and build a *parai*. I thought I surely had here a new word, but investigation showed me it was the common English word "Fly."

On one occasion when I was giving the Scripture lesson in school, with a new member of the staff present, I found it useful to use the Wedanized form of "Keep a look out." Being keen on the language, the newly arrived one spotted the new word, and out of the corner of my eye I saw her turn over the pages of her dictionary to find the word and what it meant. Very cruelly I kept on using the word during the

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lesson, and enjoying the attempts made to locate it, and it was only later on in the day she discovered why she had looked for it in vain.

A trader living in a village found one little chap was always about his house, and he kept on saying, "Get out of the way, you little whipper-snapper." The natives thought it a good name for the boy and adopted it for him; but few, and perhaps least of all he who was responsible, would recognize the name when it became current coin as *Epatinapa*.

CHAPTER V

LIFE AT DOGURA—"JIMMY"

THERE was a good deal of hard manual labour to be done by the missionaries, labour in which the Bishop took his share equally with other members of the staff. Much of it was quite useless and unnecessary so far as any practical outcome was concerned, but we were keen and vigorous, and experience had to be learnt at the cost of tired bodies and the loss of much adipose tissue.

Buildings and fencing had to be erected. We wanted to make a garden; the place ought to be self-supporting so far as native food was concerned; the pigs ran riot over the place, and there could be no garden near at hand where they were accustomed to enjoy themselves. There was little fencing material, but some one suggested that a stone wall could be built, and so a plot of land enclosed for a garden. There were plenty of stones about. The only thing to be done was to collect them and build the wall, and we should be happy ever after. That ingenious person had learnt years ago how Balbus was always building a wall, and perhaps it was from him the inspiration came. It is wonderful how all sorts of ideas come in useful in the mission field. He did not apparently remember that Balbus never finished that wall, though he made many generations of budding classical scholars believe in his perseverance. There was a horse belonging to the Mission who for years had led a life of ease and luxury, growing fat on the best of the land and of the natives' gardens. He could be pressed into the service, and do something for his living like other missionaries. So a slide

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was made, and though "Darkie" did not approve of the change in his life, when he did start to pull it was with such a sudden jerk that snap went the trace-chains. However, on the whole he did some work. But though the place seemed strewn with stones it is wonderful how long it took to collect them, and at last, after many weeks of back-breaking labour, we decided to send to Sydney for wire netting.

Of course if we had had more time, say a year or two, and if more important things had not cropped up, the wall might have been finished and be standing, a monument for all time. But those pigs—village property—they were, and are, the bane of the missionary's life in New Guinea, and will be till the end of time; great lanky creatures they are, with long legs and, relatively at least, longer snouts, a few reddish brown bristles along head and back, that stood erect when they raced like greyhounds about the place; all was grist that came their way. They soon discovered that there were peckings to be found about a Mission station, and day and night—especially at night—they visited us. They came in droves, grunting and growling, the mother calling her little ones and instructing them how to pick up a living, in little confidential grunts encouraging them to come on, and the babies squealing as they got lost in the long grass. Very interesting, no doubt, as a nature study.

Under the house we stored our provisions in bulk, flour and biscuits and meat; they were all in tins, so surely they would be safe; but no, a tin of flour would be knocked down, turned over, banged and battered about till the flour leaked out of the seam, and then the pig who had been so furious before licked it up with grunts of satisfaction until some bigger brute came along and saved labour by hunting the fortunate one away. One almost seemed to get to understand their language, and the intonations of voice expressing the varied feelings of the brutes, who adapted themselves to new conditions and fresh kinds of food almost as readily as their owners did.

Some one perhaps had left a kerosine tin used for cooking

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within reach, and a pig would get his head inside searching for scraps, and the handle would fall over his ears, or his head get jammed, and then there was pandemonium let loose. At first we got savage ourselves and went out in pyjamas and slippers to drive the creatures away, or the boys in the dormitories would find their patience exhausted because they could not sleep—and it takes a great deal to keep a New Guinea boy from sleep. They would sally forth with spears and race after the pigs, who went off leaping and barking into the grass showing a clean pair of heels, but only to stop near by till all was quiet and they could come back again. “Why don’t you shoot the brutes?” visitors would say to us, when they got up in the morning after a night of broken rest. But we had to remember that pigs are valuable property to the natives, that to kill a pig is a serious thing; no payment would really satisfy them, no matter what was the price paid, for the natives are always in debt one to another, or clan to clan, or village to village for pigs, and by killing it you robbed a man of the means of paying his debts, and so exposed him to endless trouble with, and to vituperation from, his neighbours.

Perhaps the worst case of all was when you were living in or near a village, your house of native material, and the floor a few feet off the ground, making a nice cool convenient place for a pig to rout out a bed in the damp soil underneath, after he had investigated the rest of your premises to his heart’s content—and his stomach’s! The floor of your house consisted of split palm laths tied to the joists, so that sound and sight were possible. When you lay in bed with fever, a racking headache, nerves on edge, and dissatisfied with yourself and everything on earth, a great pig would come under the house to make himself comfortable, grunting with complete satisfaction until a bigger one came to dispute possession, and there would be a stand-up fight over it.

Exasperating too it was when, after carefully tending the fowls you had reared, you searched everywhere for nests, hoping for eggs, or it may be looking forward to a brood of

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chickens; at last you discovered where the nest had been, but a pig had been before you, eggs and hen were gone, and only the feathers left to show you where you had not looked.

We could not afford in those days to buy wire fencing to protect ourselves, but we were driven to it at last, and we were determined to do it thoroughly. The house and grounds were enclosed in a fence of eight wires, those near the ground being barbed and only an inch or two apart, while every foot or so upright wires were clamped to the horizontal ones. Now at last we were safe, we thought, if only we could keep the gates closed, and for a time there was peace, and more than peace. We could sit on the verandah and watch the procession outside the fence, and listen as the pigs went along cursing and swearing in the vilest of pig language. Now and again there would be a pause while two or three discussed the situation, and some would bang into the fence to express feelings too deep for grunts. It was only for a time; they found they could squeeze between the lower wires or jump through the wider spaces higher up, and they enjoyed it when the barbed wire scratched their backs.

They were busy days. We were up soon after five in the morning and, after having a cup of coffee, were out for field work till breakfast at eight. The boys were lined up in front of their dormitories for prayers, and then drafted off to their various duties. One priest remained at the house to say Matins, he having some inside work—translation, or what not—to do. The girls were busy doing the housework, so that all should be ready for school when the bell rang at nine o'clock. A few minutes' drill, and then to school. We gave the children five and a half hours' schooling every day, in morning, afternoon, and evening sessions. There was a language lesson for the staff after dinner and before afternoon school, when most of us would have preferred a siesta, and some took it then and there. Our time was occupied with housework, outdoor work, and dispensary work; there were always out-patients from the villages, often some so seriously

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ill that they had had to be housed and nursed on the station ; store goods had to be packed for out-stations, for we had our depôt at Dogura in those days ; we bought native food from village and mountain people, who could not understand why we did not leave whatever we were engaged upon to attend to them and their business ; and perhaps we did not realize how far they had come to exchange a load of food for a little tobacco, and how far some had to go to get home again. School and all the various duties kept us busy.

We tried to get the people to come on Saturday mornings only to sell their food, for our convenience and for theirs. And what a babel it was then. Before we had finished breakfast they began to assemble, and by the time we were ready there were perhaps a hundred people sitting about in groups, chattering and laughing, and only rarely expressing impatience. And what a rush there was when we began to buy, the younger pushing themselves forward, the older people waiting in quiet, silent dignity ; two women trying, one to get in, the other to get out, of a doorway that was only wide enough for the many skirts each one woman wore.

The sum-total of the food was never large, but there was always variety—taro and bananas, sweet potatoes and pumpkins, sugar-cane and orabu (the bud of a flowering cane), coco-nuts and pawpaws, roots and nuts, we were glad of them all for our children, to save the cost of feeding them on imported food, and to keep them as much as possible to their own manner of life, for it has been a principle of our work not to denationalize our people more than could be helped. In these later days we buy but little food—and why the natives have not got it to sell no one can say. They are as keen on the gardens as ever they were ; the population has not decreased, and from the shore villages at least few men have gone away to work. From the mountain tribes many have gone, and that may account for less food being available from them. It was nearly always tobacco they wanted, but sometimes beads or fish hooks.

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The children at midday and after afternoon school played furious games of football, any number a side, utterly regardless of rules, Rugby or Association, a *melée* which no mere white man could understand, but which must have had some system, for the boys knew which side had won. The ball was kicked at with bare feet and often missed, but a stone would be found, and the player retire to get treatment at the dispensary then or next morning. And the girls were as enthusiastic over it as the boys, only they missed the ball so much more often and found stones so much more frequently that they were forbidden to play at last. Footballs did not last long, and when none were available an old tennis ball or a bastard orange did duty. Rounders—also adapted—and cricket took their turns; skipping would be in season, or a more native game of spearing the coco-nut. The boys drawn up in a long line held each a spear—a reed or a sharpened stick of any kind would do, but best of all if a piece of sharpened wire could be found for a point: one boy would throw the coco-nut along the line, and every one would throw his spear at the moving nut and nearly always miss it.

Sometimes the boys were mad on plaiting belts and armlets of cane or fibrous plants, and then all their spare time was given to that occupation. You would see them walking along to school plaiting as they went, and the outside wall of the school would be decorated with ornaments in various stages towards completion. Or, it may be, sailing boats were in season. Then every one was at work shaping schooners and cutters out of soft wood, and rigging them with masts and sails, mainsail and mizzen, jib and gaff topsail all complete, and off they would go to sail their crafts in the ponds near the beach.

Then came the season for cats' cradles, and at these the girls especially were expert. The way they turned and twisted their fingers about! the ten fingers were not enough for some designs—toes, and chin, and mouth must be brought into requisition, and sometimes even a second person must help.

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As the design grows you will hear them telling some story about it, and when it is finished they hold it up and tell you what it represents, every one has a name. The variety is very great, the number large, and the poor foolish white person finds himself puzzled and confused at movements that are obvious to small children. And when the design is finished, at once the fingers are shaken, hands are drawn apart, all vanishes, there is only a piece of string,—and at once another design is begun. During the cats'-cradle season every one goes about with a coil of string laid on the hair to be ready for use at any moment, and sometimes it is laid on the one side like a soldier's forage-cap, giving the boy or girl a jaunty, saucy look.

The girls did the housework, the boys the outside work of the station in return for their schooling and their food, but we gave them a little pocket-money every week, partly that they might learn the use of money, and partly that they might learn the duty of contributing to the weekly offertory on Sundays; but we have to admit that neither by teaching nor by practice have we got our converts to realize the duty of doing something for the support of the work of the Church.

In the evening after school we had service in the chapel, first a general service for all, heathen, catechumens, and Christians, and then Evensong for the native Christians. By nine o'clock all the children were supposed to be in bed, and the missionaries assembled for supper, to discuss the doings of the day or plans for the future, or to listen to the Bishop giving an account of his travels through the diocese when he had lately come back from a trip, recounting his experiences and mimicking, as only he could, those whom he had met, white, brown, or black.

We had fever in those earlier days worse than people seem to get it now. Major Ross was working out his theories, and making discoveries which were to save missionaries and others many hours of suffering, much loss of time, and valuable lives, if only people are wise enough to follow directions; but we



CAT'S CRADLE
An old hand at the art.



THE FINISHING TOUCH

When the new skirt is first put on, the wearer asks a neighbour to trim it evenly round the bottom. This can be done with a sharp stone or a piece of glass. A Papuan girl is exceedingly vain about the "hang" of her skirt.

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had not heard of the theories, and we suffered from fever in various forms, and having effects varying according to the humour of the patients. Some would sing, some would groan when the temperature was up. Some were cheerful, some were sad, some would lie in bed and find patterns form themselves on the wall dancing before their eyes; and then the crooked sticks in the walls of a native house were a special worry. All would suffer as to their nerves, and of all the miserable-looking wretches one could see, perhaps the worst was a man sitting on the verandah after a few days of fever, looking gloomy, surly, inwardly wondering why he had been such a fool as to come to such a place, and why other humans were so heartless—he would certainly clear out as soon as he was able.

The women were wiser, and did not appear in public till they were more cheerful; or is it that they can bear more and with more cheerfulness than a mere male can? How we hated the thought of food, and especially how we turned from tea; how we longed for something to be got no nearer than Australia. No newcomer was ever going to get fever, and it is doubtful whether any but a few owned up to a first attack. It was always "biliousness." "I think I have a touch of the sun." "Influenza." "Just a bit off colour." "I have often been like it before." Such would be the answer to some older hand who came into the room of one who had not appeared at a meal with the opening remark, "So you've got it." We had not much sympathy perhaps with the newcomer, unless the attack were really bad, for sympathy was wasted, and had we not all passed through the same experience, and knew that bad as fever is while it lasts, recovery is rapid and quinine prevents further attacks for a time. We knew so much even then, and we knew too that those who had a weak spot would find it out, and if there was anything organically wrong New Guinea was no place for such a one. Those who come to New Guinea nowadays and find they can get along with a little fever, and think the climate all that is to be desired and the report of its unhealthiness exaggerated,^r do not realize

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what the early pioneers had to go through. From the height of their superior knowledge they pity the ignorance of those who did not know what was not known, but only guessed at by a few of the benefactors of the race of pioneers, missionary or otherwise. They speak as though any one who gets fever is as guilty as one who gets drunk, equally blameworthy, and I am not sure they would not like to treat him in the same way!

There is no doubt that *some* people can live in New Guinea now and have very little fever, if they will be reasonably careful to follow advice, take quinine and avoid mosquitoes; but at the same time, if you do *all* you are advised to do you may as well stay out of the country altogether, for you won't be able to do any work, and so why come?

The improvement in living has also much to do with the improvement in the health of the white people in New Guinea. It was tinned bulamakau and tinned biscuits, tinned milk and tinned butter, tinned flour—in case there should be any one who knew how to make bread—tinned jam and tinned fruits. There is plenty of tinned stuff used still, but canning is better than it was, and not so many “lumpies and mumpies” are put into tins. The best of cattle are used by the meat-preserving companies, and inspection has done much for people in such places as New Guinea.

Marvellous were the varieties of tinned meat—according to the promises of the brilliant labels—but deadly monotonous the sameness of taste, or lack of taste. Roast mutton and roast beef, corned mutton and corned beef, boiled mutton and boiled beef, Irish stew and spiced things, they were all the same when you ate them, tasteless and stringy, except when an odd piece of potato assured you that you were really eating Irish stew. Fortunately, at times native vegetables were plentiful, and some good, but they did not supply what civilized stomachs craved for, and some people could not eat them.

Very little game was to be got near Dogura—a few pigeons, an occasional wild duck, and odd wallaby. Once, when supplies

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were low, one of the staff went out with his gun, and the housekeeper said to him, "Be sure you call at the butcher's and bring home a joint, there is nothing in the safe." He promised, and came back with a huge carpet snake, which was dished up and pronounced excellent by those who partook of it.

The sea teems with fish, but the water is so deep that there can be no netting, and the fish will not bite. In other parts where there are long shallows or coral reefs the natives get quantities of fish, but here we can only watch the shoals leaping and playing about. Often we have wished the law did not forbid the use of dynamite: one plug thrown in, and there would be fish enough for the whole community; and then on second thoughts we were consoled when we remember the number of men in New Guinea who have braved the law and paid the penalty in fines, when a shattered hand that required medical treatment proved conclusively that the law had been broken, and incidentally that it was a wise law. Doubtless the authorities are concerned more with what would happen to the natives did they use dynamite to get fish, than with a desire to save the arms or lives of white men who know the danger.

The stories of suffering are terrible; there were men who were certain they would never make a mistake, that every accident was due to carelessness, too short a fuse, or to the charge being held too long, or to such foolishness as blowing on the fuse when it did not burn well; or they even blame it all on the business men who were supposed to think anything is good enough to send to New Guinea, and so damaged fuses are dumped here—they explain it all. Then some day a boat comes in to Samarai with the man who would never be caught, with one hand shattered and wounds on face and body, fortunate if he gets off with the loss of a hand. He has been perhaps days getting in since the accident, suffering agony all the time. And so we respect the law, much as we long for the fresh fish which sport in tantalizing liberty before our eyes.

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No story of Dogura in the days at the end of the nineteenth century would be complete without a reference to "Jimmy." Jimmy came up with me on my first trip from Samarai, so we were for a time contemporaries. He was a young cassowary, and had been given to the Bishop for a pet, and he soon became one of the features of the place. There was no need to shut him up, for he was quite at home from the first and showed no inclination to wander. Covered with a soft dark down, he had got none of his quills when he arrived, but he could run about on his long ungainly legs. He at once took up his quarters in the boys' dormitory as one of the boarders, and entered into all that went on at the station. When the bell was rung in the morning Jimmy was the first out, and took up a position in the line of boys drawn up for prayers.

Did some boy find it hard to get up so early and so all were kept waiting, Jimmy would give way to impatience and walk along the line behind the boys pecking at their bare calves and squeaking, acting on the same principle, I suppose, that a parson does when he abuses the congregation that is present to punish those who are absent!

When the boys knelt, Jimmy squatted in his place, and when they fell out to go to work, he attached himself to the cook boy, for Jimmy was essentially a home bird. He fed with the boys for his ordinary meals, and they saw to it that he did not go hungry. When the bell rang for school Jimmy was there to fall in for drill, and as soon as drill was over he scurried off as fast as he could to be first in school; he knew if he did not get in early the teacher would prevent his getting in at all, for his presence did not tend to attention and application on the part of the children. It was no use driving him out, for he was in at one door almost before you could get away from another, and so the less of evils was to allow him to remain. He behaved himself well; now and again he would find it monotonous and seek for change by pecking at bare toes. When the boys were playing football

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he joined in, kicking forwards at the ball for all things like a human.

There was a fox-terrier at Dogura who thought Jimmy had been brought specially to be his playmate, though Jimmy did not respond to his advances. The dog would get hold of one pinion in his teeth and Jimmy would rush up and down the compound squealing in rage and agony and trying to throw the dog off. He would kick, but the dog was wary and ran wide.

There was one thing the cassowary could not do, one dash of bitterness in his cup of joy. He could not get up the steps into the house; this was the one sorrow in his life, for when the children were all in the chapel at evening service Jimmy had to stay below, lonely and deserted. He would then run about under the house and round the compound crying like a child in his loneliness or disappointment at being left out of something. But Jimmy was very greedy, nothing seemed to satisfy him.

One day it was necessary to take up some drain pipes, and a snake about four feet long was found and killed. Jimmy was extremely interested in the work, and when he saw the snake he pounced on it at once and began to swallow it. It was easy going at first; farther and farther it was jerked down his throat, but when about half disappeared no twists or jerks would pass any more. Then our friend sat down and waited developments. He had to wait for three hours or more with two feet of snake protruding, and then he began again and managed to get the rest down. He shook his head and gave his neck a twist with the greatest satisfaction, walked off to the kitchen and finished off his meal by swallowing some tarts that had been left inadvertently within his reach. Another time when we were short of food and Jimmy was on short commons like the rest, he came round the kitchen crying like a child, and picking up stones. One of the women on the staff took pity on him and gave him something to eat, and then, unthinking, picked up some stones and threw one

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towards the bird. He caught it and swallowed it. This seemed interesting, so another was thrown, and another, and another, till Jimmy had got twenty-five pebbles down his throat; how many more he was good for no one knows, for his friend got disgusted and left him.

But his greed and his thieving brought about the bird's end. One day he found the kitchen open, and as he never missed an opportunity he went in to enjoy himself. A little while after the cook boy turned up and saw flour scattered about his clean kitchen, dainties he had cooked gone, and the sight was too much for his feelings. He let fly a knife he had in his hand, and Jimmy limped out of the kitchen with the main tendon of one leg severed. We did what we could, but it was decided after a week or two that the kindest thing to do was to put an end to his life. Some of the children refused to join in the feast that followed—how could they eat the Bishop's pet! but others had no scruples, and even after his death Jimmy was appreciated.

CHAPTER VI

CANNIBALISM—SORCERY

THE work on the Mission station is perhaps the most important, but there is other work in the villages and amongst the older people which cannot be neglected, and it is in doing this that one comes to learn about the manners and customs of the people. Buying food is useful not merely in providing food for our children, it is also a very helpful way of getting to know the people. So that when one goes about in the villages the people know who you are, and you get to know them, though perhaps for a long time you will find it difficult to tell one man from another, or one woman from another in any village, and *never* can you hope to understand all the relationships. People from different villages are always distinguishable, even when the villages are close together. They are always glad to see you when you go to the village, always ready to make friends, especially if you can provide a bit of tobacco, nearly always ready to offer you a piece of taro or banana out of the pot if you strike them at feeding-time, or to get you a drinking coco-nut.

These little acts of hospitality and of friendliness are quite genuine and spontaneous, even though you know etiquette requires you to acknowledge the gift by a *quid pro quo*, in the shape of tobacco for preference. And then the schools are a great help in getting into touch with the people, for they are glad if you notice the children, when they have got so far accustomed to a strange white person that they do not run away screaming into the houses or into the long grass.

The mythical youth who described the customs and

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manners of the natives of the South Sea Islands tersely, as "customs beastly, manners none," was no doubt smart, but he was far from the truth, at least so far as the people of New Guinea are concerned.

There are some customs very beastly to our civilized ideas. There are others which show that the people have a sense of social life and of social duties, while their manners are such as would grace any walk of life. Some of the most perfect gentlemen I have met are natives of New Guinea, if consideration for the feelings of others makes a gentleman, and I have met dignified courtesy which few polished gentlemen of civilization could better.

The worst of it is, the longer one lives amongst them the less one seems to know of their customs; you think you know everything in twelve months, you doubt whether you know anything after twelve years; and still more sad it is to notice that contact with white people means a rapid loss of manners, and the younger generation as it grows up shows a sad falling off in this respect from the standard of their elders. No doubt this is more apparent than real. Much of the respect of the elders was perhaps due to fear, while the younger generation shows that familiarity breeds contempt, and with contempt comes loss of manners. A native in his pure native state is in some ways a native at his best, as far as casual acquaintance is concerned, and no observer of native races can honestly blame the ordinary traveller for a preference for the untutored savage, as he strikes such a one; only it must be remembered that the same ordinary traveller only judges by the appearance, and his judgment is usually wide of the truth.

Anthropologists wax wroth when they talk about spoiling the native races, but with me their case has always the feeling that it is not the natives themselves they are concerned with, but that their rage is really directed against the spoiling of interesting material to support their own theories, or to refute the theories of others.

Still the fact remains that the meeting of the white and

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the dark means loss to the dark, perhaps often deterioration of the white too, and missionaries must bear their share of blame for this loss or part of it. The fact is that the untutored savage is mainly influenced by the fear of the unknown, and his habits of life are regulated by certain customs and traditions which no doubt should express ideas, and perhaps did do so once, but which do so no longer. When the fear of the stranger has worn off, and the traditions and beliefs have been found to rest upon fears which need not be felt, the native is like a ship at sea without a rudder, or a sailor without a chart.

It is sometimes forgotten that every white man who comes into contact with a native does something, unconsciously no doubt, to loosen the moorings. Every dose of quinine, every sick native made well, every boy taken away by a recruiter to work, every anthropologist who comes to investigate, does something to weaken the ties and the hold of the fear of the unknown upon the native mind. Our commerce, our trading, our government, our travellers all help to cut the native adrift, and the missionaries do something in the same way. Only the missionary does something positive as well. He does bring new thoughts and new ideals, new motives to duty, and, apart altogether from the question of religious duty to God and our Saviour, from a merely humanitarian point of view, missions have a claim upon the white races who come into contact with the dark races, for they alone give hope of supplying something which will save the races from extinction. Without that the last state of the races will be worse than the first.

Missions are criticized and abused by those who do not look at all sides of the question. They are blamed because there are evils in a transition stage for which they are not responsible, or at least no more but rather less responsible than other whites. It is expected that people will pass at once out of heathen ideas and practices into fully developed Christian saints, though it is forgotten that not so many

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years ago in the British Isles witches were put to death, and that there is a great deal of superstition amongst civilized English of the present day. Missions have never had a free hand; there are always some mean whites, and some too in an official position who prostitute their power to base ends, who do things a native would not do, who show the cruellest indifference to native rights and feelings and prejudices; and why should not a native judge the white race by such examples, if the worst specimens of the dark races are to be taken as representative of the whole?

Missionaries, on the whole, were they able to do so, would much prefer to preserve as many native customs as possible—stopping only such as are immoral, and revivifying others by giving them a new meaning, using them to express new ideas and ideals. Many things could be so transformed, and the Church would be more in harmony with the aspirations of the people; but missionaries have not a free hand, and the old order changes faster than the new can take its place, and for those changes the missionary is perhaps the least responsible of all the agents who bring it about.

There are some customs, however, which must go, which the missionary especially must do all he can to put down, and one of these surely is cannibalism.

Perhaps the best-known thing about the people of New Guinea is that they were, and many are still, cannibals, and that to ninety-nine people out of every hundred probably means that the only interest a New Guinea man takes in a stranger is how he will cut up, and what he will taste like. It is as though a New Guinea native should say that because we eat beef, we never see a fat bullock without licking our chops and thinking of a nice juicy steak. In all places where there is Government or Mission influence cannibalism has come to an end, and the younger people at least are ashamed of it, and do not like to be accused of it.

Perhaps no custom dies out so quickly. But the old people will tell you—if you can get them to talk confidentially

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—about the doings in the old days, and will sigh for the times that have been. It is interesting, if somewhat gruesome, to sit in the village and listen to some old ex-cannibal as he tells stories of the past, and marks out on your body with his fingers how they jointed the victim with a bamboo knife, and what were the choice bits. Such an old ruffian had not given up the custom from choice.

Occasionally one comes across a tribe that has never practised cannibalism; but even they had no real objection to it, for they passed on the victims to be eaten by their neighbours.

Perhaps no one has really got to know the true inwardness of the custom. One thing seems quite certain, it was not, ordinarily, a mere lust for flesh meat, as some have tried to explain it, because the natives get little flesh meat as part of their diet. The mere fact that certainly not all who were killed were eaten, seems to prove this; there might be fighting between several tribes and no cannibalism, while the same tribe might fight with other tribes and the victims of slaughter be eaten. Probably there were two ideas behind the custom: one, that by this means the eaters gained virtue from the one that was eaten; the other, that of revenge, revenge till death and further, with the satisfied feeling that the enemy was humbled with the greatest of all disgraces, and the conquerors similarly magnified. There were many ceremonies to be gone through at a cannibal feast, and he who slew the victim might neither touch the body, much less help to carry it, nor share in the feast, though this restriction held good with other kinds of food as well. Only in certain places might the flesh be prepared for cooking, and only in certain other places might it be eaten. Usually with shore people a coco palm was cut down, so that the delicate heart of young unformed leaves might be cooked and eaten with the flesh.

In times of severe famine children were killed and eaten because there was no other food. Gruesome stories are told of olden days, that are still remembered, when the little ones

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had to be watched very carefully, and hidden away, or sent to other villages for safety, but this was not cannibalism *quâ* custom. Such stories crop up in the most casual way. Some one will claim relationship with people in another village, and when asked how and why, will tell a story how he was sent there years ago in a time of famine to save his life, and these people had reared him. Some years ago, when we had a famine, the Taupota people sent word to us to be careful their children did not go far from the Mission station, as it would not be safe for them to do so.

Another time an old man told me when food was short, that they had not got to extremities yet; if they had, they would send all the old people, the women, and the children to the Mission station for safety, and only those would remain in the village who were strong enough to take care of themselves.

The weapons used in war by people on the north-east coast varied in different places, the spear alone being general, and probably the most useful and most often used. In the Taupota, Wedau, and Boianai districts they used slings, and a great deal of trouble was taken in grinding the sling stones to a proper shape and size. At short range this must have been a deadly weapon. The stones, ground nearly egg-shape, with sharpened ends, weighed perhaps from a quarter to half a pound. A white man once offered to let a native have as many shots with a sling at him as he wished while he stood near a cocoa-nut tree to dodge behind it, offering to pay him. But the native would have nothing to do with the suggestion. "Get out of the way and I'll hit the tree, but I should hit you and kill you, and then have to answer to the Government. No thank you." In some places they used shields made of light wood and covered with plaited cane. In other places stone clubs were used for hand-to-hand fighting in a *mêlée*. The fighting was of a desultory nature, and few people were killed except in cases of surprise and massacre, when whole villages would be wiped out. Certain tribes were hereditary

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enemies of other tribes, and people always had to be on the *qui vive*.

Shore people were enemies of the mountain people, and some shore people were always at war with other shore tribes. The mountain tribes were nearly always the aggressors; they held too strong a position to be attacked except by other mountain tribes; but one hears stories of heroes from the shore who carried the war into the mountains. The villages were stockaded to prevent surprises, and in places there were tree houses built up in the branches, perhaps 70 feet above the ground, and approached by a rope ladder of cane. Here people were safe with a supply of food and ammunition of stones.

Why the trees were not cut down or burned no one knows, perhaps it was contrary to the rules of war. Horribly brutal are some of the stories of surprise and massacre, sometimes with the meanest treachery—the guests at a feast turning on their entertainers at nighttime in their own village, parties being waylaid in the mountains as they returned from a journey and, all unarmed, butchered. Men, women, and children were surprised in the gardens and murdered in cold blood, apparently from the mere lust of killing. It was not safe to travel far from home by shore. Journeys to any distance must be made by canoe. Nowadays there is fairly frequent traffic along nearly the whole coast-line; women travel alone and are unmolested, though even yet there is the danger of some cranky individual thinking over old times, and taking vengeance for an ancient injury.

There existed a never-ending vendetta. Life must be paid for by life, and the lives of any number of a tribe or family, not at all necessarily related to the murderer himself, satisfied the law. Possibly the spirit of the murdered one could not rest till satisfaction had been made; there was a keen and lively—at times deadly!—sense of solidarity of race. So it has come about that an innocent white man has been killed to pay for the crime, or even the supposed crime, of some other white man; are not all white men of the same tribe and family in

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the eyes of the uncivilized native? A few years ago a white man was killed near Dogura by the mountain people. He was a harmless individual who got on well with the natives as a rule, and who went about prospecting by himself, getting natives of one village to carry his things on to the next.

Some boys from the tribe had been recruited to work for miners and had died while away—died, of course, from natural causes, for there was no suggestion of foul play. But to a native there is no such thing as death from natural causes. Some one must be responsible. The white men had taken the boys away, they had died while with them; and so when the old men saw the white man come they said they must take payment. The younger people tried to persuade them not to do anything. He had done no harm, and there would be trouble with the Government; but the old instinct was too strong, and one old fellow came behind the unsuspecting white man and murdered him; others buried the body, and very soon word was brought to us. The report was sent on to the Government and an expedition sent to punish the murderers.

Next to hereditary enmity and vendetta, the most frequent source of murder was sorcery and witchcraft. Most of the sorcerers were and are mountain people. It almost seems as though the fact that these people lived away in the dark scrubs, their life hidden from the shore people, invested them with unusual powers, for sorcerers and medicine-men alike come from the mountains, and the New Guinea native is strongly influenced by fear of the unknown. The crude philistine dismisses the whole question of sorcery by saying, "All sorcery is poison"; but as a matter of fact in those parts of New Guinea that I know anything about, there is very little knowledge of, and less use of, poison. There is no doubt that people die because a spell has been believed to have been put upon them.

Whatever the power is, it is very real, even if it exists only in the belief of the sufferers, and is due to suggestion or imagination. The sorcerer believes in his own power, and the



A MOUNTAIN MAN

The hill tribes are classed quite apart from those who live in the coast-line villages, and are rather looked down upon by their more enlightened brethren.

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people believe in it too. Certainly the New Guinea philosophy of life is that nothing happens to man without some cause: no man dies a natural death, all suffering and sickness is due to evil spirits which people this world, and as, like many of his white brethren, he is quite prepared to take the good things of life unquestioning, and only to look for causes when evil comes, there is no place in his philosophy for good spirits; the good is but the normal state undisturbed by the machinations of evil spirits, and the evil spirits are usually set to work by some human agent. Though it seems that while the sorcerer may use charms, working through the hair that has been mislaid when the head was shaven, or through the footprints, he is powerful enough to work at times more directly. He is probably a man of stronger character than his fellows—like other trades, it runs in certain families—and the very fact that he believes in his power, and others believe in it, tends to make him independent and strong in character. He thrives on his reputation, and levies blackmail on all and sundry till some evil day when patience has been exhausted, and an opportunity offers to put him out of the way. Ordinarily he is safe, for no one will touch him or interfere with him unless he can be taken by surprise, and there are always sufferers ready to take the first chance of doing that. How they used to terrorize the neighbourhood and take toll! One old ruffian whose reputation had spread far and wide, could go to villages far from his home, and walk off with anything he fancied, the people sitting mum, not daring to say a word, or hiding and skulking away as he passed through the village. One of the strongest characters in a village miles away from where this villain lived said, "Give me a guarantee that I shall not be called to account, and a gun so that I can shoot him when he is not looking, and I will get rid of him, but I dare not touch him if his eyes are on me."

We had experience of one fine big man who was a Mission boy under instruction for baptism. This man was sent to a village to bring a boy to school who would not come. When

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he arrived at the house an old man said, "If you touch that boy I will put a spell on you." He laughed, saying, "Do what you like, I am a Mission boy; you can't hurt me, I am not afraid of you." Very soon the man got sick, but that was to be accounted for, it was a bad form of fever. He was sent to Dogura for treatment, and in a short time was convalescent. He went back to his station, and asked if he might go home for a change. Then he suffered a relapse, and probably his feelings had been worked upon by his people. They sent presents to the sorcerer asking him to remove the spell. He refused, and the man got worse. They sent more valuable presents, which were accepted, and the man got well. Again, boys have died from no apparent cause; they had dreamed a sorcerer had put a spell on them, and they would die in a certain time; and they did, in spite of all a doctor could do. Again and again it has seemed nothing could save a boy's life. The disease was known, and surely must prove fatal,—and the patient has asked to be allowed to go home. It could not make much difference, he was sure to die. But he didn't; the spell was removed, and he was well again in a short time.

Back from Dogura in the mountains a murder was reported and word sent to the Government. When the magistrate came on his next visit police were sent in to arrest the murderers, who came quite willingly, and an older man with them came of his own accord. We had heard a story that the murder had been committed at the instigation of some one who guaranteed the murderers immunity from punishment. That, of course, was the garbled account of something, and far from the truth. The court was held in the cabin of the Government steam launch, a most inconvenient place, but convenience cannot be considered when the law is being administered on the outskirts of the empire. There was very little room in the cabin—a long table in the centre took up nearly the whole space between the bunks running fore and aft on either side. There was room to get your legs under the table as you sat on the bunk. The magistrate acted as prosecutor, judge, and

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friend of the accused, as well as clerk of the court to take down the evidence. I was asked to act as interpreter.

The prisoners were brought into the court, and filled the only vacant space on the steps of the companion leading into the cabin, a policeman was squeezed into one corner, and the whole cabin was filled with more than the mere presence of the natives. Witnesses, as their evidence was needed, squatted on the top step of the companion-ladder, and when not required were supposed to be somewhere forward, out of earshot—an actual impossibility. The prisoners admitted their guilt, and evidence was taken from witnesses describing how the deed was done, and then the prisoners were asked if they wanted to make a statement. Whether they did or not, they told the whole story, which agreed even in small details with what had been told by the witnesses. I noticed that the old man, who had come of his own accord, was sitting on the deck close to the companion-way, and that he was keenly interested in the trial, and when the prisoners were making their statement he was prompting them by facial expression and by very low-toned suggestions. I drew the attention of the magistrate to what he was doing, and he was ordered to keep quiet. He couldn't do that, for he was too keenly interested. There was no real interference with the course of justice, though the old fellow's object did not appear till the prisoners were asked why they had murdered the man. Then he shuffled closer, and was particularly anxious that the whole blame should be thrown on him, and that no details should be left out which implicated him to the full.

At last his persistent interference became so marked that a policeman was told to remove him to the other end of the boat. The prisoners were committed to the higher court for sentence, and a warrant was issued for the arrest of the old man as an accessory. When he was charged he admitted his guilt and told a long story, the gist of which was this. He was the head of a small community living in one of the valleys in the mountains, and one after another his near relations had

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died. He and his people had consulted together to find out who was responsible for the deaths, and they came to the conclusion that it was a sorcerer living in another valley a few miles away. They sent word to their neighbours that they must get rid of the sorcerer who lived amongst them, but the messengers came back saying they would have nothing to do with it. Another meeting of the doomed clan was held, and one can imagine how solemn that meeting was. How all the men sat with serious mien and downcast eyes. The chief gave the decision that the sorcerer must die, and the two men were appointed to kill him,—the very existence of the clan depended upon their undertaking to do this, and no matter at what cost to themselves it must be done.

Then doubtless some one asked, though the old man did not say so, "What about the Government?" They knew of this great power even in the mountain district, and this power had to be reckoned with, and one can imagine how the old man answered the objection by an appeal to the justice of their case; at most it would mean a few months in Samarai gaol, and the country was well rid of a menace at the price. At all events, objections were overruled and the two men went off and the deed was done. If any one was to blame he, the head man, was, and he had come down to the Government to answer for what he had done. "Did you not know the Government has forbidden such things and would punish you." "Yes," was the answer, "I knew we should go to gaol." "But the punishment for this is death. What if the Government were to hang you?" "Surely the Government would not take my life for doing what had to be done to save my people. If this man lived we should all be dead in a short time," was the reply of the old man, and I at least, if not the magistrate, felt that from the native point of view all that had been done was the getting rid of a public nuisance and danger, one that was a real menace to the community. The dead sorcerer's friends seemed to bear no malice against his murderers—they, too, perhaps felt he had but got his deserts.

CANNIBALISM—SORCERY

The whole question as to how the Government can treat the matter of sorcery is a difficult one. A sorcerer is liable to punishment, but the punishment is only imprisonment for a few months, and the tendency may be that such recognition of his power only adds to the self-esteem of the sorcerer, and rather increases than lowers his prestige. Then it is difficult to get any one to lay a charge of sorcery, for, suppose a sorcerer is imprisoned, he will be back in a short time and it will be all the worse for his accusers. To punish the sorcerer by death, which to the native mind is the only safe thing, and the only seemly thing to do, is to admit he has been the actual cause of deaths attributed to him, and to secure a conviction is difficult. Possibly in undoubted cases it might be as well to deport for life the sorcerer to some other district far away from his own, but even so all there is to go upon very often is just the imagination that some one is a sorcerer, and so innocent people might easily be falsely accused.

Sorcerers are the most dreaded of all those who originate evil against man, but there are others who are also treated with respect born of fear, such as witches, who also at times pay for their reputation with their lives. Witches are certainly not so powerful nor so feared as sorcerers, and if the sorcerer can do his work without calling in the aid of evil spirits, witches cannot do so. They are usually old women with a furtive, cunning look, and there are one or more connected with every clan. Here, again, the trade is hereditary, the mother hands on her power to a daughter. Once people were blaming a woman for much sickness, and when they were asked the grounds for accusing her they said. Her mother was a witch, and when she was alive she told us, "Do not cross my daughter; I have given her all my power."

The spirit of mischief resides in the body of the witch, and is sent forth at nighttime to work evil, returning at night again to its home. And as the witch can cause the evil, so she can bring it to an end. There was a good deal of dysentery in Wedau once, and two sisters were supposed to be responsible

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for it; one died of the disease and, as the village was clearing up, I asked if there were fresh cases. No, I was told, it is finished now, Borukela has said so—the village will be clear again—and the message was given with evident relief. But even young women may be accused, the mother, or sister, or daughter of a dead person. Probably when there is sickness, and especially after a death, the friends of the sufferer talk the matter over, and decide who can be held responsible, who has expressed a malignant wish in a moment of anger, who has a grudge to be gratified, what clan has payment to be exacted, and so no woman in the community is safe from a charge, and the accused one may forfeit her life, especially if some excitable relative of the dead has worked himself or herself up into a pitch of frenzy, when he or she does not care what happens so long as revenge is satisfied.

Of course, the women are often to blame for an accusation against themselves. They play on the fear of spirits which they believe in equally with others, and threaten people when they are angry, and from earliest infancy children are taught to beware. To be a witch gives one a position in the village, and it is a position of importance when you are sent as the representative of witchcraft in your clan to go and abuse the witch of another clan for mischief she has caused your own people.

CHAPTER VII

EVIL SPIRITS—MEDICINE MEN

THERE seem to be other spirits which wander about at their own sweet will, and which favour certain places, especially dark uncanny spots and damp nasty gullies, just such places as would breed microbes galore, but who may not be tied to the one spot, and these bite the unfortunate, who finds himself inflicted with some sore or wound. The raw native, when asked what caused a sore on arm or leg or foot or body, will answer at once, a spirit bit me, and, being pressed for details, will tell you exactly when and where. Possibly many if not all these sores have a nagging pain which suggests biting, for it is always "a spirit *bit* me," they say. Often and often in a village some poor wretch with perhaps the whole sole of his foot one great sore will sit in his house for weeks, and make night hideous with yells not merely from pain but also to drive away the evil spirits which are "eating" him. Perhaps at nighttime the pain is worse, perhaps there is less then to distract the attention, but at all events the spirits are spirits who love darkness rather than light, and then work their mischief. And if the unfortunate is thoroughly imbued with superstition he will accept no offer of help from a missionary. He is convinced the white man's medicine can do nothing to affect the New Guinea spirits, though it may be useful to counteract the work of "Dimdim" spirits.

I remember one man at Boianai so afflicted. I found him in his house, and suggested he should come to Dogura to be cured, but nothing would induce him to move. No arguments would move him, no promises of relief touch him, and so he

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lay for weeks never getting a good night's rest. At last, on one of my monthly trips, Mrs. Newton went with me and she had some liniments and bandages with her, for who knows when such may be useful. The man allowed her to put a couple of dressings on his foot, and the improvement was so great that he agreed to come and continue the treatment. In a week he was able to walk about with a stick, though he could only bear the heel to touch the ground; in a fortnight he went home and was able at once to go to his garden, though he found it advisable to use a stick for a time to take the weight off the tender skin on the sole of the foot. Within a week after his return home a canoe arrived with two other men similarly affected, who announced that they had come to be cured, and that they expected to go home well in a fortnight's time. Fortunately for our reputation for impartiality they were able to do so.

It may be that the disinclination to go away to another district for medical treatment is due to the fear of the evil spirits of another place who may have a special objection to intruders, and it is better to bear the ills one has. It seems, indeed, that the only good the spirits do to the inhabitants of a place is the negative one of making strangers fear to intrude, and this may also account for the objection natives in the olden days had to travelling far from home. Was it that the conservative instincts of the people and their objection to and fear of strangers made them attribute the same sort of feelings to the spirits, or was it that this fear made the people conservative;—which is cause and which is effect? These are the sort of puzzles one meets when one comes in contact with native races, whose minds and modes of thought no white man can understand.

That the spirits are believed to be jealous of strangers, and that the people of a place are to some extent responsible for, and believe themselves responsible for, the behaviour of the spirits to strangers, was made apparent to me by two incidents of a different character, but having the same bearing.

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The people of Boianai have hunting rights over country some distance away. On one occasion when they were hunting there a young man got caught between two fires, fell as he tried to escape, and got badly burnt. Of course, it was evil spirits that did the mischief. The old people of the district came to Boianai, bringing presents to the young man's father to show their good-will, and to compensate him for the injury their evil spirits had foolishly done to the son. The presents were accepted and the matter was ended. The people need not now fear to come to Boianai lest the Boianai spirits should take vengeance on them.

Some seven years ago during Holy Week we had a sudden squall off the land at Dogura, which carried a punt we had at anchor away from the shore. Some of the boys rushed to me to ask if they could go out and bring it back. We had a big dinghy in the boat shed. There did not seem to be any danger, as the punt was not more than a quarter of a mile from the shore, and the sea was quite calm, the wind had been off the land, and the boys were good boat boys. We watched them at work, saw them give it up as useless and start to come back. What happened no one knows; it was soon dark, and the boys never got ashore. The only thing one could imagine was that they tried to cross the mouth of the river, which was in flood, and in the joggle of the water the dinghy was swamped. Nothing was ever found of dinghy or of bodies except a paddle, which was picked up thirty miles away in the opposite direction to the way the punt drifted. Search along the coast and the islands opposite revealed nothing. All these boys came from other parts, most of them from Boianai.

Their people did not blame us at all, but they did blame the Wedau people, and for some time the Wedau people were afraid to go to Boianai. But the strangest part of the belief came out one day when a village man was talking about the accident. He said, "Your boys grow big and strong at Dogura; they are not like the village boys." I did not know what he meant, and I felt elated, saying, "Well then, you need

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not be afraid to let them come to us." "Oh, it is not that, but the consequence is that the New Guinea spirits are jealous and angry, and that is why they drowned those boys." So our very success was to be a reason to have nothing to do with us, and I did not feel elated any more.

There are spirits which do not seem to injure man, which live in trees, or gullies, or caves; these are but the spirits whose doings make up so much of the folklore of the country, such as Tagaimodu, a ghoulish creature who digs up the newly buried and eats the flesh, carrying away skull and thigh bones. That she exists and that she so occupies herself are proved by the great collection of skulls and thigh bones that are to be found in various places. One such collection I have seen, the skulls set in the soil close to one another like cobbles in a street, in the low cavity under a huge coral rock. And the occupation of Tagaimodu is the only explanation of the collection that I have heard. There are fair women with long hair, such as the *Ætago*, who appear sometimes on moonlight nights and, though shy, are not averse to talk to those who meet them. But such are not seriously thought of.

There are also medicine men and others, who possess powers which they can use for the benefit of man for a consideration; these do not work through the spirits.

The Gweri man, who is a sort of charmer, possesses the power to extract from a sick man that which causes the trouble, and gets at the very *fons et origo* of a disease and removes it.

He nearly always comes from the mountains, and when sent for sits down beside the patient, inside or outside the house, looking very wise, and the friends sit round in serious, solemn silence.

The Gweri man examines the patient, fingering him lightly here and there. Then he rubs the affected part where the pain is worst, makes passes over the place and gradually gathers the skin into his hand, closes his fists and holds his hands together. He then goes out to the edge of the village,

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and blowing into the clenched fists throws them forward, his palms open, and there in the grass will later on be found that which had caused the trouble, generally a stone, sometimes broken pieces of cooking pots, sticks or what not. Once a man learned that he had been suffering for days because a galvanized iron rowlock had been secreted in his inside, the Gweri man took it out of him and he got well.

Sometimes the practitioner will prove his *bona fides* by showing the friends the stone he has just removed from the patient's chest, and usually it is suspiciously like the stones that lie about the village. Such folk are, of course, the veriest charlatans, and in health every one laughs at them, but things take on a hue when one is sick, and such sickness as cannot be accounted for. And often the patient so treated, who would certainly have died, gets well.

One day during school at Wamira the children suddenly became very quiet, so still and peaceful was it that there must be surely something out of the ordinary. One of the children had noticed a Gweri man go by the door of the school, and word had been passed round in some secret way known only to New Guinea children. There was a sick man in a house near the school. The elder boys obtained permission to investigate from the window openings. On the seats in carefully repressed but great excitement and joy they watched the preliminaries of the performance, and at last beckoned the teacher to come and see the old villain picking up stones and selecting what suited his purpose.

Equally a humbug is the man who is able, after rubbing leaves on the jaw of an unfortunate suffering from toothache, to cure the pain by extracting small maggots that have caused the trouble; and even though he triumphantly shows the maggots under the leaves, one doubts whether even in New Guinea, where so many strange things happen, the cause of toothache has been removed.

Nearly as much of a humbug is the man who professes to see in a pool of water, on to which coco-nut oil has been

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squeezed, the face of some culprit—a thief especially is so convicted. His knowledge of human nature may often enable him to fix on the guilty one, whose immediate confession will of course confirm the reputation of the seer.

More important to the general welfare of the community are those who know the proper procedure and the right incantations to use for rain, or for fine weather, for the crops, and for a plentiful supply of wallabies to provide flesh meat in the hunting season. He who possesses such powers and such knowledge pays for the position and the dignity, especially the poor wallaby man who may not eat of the feast he has provided. All these must fast, and fast very strictly while the charm is working. The rain-maker also provides fine weather and favourable winds. To stop the rain he must sit, and spit, and spit, and spit. When a number of Wamira people were away with a Government expedition in the mountains for days, the poor unfortunate who had to secure good weather had to sit on a small knoll and keep on spitting till the men came home. Some help is given by chewing the root of an indigenous ginger.

Useful in another way are those who can prepare charms to gain the affections of some coy damsel, or the affections of another man's wife. Once a poor half-witted man came to Dogura from the mountains, and he had something to sell. It was a little bundle of sticks tied together with a dirty piece of mulberry bark. He had received a commission from one of our boys to prepare this for a friend in his village. I secured the charm and made inquiries as to its use. You scraped a little off one of the sticks into the food or drink of the one whose affections were desired, and her love would be yours. Whether any incantations were used or not when the charm was prepared did not seem clear; none were needed when it was put to use, the virtue was there. That particular charm has never been put to a test, but I doubt not many others have, and have been believed to be effective.



BERTRAM GEMBUD

Bertram is wearing a very fine shell necklace. Note the hibiscus bloom in his hair.

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One comes across a few people who know something of the healing art, who practise as physicians without any hanky-panky business. These know something of herbs and their preparation, and especially the value of massage.

Some years ago one of our schooner boys was brought to Dogura after a trip up the coast suffering from rheumatic fever. He came from the mountains some six miles away, and the day after he was brought to the station the family physician arrived. He was found sitting by the patient's bed about the middle of the morning. In order to be able to keep the boy out of draughts—a thing difficult to do in a native building—we had put him in a room in our own house. Without consulting any one, without any by-your-leave, the native doctor had gone to the room, and naturally we were surprised to find him there, but we thought he was one of the boy's relations.

Of course, we asked him who he was, and where he had come from. With a good deal of quiet dignity he explained that he had been sent for by the family to treat the case, that he himself had no wish to intrude, but knowing the family and being urgently pressed, as it was a case of serious illness, he had come. He was prepared to undertake the case and to guarantee a cure, but it would be necessary for him to take the patient away. We were sceptical as to his powers, and no doubt showed it in the inquiries we made as to his treatment. I am afraid the white folk did not show the best manners; the native by his quiet dignity certainly rebuked us, and gradually enforced respect by his manner and his bearing. He gave us to understand he would locate the mischief, use certain treatment,—I forget what,—and give certain medicines.

Of course, we could not let him take the boy away in any case; as his temperature was very high he could not be moved, and we told the medicine man so. He said he did not wish to take the case out of our hands, he had only come because the friends insisted; we evidently had no confidence in his powers so he would go, and he went away carrying off the honours so

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far as dignity and good manners were concerned, and he took with him our respect, even if we could not let him have our patient. Fortunately the boy made a complete recovery.

The natives would be adepts as masseurs. One would expect that, as they are always—more or less—weeding the gardens and doing other manual work, their hands would be hard and horny, but as a matter of fact they have soft palms, and they rub with a gentle continuous motion which is very soothing. When in pain a man will lie down and some friend will rub the affected part for hours. They have no reason for the treatment, but they give relief. More specific still is the treatment for rheumatism in the joints. I remember seeing a man with a bad knee in Boianai being treated. He sat on a stone with his knee partly bent and the practitioner sat on the ground in front of him, he chewed some herbs or bark and spat this out on to the joint, rubbing vigorously all the time. I wanted to know what the stuff was that was used as a liniment so crudely prepared, but the secret was not to be divulged; New Guinea treatment was all that I could get in answer to questions.

For poisons from bites and stings they have a treatment which does not sound inviting, but which they say is efficacious. It is the drinking of a decoction made from boiling pig's excrement, but it must be given at once. There is a little shell-fish which stings and injects a very deadly poison, so the natives say, and they say too that a draught so prepared is the only thing to save the life of one stung. A little boy was playing on the beach at one of the Mission stations, and he picked up one of these shell-fish, not knowing what it was. One of the bigger boys saw what he was playing with and told him to throw it away at once. Possibly in his excitement the child squeezed the creature and was stung. That was about four o'clock in the afternoon, and by nine o'clock at night the child was dead. Then the people told us of their treatment for such cases, and said the decoction was useful in cases of bites of certain fish, and of poisoning from eating

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certain lilies. Whether there is any virtue in the extract the deponent knoweth not.

For pains in certain organs—over the heart and liver and at back of lungs especially—the treatment is to prick in with a thorn some preparation or other, so that often those parts of the body are permanently decorated with a circle, a star, or a cross which may sometimes serve for decoration pure and simple, though the position near an organ suggests treatment in time of sickness.

Perhaps most wonderful of all their treatments is the use of the fruit of a cicad for yaws. How they discovered it no one knows. “Our old people told us” is all one can get out of them when one makes inquiries, or “It is the New Guinea way.” There is no doubt of its efficacy, and we have used it again and again with marked success. The fruit of the cicad is scraped fine, and while still wet with its own juice is plastered over the yaw, on which it sets hard, forming a plaster. After a time the whole excrescence comes off, leaving a fairly clean wound which soon heals. There is another treatment for yaws, namely, washing them in a decoction made by boiling the root of a fern, and this is said to be effective.

For snake bite, in some places, the treatment is to bleed the person bitten very profusely by cutting the forehead. Sometimes the patient bleeds to death, always he is very weak and emaciated, whether in consequence of the snake poison or of the loss of blood let a medical man say. Of course, all snakes are not poisonous, but the natives most likely know which are and which are not. Of some they are very much afraid, others they do not mind, and some kinds come in handy for the larder. The girls and women are very frightened of all snakes dead or alive, and the boys know it. Like boys all the world over, they are quite ready to frighten the girls by dragging a dead snake towards them. Just let a group of girls see it and there is a scatter. They rush away screaming and yelling, and, when they think they are at a

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safe distance, they stand beating their breasts appealing most piteously for mercy.

They know what fish may safely be eaten and what are poisonous, and still more how to prepare for cooking certain fish which are poisonous if not properly treated, and they would never touch such fish unless they knew who had cleaned them. Two boys were once fishing from the launch at anchor off Wedau. One was a Mambar boy from the far north, a Dogura border; the other a runaway work boy who had got so far on his way home on the south coast. The Wedau people sitting on the beach saw these boys catch some fish, and they called out to them to throw them away as they were poisonous. The boys said they would, but apparently they had doubts about the *bona fides* of their friends. They ate the fish and were soon suffering. The Mission boy came to the station and was treated at once. He recovered, though he was weak for some time. Nothing was known about the other boy for some hours, and when he was sent for we were told he was dead. The village folk said that they could have cleaned and prepared the fish so that there would be no danger whatever in eating them, but as these two were strangers they thought the only safe thing to do was to advise them to throw the fish away.

Perhaps most wonderful of all is the knowledge they have of the preparation of the fruit of the cicad, referred to above, so that it can be used for food. Like tapioca in its crude state the fruit is poisonous, but the natives know that after soaking it in running water for several days they can grind it into a flour and make cakes of it. It is then fit for food, and in times of drought and famine forms a good stand by. How, again, have these people learned that the pith of the sago palm can be prepared for food, and that it has to be washed and strained and dried, carefully prepared before it can be used.

For many things one can find some satisfactory explanation,—though the explanation may not always be the true

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one,—how, for instance, they have discovered that certain things are poisonous and others are not. From long experience they may have learned, or from observation have discovered, that by cultivation and care they can improve their food plants. Naturally, man seems to know that food needs cooking, and by experimenting learns the best way of cooking certain foods, but when one thinks of the conversion of a poisonous fruit into a useful and nutritious food, or the preparation of the pith of a palm so that it is fit for human consumption, one wonders how the knowledge was gained.

CHAPTER VIII

MEN'S WORK

THE casual visitor to New Guinea, and even many of those who have lived in the country for years, and come into contact more or less—usually less rather than more—with the people, are agreed in one opinion: the men are inveterately lazy, and the women do all the hard work. Those who have been able to see more into the lives and habits of the people know that this is really an unfair, an untrue statement of the case. On the surface there may be some justification for the opinion. In the everyday life of the village the visitor will see women carrying great loads of food, suspended in netted bags from the head, and resting on the small of the back, or it may be food and firewood with a baby on the top of all, or this latter carried straddlewise on the hip, or again women carrying great pots of water on their heads, while the men are sitting or lolling about in the village doing nothing but decorate themselves and each other. What lazy hounds! the visitor calls them.

Or a procession is met coming from the gardens, the women carrying a great heavy load and bending under the weight of it, the men with tomahawk or adze over one shoulder, a spear over the other, only that and nothing more, stalking along like the lords of creation. What a heartless brute! says the stranger, forgetting that after all this may well be the custom that had grown in olden days, when the man had to be free and unencumbered, for an enemy might be hiding in the long grass or in the scrub, and how could he protect his women kind if he were not free to do so. The

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men did the fighting and they must always be ready for a surprise, and if an enemy had not to be considered there might be a wild pig or a wallaby, and to secure such the man must be ready with his spear.

The men are not lazy; they may not care for continuous hard work of any kind—except in their gardens, for long periods; they lose interest and need change—except again in their garden work. They are wanting in sticking power, in application, and this is perhaps the great weakness in their characters. The reason for that would require too much speculation to discuss now: it may be that their lives are regulated by custom and tradition with no moral force, and so there is no result in moral strength; it may be the enervating effect of climate; it may be a result of both causes combined. As a matter of fact, in all that part of New Guinea of which I know anything, the heavy work is done by the men and, so far as physical exertion is concerned, it is the lighter work that is done by the women. Probably, on the whole the women lead the harder life, but then on the whole so they do in civilized communities, where a man works a certain number of hours and a woman's work is never done.

The women certainly carry the loads of food and firewood for the house, but we have seen there may be a reason for this. Such wood is usually bundles of small sticks, but all that is used for the men's club houses—the big logs they use—the men get and carry, and the food for the feasts and the pigs are carried by the men; such loads are far heavier than those a woman carries.

There has always been a strict line drawn, separating what a man should do from what a woman should do, and with people so intensely conservative as the people of New Guinea the line is strictly observed. A man would never think of doing a woman's work, nor would a woman dare to intrude into a man's province. There might be rare exceptions, such as the case of a man who had a sick wife, one who lay helpless for months. I have seen one who did all the work about the

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house, in spite of jeers from his neighbours when they saw him sweeping up and doing other things that only a woman should do. I have been told of a woman whose father was an invalid and who had no brothers, so she cleared the scrub and fenced in the garden—they were mountain people. These are so manifestly exceptions, and cause so much surprise, that they do but emphasize the rule. Perhaps no punishment can be greater than setting the boys in school to pick up the stray pieces the girls have shed from their skirts as they moved about in school.

Again and again men have come and said their wives are chronic invalids and they must throw them over and find another, or take a second so that the women's work in the garden can be done. "I have done all my work and got everything into order, but the gardens are getting overgrown with weeds and grass, because my wife is always sick and cannot go to the garden. I shall have no food and will be abused by every one as a waster. I must get rid of this woman and take another." When you retorted, "Well, do her work as well as your own, you have plenty of time," the answer would come at once, "Every one will laugh at me." Both men and women are sticklers in the observance of such customs, and not only will a man object to do a woman's work or a woman to do a man's work, but a woman will be indignant if a man intrudes into her province or if she is asked to do a man's work. And all the other women of the village will back her up in her objections.

"Haven't you got a wife to weed your garden, won't anybody have you, are there no women? Is it that you are ugly or lazy, or an angry man?"—and how can a man stand that sort of thing?

It is the men who do all the house building. They go to the scrub and cut the timber and the vine, they carry it all in, and the posts are pretty heavy too, some of them; they climb the coco palms and cut the fronds, they plait the leaves, though women may sometimes nowadays do that too. They

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clear the ground for the gardens, felling the scrub in the mountains, and cutting the long grass on the seashore, clearing and burning off. They fence in the mountains, and everywhere they turn over the hard ground with their digging sticks and help the women to break up the clods and clear out all the roots and rubbish. They plant the food, and at Wamira, Wedau, and Boianai they attend to the irrigation canals and do the irrigating; they do their share at watching the gardens to keep away the pigs. When all is planted the women's work begins; they do the weeding and attend to the growing plants. In those places where there is fishing carried on to any extent it is the men who make the long nets, going a distance to get the fibre and preparing it. They do the fishing on the reefs and in the shallows near the shore. They make the canoes. All this is men's work, and the men will tell you not only do the women not understand how to do it, but they are not physically strong enough even if they did understand.

House building varies much in different districts, both with regard to the materials used and with regard to the style of building. The one thing general everywhere is that everything is fixed by tying.

To the east in the Taupota district the people are the most expert in building, and the material they use enables them to give a neater and more finished look to their houses. Thereabouts the houses are usually built off the ground, the floor three, four, or five feet high. The ridge sags in the centre, the roof rising and pointing upwards at each end, giving the building the appearance of an animal with its mouth always open. The house consists of one large room, and this seems to be universal along the coast. In the mountains a low partition is run across the building and the men occupy one side, the women the other, but probably with them there is no club house for the men. The size of the house depends on the importance of the owner, and the number of families related to him who have to be accommodated.

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At the end of the house the roof projects a few feet beyond the walls, or the walls are built a few feet short of the platform floor and roof, thus affording an open space sheltered from rain, and cool. The posts are put in the ground not very deep down, scalloped out at the top to carry the plates, and everything is fastened by tying either with bark or vine or the outer skin of a rattan. This skin is peeled off and the pith rejected. Should the rattan be dry from having been kept too long it is soaked in water. The plates are tied down securely to the top of the posts.

Purlins are laid from wall plate to ridge and tied, and in the Taupota district alone I have seen that the people have a wise custom of tying down the end of the purlins to a post, the purlins projecting over the wall plate make a good eave, and so a good deal of the weight is taken off the roof. Along the purlins poles are tied longitudinally, and to these lighter sticks up and down, a few inches apart.

If the roof is to be of grass, then vine or thin laths of split palm are tied to these sticks longitudinally, about three inches apart. Where sago leaves or plaited coco leaves are used for roofing there is no need for these close battens. The grass used is a blady grass from three to four feet long; and it must be old enough to have substance, but not old enough to be perishing. All hands turn out to pull it up by the roots; it is tied in big bundles and carried to the village, or brought by canoes if the distance is great. The grass is taken up a few stalks at a time, the dirt is knocked off and the stalks tapped to an even end. They are then bound round with a piece of the grass, and the wisp speared up to the men on the roof, the root ends are passed under the battens or cane about four or six inches through and then bent back and patted down. The thatch is put on very thick, and if the people know their business and the owner of the house is particular, as he is sure to be, seeing he will be the sufferer if the roof is not good, not a drop of rain will come through. The owner will spend his time in the house with a stick and, should he

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see a place where there is a suspicion of light coming through the thatch he pushes the stick through and calls out. There will be a shout from every one, and the man responsible for that piece of work goes back shamefacedly to thicken the thatch.

The roof is finished off at the ridge by a false ridge pole a couple of inches above the other, and between the two grass is passed and bent on both sides, or a sort of ridge cap of plaited coco-nut leaves is laid over the top and fixed in position by sticks passed through under the ridge. The weight of the grass, especially when it has been soaked with rain, keeps it in position. The eaves are wide and the ragged edges of grass are clipped to a straight edge.

In the Taupota district the walling is palm leaves put on perpendicularly in three layers. A thick leaf in the middle and two of a lighter kind outside and inside, the whole being fixed to the frame by two split battens of palm one inside and one outside sewn together. The sewing is done with a needle of hard palm pointed at one end and an eyelet made in the other through which the vine is threaded. The gable ends are walled in as the sides are, and there are two doorways, one in each end, and these used to be so low that one could only get in on hands and knees; even now one has to stoop humbly to enter a native house. All the light comes through the doorways, for there are no window openings. The door is made of plaited coco-palm fronds. The frond is split down the middle and the two halves plaited together so that the stem is all round except at the bottom, and this makes it stiff. The door is hung and fastened with vine, or bark, or native crop.

The floor is made of split palm tied to the joists which rest on the beams, and on the floor will be arranged so many fireplaces as there are families to live in the house. Stones and earth or sand make the open fireplace, there is no chimney, the smoke must get out of the doorways, and as the wood smoulders so the atmosphere of a native's house is thick. The smoke, however, preserves the soft wood of the building, which would, but for it, soon be riddled by borers and other insects.

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There is ventilation through the interstices of the floor, but this does not matter, as every one has a sleeping mat to spread under him at night. Were it not for the overcrowding and the smoke, a native house would not be an uncomfortable place to live in. The main posts of the house are often decorated with rude carving, the gable ends have designs worked in them, and the ends of the bearers marked in black and red and white designs.

To get into the house you must climb a stair made by notches cut in a stout piece of wood, which is put in the ground and against a bearer, nearly perpendicularly, and kept in place by being tied to the bearer.

In Wedau and Wamira the house building is neither so good nor so artistic. Here nearly all the houses are built on the ground, and have but one doorway. The walls are plaited coco-palm fronds. The frond is split down the middle, and the backbone trimmed off where it is too heavy at the butt. The leaves are plaited into a kind of diamond-shaped lattice work. These are put on in two layers—the first from ground to roof so that ragged edges are outside, the second from roof to ground so that edges are inside, and the wall has a tidy space both inside and outside. The first layer is loosely tied in position, the second sewn to the uprights, and the sewing tightens both layers. It requires two men to work every long wooden needle, one outside and one inside to give directions so that the needle shall pass through close to an upright. This walling is usually put on horizontally and gives something of the appearance of weather boarding.

Farther up the coast the chief material for walls and roof is the leaf of the sago palm. These are stripped off the frond and sewn on to thin laths of split palm, the butt of the leaf is bent over about three inches from the end, the mid-rib broken and the leaves sewn side by side. These are held on to walls and roof. The sago leaves make perhaps the best walls and roofs from every point of view. They last longer, and even when daylight can be seen through the roof but

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little rain can come through—apparently the leaves curl up slightly and form little channels along which the water runs from leaf to leaf. The leaves when dry turn a deep brown, giving a good artistic effect.

It is a busy scene in a village when house building is going on. All relations of the owner of the house come forward to help,—one man can do little by himself,—and all are talking at the same time. The older men direct, the younger men work. Twenty or thirty will be seen at work if the house is of any size, and they get through the work quickly, working early and late and working very hard. Only, it takes long before a decision to begin the work is made, and there may be long delays between the completion of one part and the beginning of another. It is a common thing to see a house grow like magic as far as frame and roof, and remain so for weeks, just a shed and no more, and it will be used in that state for sleeping under. Then suddenly the uprights are put in position and it looks like a wild beast's cage for days. Then again one layer of walling and it looks like a beast with a shaggy coat, and suddenly it is finished. This procrastination is not always the fault of the people, but it is, partly at least, due to the fact that when material runs out it has to be brought from a distance, and also it is not always convenient for every one to leave his own work to help friends for a long period. Still, the New Guinea man is a procrastinating animal.

At different stages of the building the owner provides food for those who are working for him, and this is the payment; the preparation and cooking of this food is the women's work, and where the houses are built on the ground they carry the shingle from the beach for the floor.

Besides the ordinary dwelling houses many villages have also club houses for the men, it may be one for each section of the village, and also club houses for the old men and for the younger men. Here the men usually sleep, only going to their homes to sleep occasionally and when they are sick.

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Here they discuss village politics and outside news. Here they often cook their own food and eat it. Here they are free from the annoyance of crying children. No woman or small children dare enter a club house.

Canoe-making is the work of the men, and a big piece of work it is. Far back in the mountains, or up some gully, the tree has to be felled, and then dragged to the beach when it has been trimmed and barked. All the men turn out for this work, and the log is dragged to the accompaniment of shouting and singing. Then it is floated round to the village, hauled up on to the beach, and the man who knows how to do it sets to work to hollow it out and shape it. Even in these days the natives prefer to use a stone adze for this work. The adze head is fitted to a handle—a forked stick of just the right shape, one branch of which has been cut short and shaped flat so that the adze head can be tied and bound to it with vine. It is so arranged that the head can be turned to an angle convenient for hollowing out. And after all the labour of felling and trimming and hauling and shaping, perhaps it is found the tree has a fault or a shake in it, and so is useless for the purpose—and all the labour wasted. During the time it is being dug out the log is carefully covered with plaited coco fronds, when no work is being done on it, to protect it from the sun. There will be one particular man who is in charge, and indeed does most of the work, but there is work for others. Timber for outrigger and for platforms has to be provided, a canoe house to be built, and when it is finished the canoe is carefully hidden away in its house, no woman may come near it till it has been launched, and some old man will sleep in the canoe house and probably repeat incantations.

A canoe is more or less public property, though there is one man who exercises rights of ownership. The outside public is expected to show appreciation for the public spirit of those who have made a canoe, so the first time it is launched a crew of young men gaily dressed up paddle along

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the shore, one blowing a conch shell as they go to announce, what every one has been carefully warned of beforehand, that the new canoe is coming and presents are expected. Other villages who will gain no benefit are expected to contribute, as they will expect contributions in their turn. Anything and everything is accepted, food and ornaments, spears and implements, loin-cloths, wooden bowls, the smallest contributions are thankfully received, but afterwards they will be noted and it is remembered from whom each thing came, and payment accordingly will be made when others launch a new canoe. The presents are divided up amongst the members of the clan who made the canoe.

In the places where there is fairly shallow water the men do the fishing, though the women have their fishing as well. Away on the reefs the men go, taking their nets which they have made at the cost of considerable labour, getting and preparing the fibre, and making and mending nets fifty to one hundred feet long. The men go out in the calm season in small canoes or catamarans to collect the spawn of the flying-fish, though all men, women and children, eat the stuff. Canoes will be seen miles out, just a dot on the surface of the sea, and who would call New Guinea men lazy who saw them bustling out to get this delicacy, which is quite tasteless to a civilized palate? Word goes round that there is "gelaruru" to be seen away out, or some one has seen a yellow patch of leaves and twigs and foam; off the canoes go, the men paddling furiously, to find nothing but some drift rubbish, it may be. From early morning till late at night they paddle about in the broiling sun gathering their harvest, or coming home empty-handed, and these are "lazy, loafing niggers!"

The flying-fish are trapped in the dead bunches of flower stems of the coco palm; these are covered with netting and towed behind a canoe or catamaran, and this also means long days at sea in the broiling sun.

All the carving work, all the wooden utensils, bowls and food dishes, all the drinking cups made out of coco-nut shells,

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combs and loin-cloths and many of their ornaments are made by the men, and the men only. Spears and digging-sticks, implements for cutting the grass, have all to be made and hardened in the fire. It is a common thing to find a man who has been working since daylight in his garden busy at something in the afternoon in the village, which is not "work" to them, but is at all events occupation.

Alas, since the white man has come very many of the occupations of the native have gone. The old customs are dying out, and with them many occupations and much work they entailed. A few beads for ornaments, instead of native things, kerosine tins for cooking instead of earthenware pots. Knives, blunt and poor, or bits of tin for peeling food instead of pearl shells carefully ground and polished, old bits of calico for loin-cloths instead of the mulberry bark beaten out and dyed at great labour. String or a bit of calico again for belt instead of plaited fibre, and so on.

It is not all gain to the native that we have brought him, but even now it is not true that the man is a lazy brute, who leaves all the hard work to his women folk.

CHAPTER IX

WOMEN'S WORK

WHATEVER may have been said about the men, I have never heard any one accuse the women of New Guinea of laziness, and if on the whole the men do the heavy work, there are slack times for them when they can travel about for business or for pleasure, while there is always something for the women to do. Weeds always grow, the village always requires sweeping, children always need attention. Not that the women do not have their turn at travelling about, and their times of relaxation.

Of course, it must be that the care of the children devolves mostly on the women, and if they are not always wise in the way they train the little ones, that does not mean less trouble and worry in New Guinea, any more than it does in other parts of the world. It is sometimes said that New Guinea people have little or no affection for their children, that they will part with them with little or no regret. That certainly has not been our experience on the north-east coast. They are very fond of their children, and though their sorrow when the children die does not last long, it is very real at the time. I have seen a father weeping almost broken-heartedly for a dead child, and one of the saddest sights I have known was seeing a man, who was burying his child, as he stood in the grave dragging in the loose earth, have to cease work for grief while he rested his head on the side of the grave, calling on the little one that had been taken from him.

When parents have consented to allow their children to come to the Mission station as boarders they are always

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anxious for news of them ; they ask every one who goes on a visit to make inquiries, and they question them on their return ; they send presents of food on every opportunity, though they may themselves be short, and when the youngsters have been home on a visit they come back laden with great baskets of food. Should they hear a rumour that the children are ill they post off, father and mother, to see what is the matter. This interest and affection is shown too for the motherless or fatherless children the Mission has taken ; for years afterwards the relations send presents from time to time, and they are always anxious to know how the little ones are. A mother who has had to give up her child because of an illness which prevented her nursing the little one, will travel miles from time to time to see her baby, and will show real grief when the little one turns from her to those whom it has got accustomed to. Fortunately, the mother has little trouble about clothes for her children. The little ones go naked till they are four or five years old, and then short skirts must be made for the girls and loin-cloths for the boys. Every morning when the sun has warmed the earth the mother has to wash her baby ; the little ones suffer a good deal from fever and various infantile complaints, and the mother must spend many a wakeful night comforting a fretful child.

The cleaning of the villages is women's work, and at times when the leaves of the almond and breadfruit trees are falling the work is never done. Most of the foreshore villages have shingle from the beach spread over the ground an inch or so thick. This had been done once and for all by women in olden days, and now it is only where it gets washed away or a thicker coating is needed for the floors of houses that the women have to bring the shingle from the beach.

This shingle prevents the grass growing, and keeps the village dry and clean under foot in wet weather ; but leaves fall, rubbish collects, and the women have to keep all clean. In many villages they begin at daylight, each woman sweeping up that part of the village close to her house, and so all is swept.



SUAU WOMEN

The hair of the woman on the left is matted with mud. A Suau woman is not the most pleasing type of Papuan.



SCENE ON TROMBRIAND ISLAND

The houses here are remarkable for their narrow gabled roofs.

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Not a leaf, not a single shred of skirt, not a piece of stick will be left. Alas, other villages are not so clean, some indeed are never tidy. In all cases the rubbish is swept to where the grass and weeds begin, forming a rubbish heap around the villages. From time to time the rubbish is burnt, but the circle of ashes spoils the effect.

And what back-breaking work the sweeping is! For brooms they use the midrib of the coco-palm leaf. A stiff stick it makes, about two feet long. A bundle of these is tied together at the thicker end, the fine ends are cut off all to an even length, and with one of these in each hand the women sweep up the rubbish before them. They have to stoop till their bodies are nearly horizontal. So too the houses are swept and tidied, and every speck of rubbish picked up. The straw from the skirts is always shredding itself and dropping out, and the man of the house has a particular objection to seeing that about. When she prepares her food leaves and peelings are carefully put together, and what cannot be used for the pigs is thrown away outside the village. The New Guinea women might well be proud of the tidy appearance of their houses, inside. At the end is a supply of firewood stacked up against the wall ready for wet weather or emergencies, and it is kept in position by rope or vine tied to the walls near the ground and higher up.

There is a little shelf on which are kept the cooking pots, carefully put away out of harm's reach. On the walls are hung the skirts, best and second best. Sleeping mats are carefully rolled up and put on one side or stuck behind the sticks to which the walling is sewn. Up in the roof are spears and various properties, including rolled-up fishing nets covered with bark to keep them from insects till they are needed for use. Water bottles full of water stand on the wall plate, a netted bag hung from the roof which is the babies' cradle. The ashes are carefully swept in amongst the stones of the fireplace—the floor is as clear of rubbish as it can possibly be. The children are taught when they are very little things that

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they must not make a litter. When they chew sugar-cane they must put the skin beside them in a heap and the megas (the refuse of the sugar-cane) with it, and when they have finished they must take it and throw it away in the grass; banana skins must not be thrown about the village, and woe betide any child who is seen making a litter.

There may be no corporal punishment, for no New Guinea parent will chastise her child even for its good, and we are thought very cruel because we do so; but there will be some woman who will want to know "who is going to clear up rubbish after you," and threats of spells to be put on the children, which they have learned while babies to dread, will have the desired effect. The strange thing is that these same children will come to live on a Mission station and make any amount of litter about the place. They chew sugar-cane and drop the rubbish as they walk about, though in the village all has been carefully kept in their hands whilst they are walking and chewing, and thrown away outside. Their dormitories will be like a pig-stye if they are not constantly kept to the mark. So too it is with property. They are as careful as they can be of village things, putting them away and touching nothing that belongs to their elders, while they are absolutely indifferent, if not wilfully destructive, in their treatment of Mission property. Why it is so who can say? Perhaps it is fear of breaking a tabu, fear of evil spirits, and not moral sense of cleanliness and of the rights of property; external custom and tradition rule their lives, not moral sense.

The woman collects and brings in the wood for the household purposes, for cooking and warmth. She gets the water for the house, filling the water bottles and carrying them in a netted bag or a basket suspended from her head; the bottles are coco-nut shells that have been hollowed out, a small hole made in the top and twists of leaves inserted for a cork. In some places the water is brought in large earthenware pots carried on the head, a round circle of plaited cane being placed on the crown of the head to rest

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the pot upon. They are particular where they get their water from—an ordinary running stream is not pure enough if there is a spring to be found, and there nearly always is. This is hollowed out and stones are placed round so that it is the fresh water which bubbles up that they get for personal use—for drinking and for cooking, water that cannot have been polluted either by humans or by pigs, and should any one be foolish enough to pollute such a spring he will be told in plain, unmistakable language what is thought of him and his relations.

The women cook the food for the family, though the men take their share in this work, not only when they cook for themselves for meals in the club house, but often in the home itself. And very particular they are in the way they prepare and cook their food. Ordinarily the food is boiled, or rather steamed, but sometimes it is roasted—always so when people are fasting.

They use earthenware cooking pots, and, as suitable clay is not to be found everywhere, long journeys have to be made by those who have no clay or do not know how to make the pots, to the districts more favoured in this respect. So cooking pots are very valuable articles of household furniture and are treated with great respect. To break a pot wilfully is one of the greatest insults, and you will never really be forgiven no matter how much compensation you give—at all events, the deed will never be forgotten. The pots are of various sizes, and have markings which are different in the different villages where they are made. They have wide open mouths and are nearly spherical.

They are placed upon three stones, and the fire, never very large, is built under them. The women peel the food, taro, sweet potatoes, pumpkins, yams, bananas, or whatever it may be, using a small pearl shell which has been ground down. This shell is held in the palm of the hand, and the peeling is done by a pushing motion. Every bad speck is cut out of the vegetable, and it is cut up into a convenient size. Down

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the sides and across the bottom of the pot are laid layers of palm leaf in strips, and on these the food is placed. Very little water is put into the pot, and the whole is covered with layers of green leaves, tucked in tight between the food and the side of the pot so that the steam cannot escape.

Various kinds of vegetables may be cooked in the one pot, and on top of the vegetables are placed the leaves of the taro or other leaves, which make a decent spinach. As soon as the pot is boiling most of the fire is raked away, so that the vegetables are gently steamed. When it is cooked the leaves are taken off the top, and the food dressed with coco-nut oil. A dry coco-nut is cracked open and the hard flesh scraped off in thin shavings with a shell; these shavings are damped with water and then squeezed in the hands, and a rich oil drips on to the hot food. The food is then taken out of the pot with a short sharp stick which is pierced into the vegetable, and it is placed in wooden bowls, and the family gathers round in the house, or outside on the dry clean shingle, for the one meal of the day. The liquor in which the food has been boiled is drunk while hot with cups of coco-nut shell. What is left over is put away for the children to nibble at during the next day, or to be taken out to the gardens when the people go to work.

In every place where earthenware pots are made they are made by the women, and it is an important part of their work, for they have to make not only for their own needs but also for export to other villages. They have no wheel or implement of any kind, all the work is done by hand. The pots are built up into shape with long layers of prepared clay and the pots baked in the fire.

The women have their skirts to make and, though in New Guinea it is the men who think most of their personal appearance and devote most time to their personal adornment, the women are not without their vanities and a respect for their appearance and adornment. They have their best dresses and their second best, skirts for work and skirts for fishing,



MAT-MAKING

Girls making mats by plaiting pandanus leaf.



DRESS-MAKING

The twine which forms the waistband is firmly fastened to the toes, and held taut, while the woman twists in the finely shredded coconut leaf.

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and specially grand skirts for gala days. The common skirts in Goodenough Bay are made of the leaves of the coco palm, but the specially fine ones are made from the leaves of the sago palm. On Cape Vogel the skirts are made of banana leaves. In Collingwood Bay and on up the coast the women's dress is broad strips of tapa cloth stencilled with designs in black and red and brown, and untidy and uncomfortable they look. The tapa cloth is stiff, and stands out like brown paper, and makes the figure quite shapeless. It is kept in position with a plaited belt. The tapa cloth is made by beating out the bark of a mulberry with a wooden or stone mallet. The sticks are beaten round and drawn out from the loosened bark, which is placed on a stone or log, and a woman sits down hammering away at every part evenly and regularly. This is a woman's work, and long tedious work it is. You will hear the hammering all day long, from daylight till dark almost without intermission, and, if it is moonlight, far into the night, and you will wish they would cease if only for a time, especially should it be an old canoe that is used to place the bark upon.

The bark when hammered out is increased to three or four times its original width, and is a dirty white colour. The loin-cloths for the men are made of narrow strips of tapa cloth. What are commonly called grass skirts are never, except perhaps in the mountains, made of grass, but they are much more tidy and neat than the tapa-cloth dress. These vary greatly. The banana leaf used on Cape Vogel curls and makes a great bushy skirt, and as a good many are worn at a time a Mukawa woman in full dress looks as if she were standing out of a stook of wheat. The skirts increase in length as one goes up the coast, just reaching below the knee in the east, and gradually lengthening to the calf, the ankle, the ground as one goes west.

Our Wedau and Wamira women think their Taupota sisters are very bold hussies because their skirts are so short. All are made in much the same way. A piece of strong bark long enough to go round the waist and allow for fastening is used

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double as the backbone, and on this the coco-palm leaves, or sago, or banana are strung. The leaves are split down the middle, the mid-ribs carefully put on one side for brooms; the leaves are twisted and sewn under the bark, and the top covered with a palm leaf bent over and sewn along. She whose dress it is puts it on and stands before her dressmaker, who squats on the ground and trims off to the right length, cutting off ragged ends with a shell. The skirt is passed round the body and secured by twisting the two ends of the bark over the right hip and tucking it inside the skirt. It is always being strained and getting loose, especially when the women sit down, and has to be tightened. So whenever a women stands up she has to untwist the band, give a side-jump to throw the skirt up well over the left hip, and then secure it again.

Sitting down requires practice. The woman bends forward, places her hands behind till they meet, and draws the skirt down tight to the knees behind and then sits. So in time the rather stiff leaves get a curl at the ends. When the dress is so far finished that it can be worn, there is still more to be done to it at odd times, for the leaves can be stripped down into narrow shreds. So a woman, if she has nothing else to do, will strip away at her dress with a sharp shell or her thumb nail while she sits talking. The finer the leaves are shredded the better the dress. Sago-palm leaves, which are softer than coco-palm leaves, are shredded till they are like fine string, and dresses made of this are softer and more graceful. Very often the sago-palm leaves are dyed black, or brown, or yellow, or grey, and the skirt is made of wide bands of these different colours. Streamers of white palm or lily leaves an inch wide, crimped and crinkled, are sometimes added like ribbons for effect; and a New Guinea woman with ornaments on her arms and croton leaves in her ears, her body well oiled and shining, and her best skirt on, looks well dressed. The skirts are not graceful; they make the women look like emus as they walk about; but they can with a motion of their hips make the skirts swirl and swish, expressing their pride and self-satisfaction.



NATIVE GIRL AND BABY

The girl's skirt in this picture is of the coarser make of "airipa," when the coconut leaf is split only to ribbon widths.

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The woman are always on the look out to get bits of palm leaves for their dresses. When house building is going on they gather up all the stray bits, for they cannot always get their men folk to climb the coco-nut palms to cut fronds for them, and in getting the material for their dresses they are as dependent on their husbands and their brothers as their white sisters are, and sometimes have as much trouble to get what they want from the male kind.

Certain kinds of fishing are the work of the women, and also the making of the fishing nets they use. These are generally of two kinds: small nets to use in the rivers and creeks when the water has been turned from one channel to another; larger ones being used at the mouth of the rivers and close in shore along the beach. They go out to collect the fibre and prepare it. The fibre is collected in short lengths, soaked and shredded out; it is then rubbed along the leg, thigh, or calf, to twist it, much as a cobbler prepares his waxed thread, and when wound on a shuttle is ready for use. A gauge is used to keep the mesh even in size.

There is always something to be done in making and repairing the nets. From time to time the men dam off the creeks and rivers, and all the women turn out with their small hand-nets on a semicircular wooden frame, a piece of stick bent to shape, a deep plaited basket with a narrow opening slung to one side, and their oldest skirts on. It is weary work stooping and collecting the small fish and shrimps in the shallow pools, and moving the stones under which they seek shelter. Sometimes a woman gets sunstroke at such times, but they thoroughly enjoy themselves, and are quite happy as they come home in the evening tired, wet, bedraggled, with a few shrimps and tiny fish which will make a nice little change in diet when cooked in leaves and dressed with cocoa-nut oil.

But it is in the whitebait season that the women really enjoy themselves. These little fish come in myriads during the calm season, trying to get up the fresh-water streams to spawn. Netting them is women's work, and during the

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season the women are the most important people in the village, and they know it. The mere male retires into the background and allows his women folk to rule.

One day, morning, noon, or evening, some one will notice the shoals of whitebait coming in from the sea. A shout goes up, which is repeated along from village to village. The women at once drop anything they may be doing. Babies are handed over with no ceremony to grandfathers and fathers. Decent skirts are dropped off and thrown down anywhere, nets are seized, and away the women rush, helter-skelter, to the mouth of some stream, or they find the swarm of fish coasting along the shore looking for an opening. The women very quietly surround them; all is still excitement, but now carefully suppressed! The nets are wide, and being strung on a long forked stick are triangular in shape, with a long pocket of closer mesh at the bottom. The women stand side by side, their nets touching one another, and so close in the mouth of the stream. Some children go a little way up and throw stones in the water, the fish scurry back to safety in the sea, only to be caught in the nets. These are thrown up with a forward movement into the air and the pockets are full of small fish. If the season is a good one the women are out every day and all day, and the villages reek with the smell of fish. They preserve them so that, cooked in leaves, they keep for weeks. They are good trade with mountain people, acceptable presents to be sent away to friends, and they are none the worse to a New Guinea palate if a little "high."

From time to time during the season a catch will be handed over to the men to make a feast for them, and to repay for similar feasts of wallaby the men provide for the women in the hunting season. Freshly caught whitebait roasted in leaves and dressed with coco-nut oil is a dish fit for any gourmet. One is often struck by the perversity with which during the season the whitebait choose Sunday to put in an appearance, and if they think they will be unmolested because it is a holy day they must be grievously disappointed.



WOMEN WITH FISHING NETS

This is what goes on in the creeks. Besides her net, each woman carries a basket made of plaited coconut leaf, in which she deposits the fish.

WOMEN'S WORK

No women could sit still and worship did she know her favourite fish were approaching the shore. She might, by a great effort of will, be present in the body,—a very small might indeed,—but no matter what her intentions were, she would be on the beach in spirit. Sickness (her own), or the death of a near relative, would be the only things to prevent her getting to the beach ready for business in the shortest possible time. It has happened that during service the cry has been heard far away in the distance—“*Piramatu i gota*” (the whitebait has come), and though they will wait with apparent decorum till service is over, they are thinking, if not quietly discussing, with eyes and facial expressions, where the fish has come to shore, and if there are many, and as soon as service is over they are off.

The women on the coast at least make all the netted bags—in the mountains it seems to be men's work—for carrying food and for babies' cradles, but though many know how to prepare the fibre, and are acquainted with the various stitches, most of the bags are bought from the mountain people. The bags are well made, sometimes of various colours, the fibre being dyed before it is used.

The ornaments of coco-nut shell for ears and for armlets are made by the women, and very tedious work it is. A piece of the shell of a dry coco-nut is cut out round, the size for the ear-ring or armlet; a hole is pierced in it and 'gradually worked bigger to the size required, and then the shell must be ground down on a stone by rubbing and using water, the edges ground round, and when that is done polished with coco-nut oil. The ear-rings are split and then passed through the hole in the lobe of the ear. When the little ones are to have the lobe pierced, a little ear-ring is put on the ear and allowed to remain till it eats its way through, and so the ear is pierced. There will probably be a sore and scab for a time, but it heals eventually. The hole is kept open and gradually enlarged by a twist of leaves pushed through, like a twist of paper into which a grocer puts a pennyworth of sweets. In

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Collingwood Bay armlets made of coco-nut shell and ornamented with designs are in great favour; these are worn loose. But in Goodenough Bay the people prefer armlets and leglets of plaited fibre about a couple of inches—more or less—wide. These are decorated with a white or yellow fibre run through the plaiting and forming a design. They are worn on the arms very tight. The flesh bulges out above and below, and one would think surely the circulation must be interfered with.

The women tattoo each other—usually some expert does all her friends—with designs on face and body and arms and legs. The design is pricked out with a thorn, and the dye never comes out of the skin. Some of the designs are elaborate and are supposed to add to beauty, but taste differs as to the effect.

The woman's garden work has been referred to, and will be referred to again. As with the men so with the women, the garden work is the main business of life. She, too, has most to do with the care of the pigs. She cooks the food for them and feeds them every evening, so that they are kept about the village and do not stray far. She tames the little pigs, nursing them with as much care as she would nurse her baby, and it is said even suckling them at times.

The small pigs have a bridle of native rope round body and neck, so that they can be led about and get accustomed to the village. So important is the care of the little pigs that a woman must take one with her wherever she goes, unless there is some one to whom she can hand her charge over for a time. A woman cannot attend service when she is nursing a pig, though sometimes, when her sense of religious duty is strong, she comes and brings the pig with her.

The duties of looking after her children and her pigs, cleaning up her house and her village, making and mending fishing nets and bags, gathering firewood and cooking, making her own and her daughters' skirts, making ornaments for herself and her children, gardening and fishing, give the women in New Guinea plenty of occupation as well as variety; she cannot be said to lead an idle life.

CHAPTER X

GARDENS AND FOOD

HIS garden is the all-important thing in the life of a New Guinea native. In it he takes most interest and most pride. He is very fond of his children; he likes to have many pigs; he takes great care of pets, pigs, cats, and dogs; he thoroughly enjoys feasts and dancing; but his first, and greatest, and abiding interest, is his garden. He is a born agriculturist and thoroughly enjoys the work. The man—if there is one—who has no garden of his own is an outcast and a ne'er-do-well. He may not go hungry, for apart from what he takes from the gardens of others without any "by your leave," he will always find some one who will give him food, but when it is given there is sauce with it. "Here's some food for you; but what are you, a pig, or a wallaby, that you have no garden of your own? Have you not hands and strength, or are you an idiot?" And as the native most of all feels and fears sarcasm and ridicule, he is kept up to the mark. So, too, it happens when crops fail in one district and people have to sponge on friends in another district, they will never ask for help in vain, but quite audible remarks will be made about them and their failure to grow food when the visitors arrive, and when they are going away. Those remarks do not arise from any feeling of being imposed upon, but are the outcome of pride in having food to give, and in having good gardens, and they will never refuse to share unless they are short themselves.

"Here comes the hungry contingent," some one will say. "Well, you have had a good feed for once, but I suppose you will be hungry at home."

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“Is your soil no good, or has some one put a spell on the gardens, or is it you do not understand?” It is the younger people who will indulge in and enjoy the chaff, the elder people are too dignified for such talk, or perhaps they feel a sympathy born of experience. So, too, the people are very thin-skinned about criticism of their gardens, especially if it is deserved, even though they themselves depreciate them most when they are at their best, but then so the native does with everything of his. He never praises garden, or children, or ornaments, or his own personal appearance. He always makes depreciatory remarks about them, though in his heart he is proud of them all, and likes to hear praises. It may be that the spirits are so jealous that should he show appreciation there will surely be trouble.

Again and again, as has been said, a man gets rid of a wife because she is a chronic invalid, or lazy, or a gadabout, and his garden suffers; and an invalid wife who is worth anything will acquiesce in the decision to take in a second wife, or to be packed off herself to her own people, and so make room for another more useful garden mate for her husband. I have had a man talk to me about sending his sick wife to her own people, and the wife agreed to and urged the separation. Sometimes it has happened that Wedau people have burnt our fences at Dogura by setting fire to the grass indiscriminately, and the cattle have got out and wandered as far as the Wamira gardens. The Wamira folk would come and complain, as well they might, and the burden of their complaint would be, not “We shall go hungry,” but, “Later on we shall have no food, and people will insult us, saying the Wamira people have no gardens; they are lazy, they do not work, and so they are starving. It is not so; we do our work, but the Wedauans have burnt the fences and the cattle are destroying the gardens.” They know what is a fair thing, and though it may take some time to get the people up to the mark, they will get fresh posts and repair the fences; only as they would do very unsatisfactory work

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at it by themselves, it has to be done under supervision. They know we do all we can to prevent our cattle injuring the gardens, and when they have caused the mischief they are ready to repair it.

It is a fine trait in their character this interest and pride in their gardens. And it is not mere cupboard love. It is a real love for the work, and personal pleasure in doing it.

Sometimes the elder boys at Dogura come to me and say, "We have been at school a long time; it is good for us to learn things, but we are growing up. When are we to learn about our gardens? Who will teach us? When we are men we will not know anything about garden work. We shall have no food. We shall be ashamed to be in the village." Or the relatives of the bigger girls would come and say, "So-and-so is a big girl now; it is time she left school and went to the gardens with her mother to learn about her garden work." As a matter of fact, these children knew nearly as much as they would ever know, for they pick up such knowledge in a wonderful way.

The old people in the villages say to the young boys, "If you do not work in the gardens you will never get a wife. The girls will say, 'Who's going to marry him? He has no garden, and will never have one; his wife will starve.'" And to the girls, "If you are always playing about and do not go to the gardens, no one will marry you. The men will say, 'Her husband's garden will always be overgrown with weeds. No matter how hard he works it will all be in vain.'" So the little chaps are ready to go out to the gardens with their fathers as soon as they are able to do anything, or the girls with their mothers, and are proud if they are allowed to do little things.

The garden land belongs to families, and is divided up amongst the members of the different clans, so that while the system is communal there is also a sort of individual ownership. The young men as they grow up are provided with plots of ground, and with seed, and by the time they are old enough

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to marry they have food for themselves and their wives. Sometimes a marriage must be delayed because the food is not ready. One piece of ground is not worked for more than two seasons.

The main crop is taken off one year, and the next year odds and ends are grown there, sugar cane, and orabu, and pawpaws, and the land is allowed to lie fallow for years, as they move from plot to plot. It is often said that the reason for this is laziness, that it is easier to clear a new piece of ground than it is to keep the old garden clean. Not only is it extremely doubtful whether this is true, but the people know it is not a good thing to keep on taking the same crops off the ground year after year. The ground must have a rest, and they have no means of manuring and so restoring what has been taken from the soil. It is the same whether the gardens are in the scrub lands in the mountains or on the grass land near the beach, and so every one has three gardens to look after. Last year's, which needs little attention; this year's, which is providing present food; next year's, which must be got ready in time.

In the mountain gardens the scrub has to be cleared and burnt off, and in olden days all the chopping was done with stone axes; but now nearly every one, at least near the coast, has a "dimdim" tomahawk, and very poor things some of the trade tomahawks are. There is plenty of timber, so the gardens can be fenced and made secure from pigs and wallabies. The fences being made of soft saplings do not last long, but that does not matter, as the ground is not in use for long. On the beach the garden land is grassy flats, and the grass four or five feet high has to be cut down and burnt off. The people use a flail of hard palm wood about three inches wide and sharpened at each edge, a handle about a foot long being shaped at one end. With this the grass is beaten down, and then it is burnt off.

The stones are collected into heaps, and then the ground is turned over. All the males of any family turn out to help in this work, for one man can do nothing by himself. They

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use long digging sticks about ten, twelve, or fourteen feet long, sharpened at the thick end and hardened in the fire. Seven or eight men stand in a row or in the arc of a circle. They drive their digging sticks into the ground side by side, working them backwards and forwards to loosen the soil. This is done three or four times, the men singing or grunting. Then the two men, one at each end of the row, place their digging-sticks under those of their mates close to the ground to be used as a fulcrum to turn the clods, and to help in the turning forward action by which the clods are turned over with a shout and a yell. So they go on turning over lands about six inches wide, and when the ground is finished it looks like a very badly ploughed piece. The clods are left for a few days for the sun to act upon them, and then the men go over it all, breaking up the clods with short garden sticks, clearing out the grass roots and other rubbish till all is beautifully clear and the soil marly. Then they plant.

The taro tops are put in a hole about four or six inches deep, which is only partly filled up at the time. Later on it will be the women's work to fill up the holes when the plants have reached the right stage, and to keep down weeds. Sweet potatoes, pumpkins, bananas, and yams do not need so much care as taro, but there is always weeding to be done.

When new gardens are being made those who plant must fast, and incantations must be used. Often one sees men who are planting a new garden have taken off their loin-cloths and substituted small branches broken from trees with the leaves on. Whether this is to save soiling the loin-cloth, or whether it has some meaning to the native mind, I have never been able to learn.

Taro requires a good deal of water; on the mountains they get more rain, and the gardens are made in terraces on the side of the hill where there is soakage; but on the coast, where there is less rain and the ground gets hard in the dry season, the taro must be watered. At Wanira, Wedau, and Boianai the people irrigate their gardens. A

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mountain stream is dammed back, and tapped two or three miles back from the beach, where the valley closes into the mountains. There is a big fall in these streams, so a short distance gives a good head. The Wamira people dam the Uruam River back; all that is needed is a small dam of stones, and earth, and grass to make sufficient head of water. From one dam the water is led off to gardens on one side of the river along the sides of the ridges; from another it is led off to gardens on the other side, for about three or four miles, round the ends of ridges and along the sides of them. In one place over a deep gully by an aqueduct of hollowed logs, the height from the bed of the gully to the aqueduct being about thirty feet, and length of the aqueduct sixty feet. It is a very fine piece of work. The Wedau people bring their water from the head in the Wamira River, lead it along the bank and round the face of a cliff that falls in several places sheer and precipitous to the river below. The face of the cliff is excavated and the canal dug under the beetling brow, and so on over gullies by hollow logs the water gets to the gardens. The men have to look after the canals and keep them in order, tapping them in different places as the gardens are moved to fresh plots, and during the heavy rains of the wet season the work is considerable at times.

At Boianai the engineering difficulties have not been so great, but here there are two distinct sets of villages, the Radava and the Boianai, who depend on the canal, and there is constant danger of friction over water rights. The Boianai people must wait their turn, as the Radava people have their gardens nearer the head of water, and so have first use of it. Often the Boianai people must spend all night in the gardens irrigating, because they could get no water during the day.

Who originated these systems of irrigation no one knows. To all inquiries the answer is given, "Our ancestors did it." How long ago, no one has any idea; but rough as some of the work is, it shows a good deal of thought and skill in overcoming engineering difficulties. The man who thought out



A SAILING CANOE IN DRY DOCK



A NATIVE AQUEDUCT

A remarkable piece of native engineering near Wamira. Wooden images, rudely carved, adorn the top of the posts.

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and directed the erection of the aqueduct at Gwagwamore, and the one who first carried the water round the cliffs on the bank of the Wamira River, were certainly benefactors to their race, and far ahead of the present generation in inventive faculty and in skill.

There is a specific name for every act in the garden work, from the choosing of the site to the gathering of the food; so, too, they have different operations analagous to our planting, sowing, setting; they have special names for the different kinds of garden, similar to our farm, kitchen garden, orchard, but how poverty-stricken is our language in this matter compared with theirs! There is a very large variety of vegetable food, taro, potatoes, yams, and bananas. So many that the poor foolish foreigner cannot remember them, and should he venture to be specific in talking of some kind of taro or banana he is almost sure to make a mistake, and the smallest child who can talk will correct him in a tone of voice which says quite plainly, "What a fool you are not to know that is so-and-so."

In different parts of the country the staple food is different to that in other places. In one place it is taro, in another yams, in another bananas, and perhaps in the mountains sweet potatoes. And where either one or other is the staple article of diet, that alone is called food. Other things may be grown in the gardens and used as extras, for the native appreciates a change in diet; but in a district where taro is the staple, a man has no food if he is not eating taro, no matter how many yams, or sweet potatoes, or bananas he may have. For a stranger to be told by a man who has a huge dish of bananas and yams and potatoes in front of him, which he is enjoying, that he has no food to eat, is certainly puzzling. The New Guinea man is intensely conservative, and he does what his father and grandfather and great-grandfather did: what was good enough for them is good enough for him, as the man who was building a canoe in Wedau rejected with scorn the suggestion to build a big comfortable platform in

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the centre as the Boianai people do, instead of the little skimpy things at each end the Wedau people affect—"No, it is not our way" (and perhaps the Boianai people might object to infringement of their patent rights).

So, too, people who have always grown taro stick to taro, banana people stick to bananas, though perhaps each could grow yams which will keep for months; but it may be that there is some reason in suitability of soil and climate which the native understands better than we, who want to improve them in matters in which they have more knowledge.

Though they stick loyally to inherited ideas, the people are willing to try experiments with any seed in their gardens, and they always grow a variety of things, especially some delicacies for the old men. These the young men and the women must not touch, for will they not break out into sores if they do, or waste away and die. Where wallaby is scarce the children are not allowed to eat any, for if they do they will never grow, but always be stunted and small; the old men have finished growing, and so may safely eat!

There are always a few men in a village who are adepts at covering the bunches of bananas with the leaves, wrapped round and tied, a very neat piece of work, and useful, as it keeps the birds away and hastens the ripening of the fruit. Such men have a long ladder. It is a long pole with steps cut in it and sharpened at one end. This is driven into the ground near the plant and tied to it, so that the men can get near his work, and not injure the plant.

Besides the ordinary food that is grown in the gardens, there are a number of fruits, and nuts, and roots which grow wild, or are grown in the villages, which are useful for change in diet, and also come in very handy in times of drought and famine. So many are there, so generous is nature in the tropics, that it is all the more wonderful the people do so much work in the gardens. Of course there are times when an agricultural people will be short of food, crops will fail, seasons will be bad sometimes, and then those

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who depend on their gardens for their food must suffer. An unusually long spell of dry weather means the ground gets hard. The hot sun and the drying winds burn up the gardens; and even if the water in the canals does not fail, things seem to need something more than irrigation; while if the supply gives out, things are bad indeed.

Sometimes too much rain falls and the gardens become a bog, and nothing can be done, and as the ground dries it sets into hard cakes in which nothing can grow; or there is a blight on the crops, to say nothing of the ravages of pigs, village pigs and wild pigs.

Of course every village has coco-nuts, but they are not planted as they ought to be to keep up the supply, and coco-nuts must have rain if they are to bear fruit. Bread-fruit trees are grown in most villages; but again not so many as there should be. The nuts of the Fiji almond and other nut-bearing trees, the root of a kind of liquorice vine, very stringy but very nutritious, and various fruits on trees and vines, are all pressed into the service, sometimes merely for a change, sometimes because needs must.

Dogs and cats are great pets. Dogs they have had for ages, but cats have been introduced, I believe, by white people. Possibly the native loves his dog only next to his pig. A few of them, but very few, are useful for hunting. Most are a miserable, mangy-looking lot of half-starved curs, a certain source of disease. The Government would be justified in issuing an order to destroy at least ninety-nine per cent. of them; but what a howl there would be after the massacre! what weeping! what wailing! A few fowls are kept, but they have a precarious existence. The pigs and dogs are thankful when there are some in the village, for eggs and chicken help out a spare diet for them; and should some perchance survive, they are but the better meal to reward patience and forbearance! The fowls are valued chiefly for their feathers, especially red roosters with a good plumage, or better still, white ones. The natives do not keep many pets;

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occasionally a cuscus is caught, and kept in a basket cage till fattened up and ready for the pot, the fate of dogs and cats also. Most things when caught go straight to the pot—of what other use are they?

The chief supply of flesh meat for the people besides pigs and fish is from the wallabies, and the hunting season is the great time for the men, as the *piramatu* season is for the women.

When the wet season is well over, somewhere about the end of April, in May and June the grass country is burnt off, and fires will be seen in all directions here, there, and everywhere, climbing up the ridges and along the mountain-sides, a brilliant sight at nighttime. Columns of smoke will be seen rising everywhere. According to village custom no one may fire the grass anywhere near the village or gardens until the old men have given permission; but in these degenerate days it seems as though young and irresponsible folk just fire the grass for the fun of seeing a blaze, and there is something exhilarating in seeing the flame suddenly spring up fifteen or twenty feet in the air and rush off with a roar like some great thing one has set free from prison, which now rushes off in the simple joy of life as it were, destroying and to destroy. If there is a little feeling of fear and awe at the fierceness of the creature one has set free, the feeling adds an element which enhances the joy derived from, it may be, a sense of power in delivering something so great. One cannot wonder at the youngsters burning every patch they see; but they must be restrained, for it may mean ruin to our fences, and to the gardens on which so much depends. This has happened again and again, and it is a serious thing.

I remember on one occasion seeing a man get a tremendous tongue-dressing for starting a fire which got to the gardens and destroyed a quantity of sugar-cane.

I was taking classes every afternoon for a month in a village near Boianai, and one day when I got to the village I found it empty. There was a deadly stillness which foreboded



BRINGING IN WALLABIES

Roast Wallaby is a welcome change after tinned meat. A Wallaby is a small species of Kangaroo.



PIG HUNTING

Stout nets are rigged up across the clearings in the "scrub," and one party of natives then beat the jungle, while others lie in wait, with their spears, for the prey. The ornamentation on the spear is made of feathers.

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something. When I had gone a little distance I heard a small voice, and went in the direction of it. I found one man sitting alone on the ground, one knee bent, the foot on the ground, the other leg turned under the bent one. His head was bent down over the knee and he was picking up and dropping pebbles, trying to look unconcerned, but was clearly an object of humiliation and shame. A short distance away, sitting on a stone, was the chief man of the village, also by himself. All the people were sitting round at a respectful distance, and not a sound was to be heard except the voice of the chief.

What a wealth of abuse he poured on that devoted head! What wealth of metaphor he used to express himself—what names he called the unfortunate wretch! “What are you? a child, an infant, that you do not know how fire spreads? Were you born yesterday? Are you a senseless animal that knows no better than to destroy things? Why should people work and slave in the gardens to grow food for you to destroy? Who is to feed the children? Are we all to forage for our food like pigs? And what do you think you are, the chief man, more important than any one else, that you should go lighting fires on your own account?” And so on and so forth. How long the lecture had lasted I do not know. I listened for a few minutes and realized how little one knows of the real language of the people, but knowing enough to admire the variety of metaphor and the expressiveness of the language. The lecture was the more impressive for the slight pauses from time to time. And every one was evidently impressed. The lecture came to an end as I moved away. The chief got up and walked off, the crowd melted away in silence, and the culprit slunk off by himself with his head down. It was a fine example of how order was kept in the villages and of the respect that was paid to recognized authority. That man was not likely to offend again, and others would be careful too.

The old men discuss amongst themselves in the club-house

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when they will burn and where. The young men are impatient, but their impatience has no effect on their staid and dignified elders. When the decision has been come to, which may be after long discussion and delay, or more suddenly than any one expects, as often happens with dilatory people, the announcement is made. The man who is responsible for the supply of wallabies has been fasting and repeating incantations, and his vote has had great weight in the discussion. Spears have been sharpened and hardened by the young men long ago, but there is always a little finishing touch to be given, the balance tested over and over again by the owner standing on one leg, the other bent at the knee, and every muscle quivering as he shakes the spear in his hand. The word is given one night, and the next morning the young men are off to such-and-such a place to burn. Then there must be further delay to allow the wallabies to get accustomed to the change in their feeding grounds and to the absence of shelter, and to allow the young grass to shoot and tempt the wallabies out.

Should there be a shower of rain the hills and flats are clothed in green in a few days. Then the fun begins, and for weeks the young men will live in one round of excitement, as enjoyable, if not even more so, than dancing. Now and again days must be given to the gardens. Where they will hunt is arranged beforehand always, and the whole male population of the village turns out except the children and the old men. Every ridge, and gully, and flat has a name, which even the children know, so there can be no mistake. The army is arranged, each company having a special place assigned it. Some line the ridges, some remain in the flats. Every one has two or three spears. The patches of grass that have been missed in the general burning are set fire to, and there is great shouting. The wallabies, confused with the noise and smoke, rush up the sides of the ridges to where the men are waiting. Spears are thrown, and more often than not miss their prey, for New Guinea men are not such adepts at

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hitting moving objects as one would expect. Some wallabies break away on the flats, some are turned back down the hill so that those on the ridges have their share of the fun. If there are plenty of wallabies there is sure to be a good bag, and a wild pig or two may be started and speared. From early morning till late in the evening they are at it, and how they swagger when they come home carrying the game on poles between two men. Every one knows the game he speared, and the first to strike gets the credit, even if the animal got away and some one else followed and killed it.

The proceeds of the chase are cut up and the flesh smoked, and after some days, when there is enough provision, a feast is held. The smoking of the meat is done by building a small platform with laths some distance apart, on which the joints are placed, a fire is lighted underneath which smokes a good deal, the habit of most fires in New Guinea, as you find to your cost, when you visit your friends in their homes. The meat is turned over and over so that it may be well smoked. From time to time the proceeds of a hunt will be set apart especially for the women, in return for the compliment paid by them to the men in the whitebait season.

Note.—The communal system of work explains what happens when a boy returns home after working for a white man. It is a common thing for traders and recruiters to say a boy goes home with a lot of tobacco and other trade and he very soon has nothing. Some will even say the boy is robbed right and left. The implication of course is that there are spongers waiting to relieve the returned labourer of his earnings, men who are too lazy to go to work themselves and ready to sponge on those who do go. Of course there are spongers in every village in New Guinea, as there are in every community of white folk, and of course every New Guinea boy with a supply of tobacco likes to swagger and give away, but on the whole you can trust a New Guinea native to take care of his own property. What really happens is this. All the relatives have been looking after the garden of the labourer

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while he has been away, and they naturally expect a share of the product of his labour in return. He could not have gone if they had not been willing to do his work for him while he was away. It is really a sort of co-operative business. The one goes away to gain things all want, but cannot get otherwise; the others stay at home and see that the labourer's garden does not suffer in his absence. He may have to part with his trade and tobacco, but he has the worth of it—to him—in his garden. The arrangement is perfectly just and fair so far as the division of property is concerned. The real mischief is that the returned labourer has enough to be a swell for a time, and to wander about without settling down at once to his work. But it does not last long. (Any man, no matter what his age is, who goes to work is called a "boy.")

CHAPTER XI

FEASTS AND DANCING

FEASTS occupy a very large place in the life of the people of New Guinea, and with the feasting comes dancing, but on the whole it is doubtful whether these people have more pleasure in their lives than their brethren in civilized countries. The chief difference most probably is that the feasts have a definite place in the life of the community, and preparations are under way for a long time beforehand. They do not take their pleasures sadly. Feasts are looked forward to and arranged for; they are an integral part of life, not something superadded. Apart from the ordinary feasting in the hunting and whitebait seasons, when meat and fish are plentiful, and such feasts are more or less of a family nature and have not the accompaniment of dances, there are other feasts of a ceremonial character, such as cannibal feasts, or exchanges of food and pigs. These are accompanied with dancing, as are also feasts on the completion of any work of a communal nature, such as the building of a club-house in the village, and death feasts, at which, of course, any kind of jollification such as dancing would be out of place.

For a feast there must of course be a plentiful supply of food. Special food is grown, and the natives will also provide from their own gardens, going short themselves before and after the feast.

It is difficult to find out what the ceremonies mean which one notices at a feast, and to know what the main object of any particular feast may be; it seems as though any one feast may have several objects combined. It is an opportunity for

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combining the performance of several duties, which have nothing to do directly with the main object of a feast, but which are predominant and which subordinate it is difficult to decide. It may well be that as feasting and dancing cannot take place in a tabooed village until the time has come for the tabu to be taken off, there must of necessity be combination of ceremonies.

The intricacies of native life are so great that he would be a bold man who would dare to dogmatize on what he saw at a feast without very careful inquiry about all surrounding circumstances, and much consideration of the various side-issues involved.

Some years ago there was a big feast at Damaladona, one of the communities of the group that is called Wamira, at which we were present. The ostensible purpose was to celebrate the building of a big club-house, and visitors were expected to make presents to the new house just as is done for new canoes. A platform about five feet high had been built in the village near the club-house, and on it were arranged joints of pork, not very inviting in appearance, for the animals had not been bled well, and had been singed over a fire before being cut up—the usual custom. On the platform were also heaps of taro with the tops cut off, and on the ground great heaps of coco-nuts. The masters of the feast were decorated, the chiefs with all their ornaments on, their hair well teased out, and their bodies shining with coco-nut oil.

The lesser men on whom devolved the work were not got up so much nor so clean and spruce; why should they be when they had to handle dirty pork and not very clean taro? All had their faces painted red, or black, or white, or a mixture of colours; some were blackened all over, with the eyes alone picked out in white. There was a great crowd of people from all the shore and the mountain villages round. These all sat in groups according to family or village, and formed a circle round the platform. A good many pigs had been killed.

When all was ready and the chiefs were about to take their



HOW SAGO IS PROCURED

Women scooping sago pith out of the split trunk of the sago-palm. A coarse kind of arrowroot is prepared from the pith, which can also be eaten raw. Granulated sago is unknown in New Guinea.



PREPARING FOR THE FEAST

On the occasion of a feast, a Papuan will put on all the finery he possesses in the way of shells and necklaces, and head-dress. The man in the foreground is wearing a huge shell at his side. The food in front of him is taro, which is as essential to a feast as figs and coconuts.

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places on the platform, we noticed some women come forward dressed in mourning ornaments, looking very dirty and disreputable. Their ornaments were taken off them, some small pieces of cooked pork and cooked taro put in their mouths by the chiefs, and something said we could not hear, and then the feast proper began. We had no idea at the time what this performance meant, and indeed we might very easily not have noticed it at all. It was only later on when we made inquiries that we learnt that, some two years or so earlier, the eldest son or the nephew of the chief had died, the one who in course of time would have been the chief of the family. In consequence a tabu had been put on the village: no feasts or dancing were allowed, the female relations had been fasting and in mourning. Now the tabu was taken off, the fast was at an end, the feast could be held, and the drums beaten in the village. It probably also meant that the death feasts were finished.

There was some speechifying from the platform, and the food was distributed. Those in authority on the platform called out the name of the head of the family, ending with a long drawn out o-o-o-oh, and either adding or substituting some phrase of commendation or abuse by which the person is described and so well known, some act, good or bad, he is notorious for. There is a certain etiquette about receiving the food, which is thrown on the ground, the joint first, some taro and coco-nuts following. The person for whom it is intended studiously avoids taking any notice, he turns his head away, talks to his neighbours unconcernedly, or is apparently interested in something far removed from the feast. But some of the children of the family rush forward, very proud of themselves, seize the pork and the taro and the coco-nuts, and bring them to their master: "Here is your meat and food," they say. He, perhaps only by a motion of his head, directs them to put it away, hardly deigning to look at it. In spite of this, before it is eaten, indeed before it has been picked up for that matter, he has sized it all up, for there is little a New Guinea man cannot see concerning himself from the

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corner of his eye. When he seems most unconcerned he is taking most notice.

The only time at a feast when a man is not unconcerned with what affects himself is when he is being abused for some misconduct, and the feasts are used as suitable occasions for bringing a man to book for his misbehaviour, as was done on this occasion. A piece of pork was thrown out on the ground, the man's name was called out, and then followed a terse statement of what he was guilty of—"Waulo o-o-o-oh, here's the pork for the man who stole So-and-so's wife"; or "Here's the pig for the man who is too lazy to work and has no food"; or "Here's the present for the man who is a liar," or so forth. This particular man jumped up at once and indignantly denied the impeachment. He wanted to know who accused him, and roundly abused whoever it was as a liar. He stamped, and declaimed, and threatened, and so far as he was concerned there might have been a free fight, but the others held the whip hand. They had scored their point, they had published the man's crime, and they did not intend to be drawn into any argument; they would not retract, and maintaining a dignified silence went on with the work of distributing the food as though there were no such person as Waulo in existence!

The accused one might refuse to accept the food, though to do so was tantamount to an admission of guilt; but probably very seldom would the chiefs make a mistake, the general feeling of the community would be in their favour, and on the side of justice. Every one knew about the matter, and that the man only had his deserts. No doubt in olden days, if one who was so insulted publicly had a strong following, there would have been trouble and inter-village fights, but it was a great weapon, this publicly holding evil-doers up to scorn, to preserve order and decent conduct, and respect for customs and traditions. A man would be very careful how he behaved himself when he knew his evil-doings were liable to be made public in such an effective way.



A FEAST IN BARTLE BAY

Sometimes as many as 2000 coconuts are provided for a feast. In this picture we can see them stacked in the centre of the circle. It is good form in Papua to eat nothing at a feast, but to carry away everything.



STRAIGHT FROM THE GARDENS

Bringing in bundles of taro. Taro is a root, and the staple food of the Papuan. It has to be grown in damp ground, and in a very dry season the anxiety is great, lest the taro crop should fail, which practically means famine. Taro can be either roasted or boiled, the rind being scraped off with a sharp pearl shell. When cooked, coconut milk is sometimes squeezed over it.

FEASTS AND DANCING

This particular feast at Damaladona seemed to combine the removal of the tabu on the village, the closing of the period of fasting and mourning, the end of a series of death feasts, an interchange of food, and the celebration of the erection of a club-house. Possibly all these were more or less connected together, except the interchange of food. The club-house would not be built till the period of fasting and mourning were over, so that the tabu could be taken off, and that could only be when it was considered there had been a sufficient number of death feasts. How could they feast and dance over their fine club-house if there were still a tabu on the village?

The food is not eaten at the time, or in the place where the feast is held, except in the case of death feasts, but it is taken home by the people to be cooked and eaten.

There are other occasions, when food is plentiful, of feasts which consist of an exchange of food only between villages, and these again are times when disagreements and disputes between villages are aired and discussed.

The people of one village take great loads of food to another village. It has all been carefully arranged in their own village first, so that every one may know what is being given, and that it may be duly admired, and the people pat themselves on the back metaphorically because they have so much to give. The tops of the taro are not cut off, but are tied just under the leaves into great bundles like sheaves of wheat or oats, the roots spread out so that the bundle stands erect. Under the band a big stick is inserted, and two men carry the bundle between them on their shoulders. Only the best taro is used, and sometimes every root is measured lengthwise and round by a piece of the skin of a rattan being bound down and up and round, so that equally fine taro can be repaid. Other food may also be given, such as bananas, and where bananas are the staple food only bananas are given. The people march in procession to the village carrying the food, and showing a good deal of swagger and a large amount of

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sense of self-importance. The food is placed in the village in long rows, everything being done to make it look as important as possible.

The people who give are arranged in groups together, the people who are to receive in other groups facing them. One of those who brought the food stands up and makes a quite dignified speech depreciating the food his people have brought, explaining what it is for, and perhaps just hinting at grievances. Some one from the other side then makes a speech accepting the food, and hinting about counter-charges. So far all is dignified and decorous, and it looks as though it would be a tame affair, just dignified charges and counter-charges, a dignified debate, especially as no one seems anxious to continue the discussion after the first two have spoken.

Gradually, however, the people get worked up. Some one will clear his throat, and smack his lips, and say something cutting, and soon the debate is lively enough. Two or three get up to answer charges at the same time. The women join in; their voices are shriller, and their remarks more cutting than those of the men. Some are content with interjections, some get very angry. Some stand, some sit, though most stand and come forward to speak. Gesticulation is good, and the way they can snap their jaws and shake their heads as they hiss something out of clenched teeth is very effective. Now and again a man stands forward between the groups and hurls forth his denunciations, or rebuttals of charges; he quivers in every muscle, stamps on the ground with one foot, or stands on one foot for a minute or so with the other leg bent to be brought down with a stamp to emphasize a point, or an arm is held out in the action of throwing a spear, every muscle quivering with the intense strain.

Perhaps the most effective action of all is when a man finishes what he has to say, he snaps his jaws together, speaking the last words through clenched teeth, stamps on the ground, and then turning his back on the audience walks to his place, his head thrown well back and shaken. Shingle may be picked

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up and thrown across from side to side, and at times it looks as though all must end in a free fight. The air is tense with excitement, the sight is a very grand one. The debate is carried on chiefly by the middle-aged men and women and the younger folk, children not being allowed to say anything; the old men sit in dignified silence. If any aspersions that are too strong or palpably untrue are cast upon their people, they may throw in a word, but they content themselves with restraining the young people when they seem inclined to get out of hand and to precipitate a fight, and again and again the women will be told to hold their tongues when they become too heated and abusive.

On one occasion at the end of a long debate that had been more than usually heated at a feast in Wedau, the young men of Wamira threw up against the son of the chief man of Wedau a crime he had certainly committed. They were leaving the village at the time, and the old men had gone off, for the proceedings were supposed to be at an end; now when the young men were alone the talk became fast and furious indeed. There was talk of fighting, and some of them meant it. The remarks had stung, and the Wedau women-folk took up the cudgels for the young man very strongly. I had to separate two or three couples who were coming to close quarters. The old father was sent for, the women calling out to him, "Come and save your son, the Wamira people will kill him;" but by the time he came I had quieted the people and sent the Wamira men away. He was very angry, and called all his young men to come and help him. They took up the food, the old man leading the way, carried it out of the village and dumped it down on the path to Wamira. And he sent word to the people to say they would not have the food. It looked like a nasty row. How it ended I do not know, but I think the old men of Wamira pacified their Wedau friend. They probably told him it was only a row amongst the young fellows, which the old folk need not treat too seriously, and induced him to accept the food.

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At Boianai the exchange of food and of pigs is a much more elaborate business.

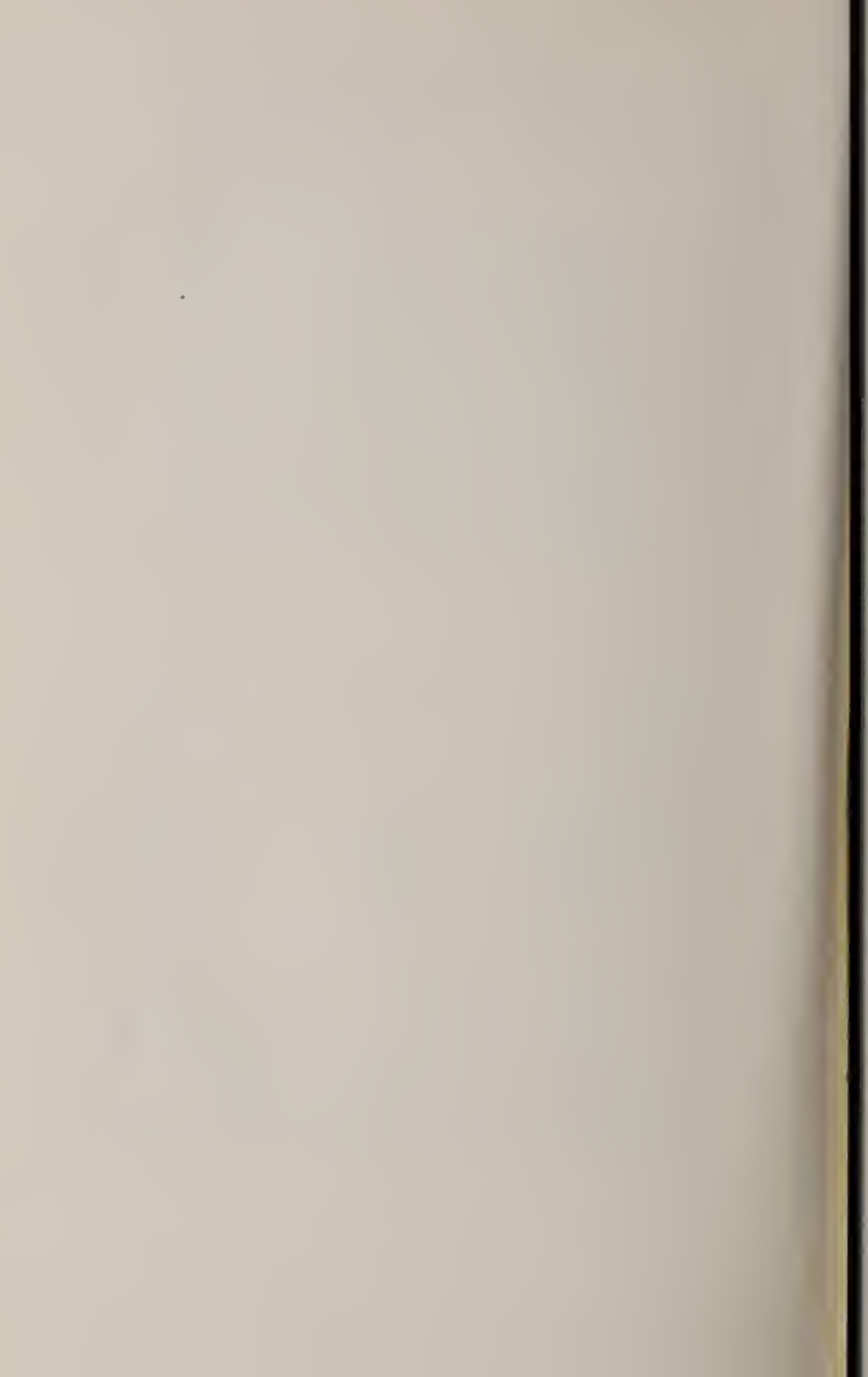
The pigs and food are brought to the village, but here the pigs are given alive. The unfortunate animals have their legs tied together—the two fore legs and the two hind legs; a pole is passed through under the bands and the pigs are carried by two men with the pole on the shoulders, the pig between them hanging legs up, body down, and so the men walk one behind the other. This is the ordinary way of carrying a pig of any size, and so they are transported for miles at times, but ordinarily the pole is longer, and not so heavy as at the “*poraga*” (exchange of pigs, the Boianai name of such a feast). Then very stout saplings are cut, not much more than the length of the pig—the roots are cut off under the ground three to six inches from the trunk, and these are left on the pole, the bark of which has been taken off and all trimmed neatly. Why these roots, which must be very much in the way and very inconvenient, are left on the sapling I have never been able to learn. “It is our custom.” “What the people of New Guinea always do,” is the answer. One sometimes sees these poles put in the ground in the village, the roots uppermost.

Two young men from the village whence the pigs come raise the pole on their shoulders with much straining and grunting; the pigs squeal and shake themselves, making the lift more difficult still. There is some reason for the grunting, for at times the pigs are very heavy, but it is also part of the show to make it appear difficult to raise them. The man in front gets his end up fairly easily, but I think he has the worst of it on the whole, for his shoulder is used as a fulcrum by the other to raise his end by, and as soon as the pig leaves the ground he begins to shake himself. No one must give a hand; it is a test of strength, and to help would be to insult the bearers. Then the man in front must always be somewhat anxious about a portion of his anatomy, especially if the pig is savage and his jaws have not been tied together, for as the



TYPES OF FACE DECORATION

Painting the face or smearing it with lime constitutes part of the full dress for a feast.



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front man stands the snout of the pig just touches him, and an extra wriggle may give him an opportunity to join in the feast as principal, and they sometimes do so.

It may be ten minutes before the pole is hoisted, and three or four men may have had a try. It is not often the front man has to be relieved, but it must be done sometimes; the sweat pours out of their skins, they pant and groan, and I am sure some get strains that injure them for life. When at last the pole is on the shoulders of the two men they stagger forward into the open space between the assembled multitudes and stand there while the pig is measured. It is now allowable for others to come forward and relieve the bearers, especially if the decision as to size takes some time, and as well to require relief means that the pig is heavy. The same pig may have been carried quite easily the day before, but then the conditions were different, both the real and the imaginary ones! Two men come forward to measure the pig, one to represent each side in the transaction. Each has over his shoulder a small basket or netted bag suspended, and there are near by a number of long pieces of the outer skin of rattan, for they may want a new measure at any time.

They sit on their haunches and put their bags on the ground, and take out bundles of old measures from previous *poragas*, well blackened with the smoke from the fires in the houses where they have been kept. These are laid out on the ground and each chooses one of the same length from his bundle. They are very deliberate in their movements and discuss matters in a low tone, quite regardless of pigs and bearers and their sufferings. At length one man gets up with a measure and passes it round the body of the pig, just at the end of the ribs. The hand is carefully passed round, rubbing out any creases, and fitting the measure close to the body of the pig. He holds it in position while the other examines it, to see all is right, and whether the measure meets. If it does exactly the people are told so in a quiet voice, and each man breaks his measure into small pieces which are thrown away.

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An old debt is paid much to the satisfaction of both parties.

Should the measure very nearly meet, or be but little under the mark the people are told how nearly it comes to the old measure. If too short by a small fraction, the receiving people are asked if they will accept it; if a little too big, the givers are asked if they will let it go, and the decision rests with the people themselves. If the pig is either much too small or too large a new measure must be cut and put away, one by each representative, a proof of debt to the givers which must be paid in the future. Of course the chances are very much against pigs being the same size round, and so each party is always in debt to the other party. Debts are never cleared off, and there is no means of balancing the account. I do not suppose one party would ever refuse to accept a pig no matter how big it might be, and however unlikely it might be that they could ever repay it, for that would be to hold themselves up to scorn and ridicule for ever afterwards.

During the business of measuring the pigs there is considerable excitement, but it is suppressed, and there is absolute silence, except when there is an appeal to the people about accepting or rejecting a particular pig.

After all the pigs have been measured the debate begins, but in the Boianai district it waxes warmer than in other places, for the one group of villages always has a complaint against the other about the supply of water from the irrigation canals. Only at Boianai have I seen during the debate any action of an indecent nature used as an insult to the opposite party, and that only once, by a man nearly half witted. If one only really knew the language, which no white person does, what an insight one would get to the thoughts and ideas of the people at feasts! Every thing and every one is criticized, Government, missionary, trader as well as native, and at such times I suppose the real feelings and opinions are expressed. But the vocabulary seems quite different, the phrases and idioms unknown, the references veiled and suggestive, and

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though clear to the people are enigmas to the outsiders, and every one is too interested to give time for explanations. One can become, one imagines, very proficient in the language, but it is never the real language of the people. One gets an idea of the drift, but one loses all the real inwardness of meaning.

It is generally dusk when all the formal business is over, for the people are dilatory at starting. Often the feast is held days after the date first fixed, put off and put off for some reason or another. But when preliminaries are over the people mix indiscriminately; the women go off with their netted bags to get the taro and coco-nuts; the taro, which has been arranged in great heaps, is without tops when pigs are given. There will then be good-humoured chaff given and taken, and no matter how furiously they have been abusing each other a few minutes before, all are friends now. When the young men come forward to carry the pigs home every one, especially those who were bearers, are keenly interested. The young fellows come along two and two, swaggering with great strides and swinging their arms; they make a great effort to raise the pig without much sign of strain; and if they do manage it, as often is the case, they go off, every attitude, every action saying what a fuss you made about a little thing, and their friends applaud them as they go off grinning in their pride and self-satisfaction. But should they have miscalculated their strength or the weight of the pig and they fail in their confident attempt, for every failure, for every strain, they are rewarded with boo-hoos and shouts from the others, who go to their houses, pleased and satisfied, to talk over and enjoy the discomforture they have witnessed.

Dancing follows all these feasts, and the dancing is kept up for weeks. Oh, the dreary monotony to civilized ears of the constant beating of the drums. Tom, tom, tom goes on all night and nearly all day. These drums are from three to four feet long, and from four to six inches through. They are hollowed out of the solid wood, and the business of making them is tedious in the extreme.

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In shape they are something like a hyperbola, with a very large radius of curvature, but some are quite straight. Occasionally one comes across very small ones. At the open end they are shaped like the open mouth of a fish or alligator; and the edges ornamented with carving. In the middle a raised ring, also carved, is sometimes cut out of the solid, and there is nearly always a handle, also cut out of the solid, or left when the remainder has been shaped. They are polished with coconut oil and get well browned or blackened by the smoke in the houses. The one end cut square is covered with the skin of a lizard, and the tone is said to be better if the lizard has been skinned alive! It is bound round, stretched very tight, with fibre. Sometimes little knobs of native beeswax are stuck on the membrane to improve the tone. For some days before the feast the drums are heard occasionally, a few beats to test the tone, to see if the skin needs tightening, and to let the people know that preparations for a feast are in progress, and perhaps too to express impatience because the old men take so long to make up their minds. But there is nothing spasmodic once the feast is over, the dancing is then continuous. As soon as the visitors have gone away with the pigs and food the dancing begins.

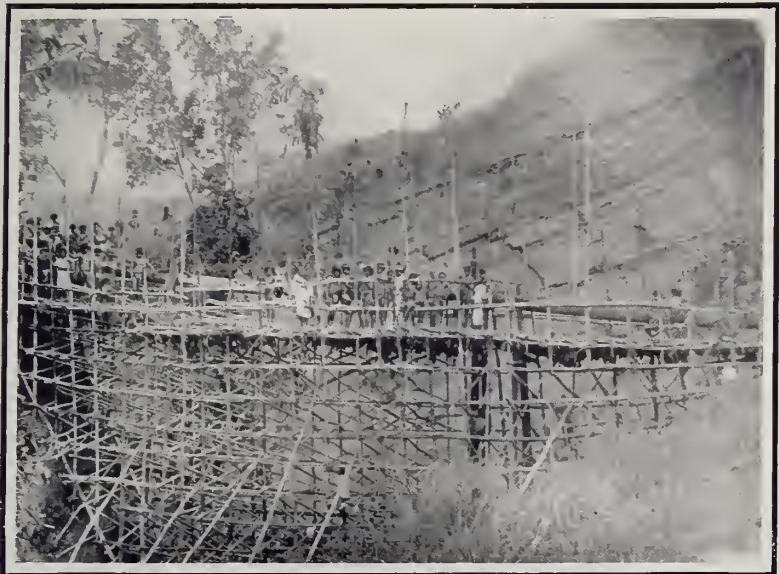
Small boys and women join in with the others, every one is got up for the occasion, all the family ornaments are brought out, streamers of cuscus skin from armlets, and even the boys and girls of twelve years of age are dressed up. They must begin early to learn what has to be done, and to take their place and do their duty in the life of the community.

Bodies have been anointed with oil and rubbed till they shine again, faces have been painted red, black, white; red with red earth or the juice of a berry, but best of all, if it can be got, with red lead, which shines most brilliantly; black with pot black mixed with coco-nut oil; white with ashes or with lime from burnt shells or coral. The hair of the men is well teased out, plumes of feathers, white cockatoo or pigeon, coloured feathers of parrots, plumes of the cassowary and bird

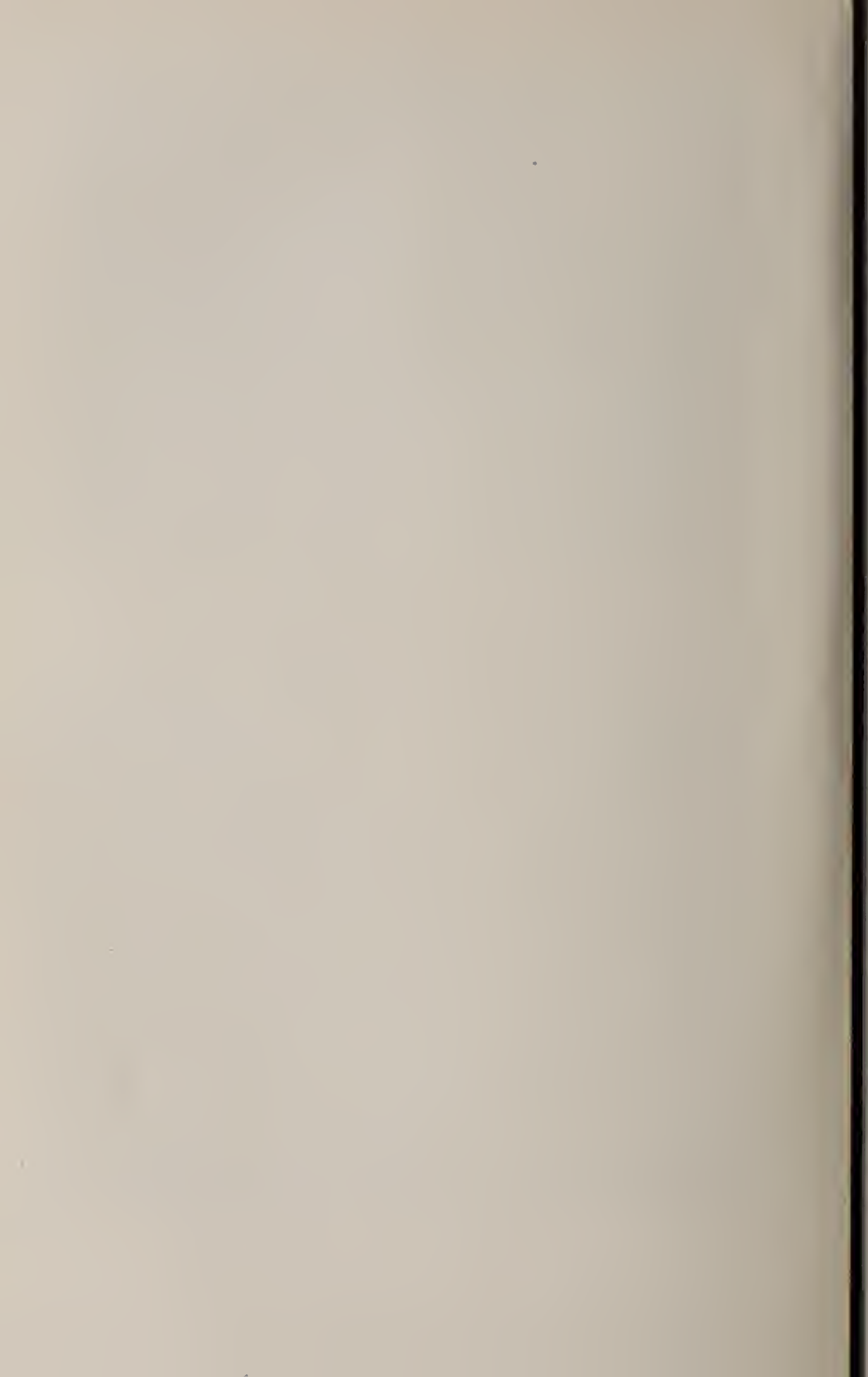


DANCERS IN FULL DRESS

A Papuan dance is often more of the nature of a walk, and a monotonous kind of chant is sung to the beating of the drums. Full dress consists of feathers, shells, and pigs' tusks.



A BRIDGE IN THE MAKING



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of Paradise, shells white and red ground down and sewn on a background of close netted cloth, or sewn together to form a band which is tied to the forehead, armlets of plaited fibre or black coco-nut shells, or of large white shell carefully ground smooth, the best loin-cloths, leglets of cowrie shell sewn together, all are brought out for the feast.

The women are not quite so elaborately dressed as the men, but they look well with their best skirts on—armlets and coloured leaves of various kinds in ears and armlets, and stuck in at the top of the skirts. A man of great importance will have a handsome ornament—of pig's tusks. Two are arranged so as to form nearly a circle, sewn on to netted work and set out with an elaborate arrangement of small red shells ground smooth and sewn on round the tusks and on the suspenders by which the ornament is hung from the neck to the chest; and there will surely be some with nose ornaments red or white passed through the septum of the nose. A New Guinea dandy got up for a dance is a striking object. They never seem to make a mistake in the mixture of colour, and everything of their own seems in harmony with skin and other ornaments. It is only when cheap coloured prints from Lancashire are used, with their gaudy *outré* colours, that the effect is spoiled. Or some one who has worked for the white man and carried off a dirty old waistcoat, or coat, or pair of trousers, intrudes these in all the pride of possessing something fine and spoils the whole effect. Why do not white people burn every article of clothing when it is done with, instead of allowing natives to get hold of it to spoil an artistic effect, and to harbour dirt and filth, to be a cause of sickness and disease?

There are said to be some differences in the songs sung and in the dances, and in the changes of tune beaten on the drum. There may be, but I doubt if any but a native of the country, or an enthusiast who is determined to find differences, could detect any, except of course in the figure dances and the burlesque pantomimes, which are sometimes clever.

From time to time people travel down the coast—all the

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dances are said to come from the north-west—to give exhibitions of new dances, so that the knowledge may spread, or visitors come to learn how to do it and go home to teach their friends. It may make some difference, but to the untutored ear it sounds like the same noises, to the inexperienced eye it looks like the same actions, the same evolutions repeated with dreary monotony. However, the natives enjoy it, and if the stranger from another country finds it gets on his nerves, well, he has not been asked to come, and why should people change their habits and customs and pleasures to suit the feelings and nerves of strangers and intruders? Seriously, however, for the benefit of the people themselves, it would be a good thing if there could be some regulations—if dancing were not allowed after midnight, for while it lasts nothing else is done, and people who only rest for a short time to enable them to begin again, who dance all night for pleasure and most of the day for practice, cannot do any work; the gardens suffer, and it would help the people to learn self-restraint and so to strengthen their characters if the dancing could be regulated.

The difficulty would be to enforce such a regulation. The only places where it would be possible would be near a Government station, or near to where a white man lives, and then to the native mind it would seem that it was the comfort of the white man, not the benefit of the native, which was the reason for the regulation. Of course, the time comes when the old men stop the dancing. They begin to growl because the gardens are neglected, and they want to know if dancing will give the people food, so the order is given that the drums are to be hung up, and people settle down to work. On the whole the dancing and the feasting are good: they give excitement and relaxation to the young men, and tone the drab colours of life; the young folk must have their enjoyments and their pleasures as the old people know—they let them have their fling until they can fairly claim that the duties of life may no longer be neglected. Of course, there are dangers

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of immorality at such times of excitement, there may be some dances which have a sinister meaning, or have some direct connection with superstition, but I doubt whether there are many such. There are, I suppose, still some people in the world of strict puritan principles who look askance at all enjoyment, and would ban all pleasures that carry with them any danger of temptation, instead of aiming at strengthening the character to resist the temptation.

Most of the dancing is done by the men, but the women join in at times, though they always dance by themselves, the men by themselves. Some of the dancers carry the drums, dancing at the same time that they beat, and leading the singing. The end of every dance is marked by a rapid rat, tat, tat, beaten on the drum held high overhead. Most of the songs are without words, or with words the meaning of which is not known, but they will also chant to the tune, an account of their own doings, or of the doings of others.

CHAPTER XII

THE WALAGA

BESIDES the ordinary village feasts and dancing that go with interchange of food and pigs, or the completion of some work of interest and utility to the community in general, there is one other feast which is of a much more elaborate nature, and is only held on rare occasions after the lapse of years from the last time, and in different villages.

This feast is called the Walaga, and it is known on the north-east coast only as far as the Magavara River, some seven miles west of Dogura. Farther west the people know nothing about this feast, except from hearsay. Where it obtains mountain people and shore people combine in the celebration of it. It is difficult to say whether the feast takes its name from the dance, or the dance takes its name from the feast. There are said to be similar feasts held more frequently on the south coast of New Guinea, but it seems more probable that these correspond rather to the exchanges of food and pigs amongst our people; but as the population is larger and food more plentiful, these feasts on the south coast would be larger and on a grander scale than here.

The distinctive features of the Walaga are the special dance, the part played by the mango tree, the varied tribes that combine in the celebration of the feast, and the number of ceremonies connected with it. It is really the first and most important of a long series of feasts, and the natives say that each series will go on for two or three generations. I have been fortunate in being present at the two Walagas that have been held in the district during the last thirteen years,

THE WALAGA

—one in 1901 at Gelaria about five miles inland from Dogura, the other in the mountains at the back of Diwari on Cape Frere in 1907; but unfortunately it has not been possible to be present at all the various ceremonies connected with the Walaga, nor to be present at the subsidiary feasts which have been held from time to time in continuation of the series.

The preparations are made for months beforehand, large gardens have to be planted, there must be a plentiful supply of food and of course of pigs, and a good season is essential. Failure of crops even to a very partial extent means that the feast may have to be put off for months, it may be for a year.

When at last it is decided that it will be possible to hold the feast in a few months time, arrangements are begun. The site is chosen and special houses are built. Neither of the feasts I have seen was held in an existing village. Scrub was cleared for a village site. Houses must be built for the fasting men, who are all old men of some importance, and houses to accommodate visitors. The houses are built well off the ground, the platform on which the dance has to be performed is built in the centre of the village; it is roughly a square with a side of about twenty feet in length, and it is built about four or five feet high, floored with saplings, and round the four edges on the top of the platform, poles about four inches thick are tied. It is on these poles that the performers dance "in the air," as the people say.

When the fasting period begins the old men are shut up in the house, and are not allowed to wash; they may not eat boiled food, nor drink water. They are sustained by chewing sugar-cane chiefly, and all refuse of the cane is carefully kept in baskets to be preserved until it can be burnt at a later feast. After weeks of fasting the old men are very emaciated and very dirty. The first really important thing is the cutting of the mango sapling, which is to be erected in the centre of the platform. This sapling is chosen by the one who is the

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chief of the masters of the feast, and when it is cut there are present representatives of other communities.

I do not believe that any other instrument would be used to fell the sapling except a New Guinea stone-axe. It is then decided which community is to be responsible for the next series of Walaga, the top of the sapling is cut off and offered to the various representatives, and the one who takes it undertakes that his people shall accept the duty of providing the next series of feasts. He takes the twigs and leaves for home, and carefully puts them away in his house. It is, of course, known everywhere who has accepted the token. The mango sapling is carried with great and solemn ceremony to the platform, and erected in the centre either by itself or with a longer pole some thirty feet high. It is treated with the greatest reverence, the chips that fell when it was cut down are gathered, as well as all the leaves and branches.

A few days before the feast, which is held just about the full moon,—only I think for the convenience of having light at nighttime,—messengers are sent out to announce that the feast will be held on a certain day, so that people may get the pigs ready. Nearly the whole station went to the Walaga at Gelaria in 1901. A few boys asked to be allowed to stay at home—they came from districts where the Walaga is not known, and doubtless the fear of being looked upon as intruders, and perhaps suffering in consequence, was greater than their curiosity. We had been specially invited, and the people were most anxious for our presence. It was a long stream of pilgrims who went up the valley of the Wamira that day, and the winding river had to be crossed and recrossed about twenty times. We joined in the trail of crowds coming from other villages—men, women, and children on holiday and enjoyment bent, all in the best of humour. We arrived at the place about midday to find a very busy scene.

A number of responsible people, the men recognized as such by their faces being painted one half black and one half white, and by a tense look of anxiety and worry on their

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features, the women by their air of self-importance, were hurrying about, evidently with a hundred and one things to see to. They had no time for more than a salutation and a word of welcome for us. We were shown a house which had been built specially for us; it was not all that could be desired, but it expressed thoughtfulness and hospitality. We had brought a tent with us, but even so we had barely room for the women and the girls; the rest of us camped outside in the open, as did most of the visitors.

We had time to look round before the serious business began, and there was plenty to occupy us. Some parties had already arrived with their pigs, and the wretched creatures could be seen lying against or under the houses, their legs tied together and the pole on which they had been carried still between the legs. We saw other processions arrive. Far away on the mountain side or farther up the valley would be heard the sound of conch shells announcing their approach, and people would set off to meet them on the path in the scrub outside the village. Here and there glimpses of the procession would be seen through the trees as it came winding down the mountain path, the chant would be heard more and more distinctly with the shouts and whoops.

Men and women decorated with all their finery and carrying branches in their hands led the procession, dancing along, and as they entered the clear space of the village they turned to face the bearers, dancing and advancing backwards. One man with a longer branch which he held upright in front of him would stop from time to time and dance the branch up and down, others with wisps of dried grass would act in the same way. With the dark scrub as a background, the brilliant sunshine, the gay colours, and the dancing figures all added charm to the scene.

As the procession passed one house or another the people speared the wall with the branches they carried, leaving them stuck there like carelessly placed Christmas decorations. When the pig was placed on the ground near the house, one

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man would come forward and hold forth, stamping on the ground, grinding his teeth, and administering kicks with a shoving motion to the poor unfortunate animal.

Late in the afternoon the dance began; chosen dancers, men and women, alone took part; these had been practising for months and fasting all the time. They too had lived apart and on very low diet, on sugar-cane and roasted food, and, for drink, roasted coco-nuts unripe. Some one had acted as cook for them in the different villages, and on a pole on the ground they had been practising the step under instruction from some old man who had danced the Walaga before. The people at the feast came from great distances and the dancers from as far—from over thirty miles to the eastward along the coast and from mountain villages far and wide. On the poles along the four edges of the platform they danced one behind the other, men and women in no particular order, and parties of dancers who came later joined in. The step seemed to be a short step forward and a shuffle to the time beaten by drummers seated on the middle of the platform round the mango pole. This pole was decorated with long lines of vine to the ends of houses, and to these vines were attached streamers, pieces of grass or palm leaves, strips of calico, and pieces of glass and tin picked up about Mission stations, glittering in the sunlight.

Sugar-cane, taro, and other food was tied up the pole. We did not notice here, as we did at the later feast, mementoes of the dead attached to the pole, perhaps because we did not recognize them, or perhaps because none were there. The dancers were well got up, and some of the ornaments were very beautiful.

The women had pearl shells well ground and these they held in their hands, the arms bent much as a ballet dancer would hold a fan. Their dresses were of dried sago leaves, red and brown and grey and yellow, with streamers of white dried palm and lily leaves kinked; coloured croton leaves stuck in the dresses at the band and in armlets gave a dash of

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effective colour. The men too were well dressed, and some of the head-dresses of bird of Paradise feathers and cassowary plumes were very fine indeed.

The dancers had arrived in full dress for the performance, but those who knew were aware that the dressing up had been done in the long grass, or in the scrub near the feasting place. Very dirty, disreputable creatures they had looked when they left their villages, but when they arrived near the place they had washed, been oiled and "got up" by their attendants, and no one was supposed to see the dressing up.

The dancing went on till dark, and then ceased till the moon rose. There were some 2000 people gathered together by this time, some of whom were accommodated in the guest-houses according to their tribes. In these houses was a low partition about three feet high, on one side of which were the men's quarters, on the other side those for women.

Of course, we were missionaries and we could not lose such an opportunity for delivering our message. It added a touch of incongruity to the proceedings perhaps, but we sought and obtained permission to hold a short service during the pause between the setting of the sun and the rising of the moon. Our children could sing the hymns and the psalms. There were a couple of addresses—one given by a native Christian, who showed aptitude for using illustrations from his surroundings, by telling his audience that they who became Christians would die in peace and comfort like the pigs that are killed by the dimdins!! It sounded weird and strange, but it had point, and point especially for these people. He at least knew that our Saviour had taken the sting out of death, and do not such heathens as these especially fear death?

The reference was to permission we had asked and obtained to shoot the pigs and so give them a merciful end. We had seen during the afternoon a dog killed by a man who took it by the hind legs, banged its head on a log and threw it on the ground. The poor brute lay quivering till one of us put it out of misery with a revolver shot, and so we offered

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to become butchers for the occasion and permission was given. We felt we could not stand the squealing, when nearly a hundred pigs were killed by jabbing a spear into them and working the spear about while the animal squealed in misery, and it would certainly get on the nerves of our women folk.

After our service there were two weird performances that suggested a feeling of romance and mystery. A man climbed a short distance up the mango pole and sang a number of phrases to a sort of minor chant, while the drummers grouped below him on the platform made responses that sounded like Amen. What was said no one could tell us. Neither words nor act were understood, or else explanation was refused; they were both something handed down from the past.

Just as the moon rose, two men mounted to the gable ends of two houses, on the eastern side of the village, and held forth for about ten minutes. They looked strange figures standing on the roof some twenty feet or more from the ground. The moon behind them shone exceeding beautiful over the rounded shoulder of a bare hill, the sky was cloudless. These men seemed to be declaiming to the evil spirits, begging them to do no harm, especially as the dimdins were present, and exhorting the people that there should be no disagreements, no quarrels to spoil the feast.

Then the dancing began again and was continued all night. Sometimes one or another would drop out for a time and rest, and once an old man begged me to give him a smoke as he was exhausted and wanted a pick-me-up. It must have been a heavy strain on the muscles of the leg, for the grip on the poles came entirely from the soles of the feet. The drummers never stopped, and there was little sleep for any one that night. Very early in the morning the killing of the pigs began, and towards the end some of the old people got anxious at the awful breach of custom in the way the butchering was being done, and a deputation came to say they must kill one pig in their own way so that the mango trees might hear the squeals, otherwise they would

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not bear fruit. Certainly if pig squealing is effective the crops would have been heavy had nearly one hundred pigs been killed New Guinea fashion. We have never heard that our more merciful procedure has affected the crops of mangoes since 1901.

By midday all was ready for the distribution of food, and we decided we would get home before it became too late. We struck our tent and packed up our baggage so as to be ready to get away in good time during the afternoon. While we were doing this a deputation waited on us, begging us not to go till all was over. It appeared that a rumour had got abroad that the Wamira people intended to make a raid on the place and carry off all the pigs and food for their own special benefit. There was a tradition they had done so at a previous Walaga, and some one declared he had seen the Wamira men go away, that they had their spears hidden in the grass nice and handy. Certainly there were no Wamira men to be seen about, and there had been plenty at the place during the morning, and already some of the mountain people had gone off thinking discretion the better part of valour. If we went no one would stay and the feast would be spoilt. The idea was, not that we were to remain to be victims, but if we remained these dreaded people would not dare to do anything, our presence alone would be a protection and would give people confidence to stay. We said we fully intended to stay till the feast was over; we were only packing up so that there would be no delay afterwards. When they saw our baggage going off they came again to be assured we were not leaving yet.

Early in the afternoon the various tribes collected and arranged themselves in groups round the platform at a respectful distance, and one of the most dramatic incidents of the whole feast was the arrival of the Wamira men to take up their position.

They marched in, about a hundred of them in single file well got up, not with many ornaments, but their bodies

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shining with coco-nut oil, their hair well teased out, and long combs stuck in their hair, the handles in front, five big men of splendid carriage.

They took up their position in one long line like drilled soldiers, faced front all at the same moment, and at the word of command sat down with a shout. They certainly could have scattered the whole crowd like sheep and taken possession of everything had they wanted to. No one carried a spear, nor a weapon of any kind, except one old chief about six feet high who had a spear—but then they might have left them hidden away close handy. We sent for the old chief and told him what people had said about their intentions. He repudiated the charge. They had gone away to wash and brush up, and to make their appearance with dignity becoming themselves and the feast. He was the Bishop's friend, and had given up fighting; there was peace now, the fighting days were done. To emphasize what he said he took the spear he carried in both hands, snapped it in two over his knee, and threw the pieces on the ground. "There," he said, "now you understand we mean peace."

The distribution of food was as at other feasts. It was arranged on the platform, the name of each head of a family was called out and portions thrown on the ground. I, as head of Dogura Mission Station, had two portions—not successively but at different times—given to me. I was proud and foolish and went forward to get the first myself, but some kind friend informed me of the breach of etiquette and the smallest of the Dogura boys went for the second, while I hope I showed sufficient abstraction and unconcern. The food and the pork were taken away to be eaten at home.

There were various side-shows at the feast, and evidently people were doing other business besides attending to the duties of the feast. We saw a gweri man removing the cause of sickness from a poor miserable-looking wretch who declared some one had robbed him of all his internal organs.

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He did not recover, but died a long lingering death a few months afterwards. Old friendships were renewed by people who had not seen friends for years, all the gossip of the countryside was passed round, and much private business was transacted. All was life and bustle, with just a suggestion of fear as to what might happen at any moment to give a piquant touch to it all.

There had been great use made of medicine men during all the proceedings from the very beginning. They were men of importance, with their incantations and their charms. When the posts of the platform were stepped they were there to repeat incantations, to use charms so that there should be no evil befall any. The gweri men had to operate on all the posts, and one declared he had abstracted a human bone from one. It may be the spirits who live in the trees had to be placated, it may be that the spirits of the dead had to be pacified. If one could only find out all the inwardness of the Walaga one would know a very great deal about the beliefs and superstitions and ideas of these people.

Some months later, nearly two years in fact, another feast was held, when the refuse of the fasting men's food was solemnly burnt, and after about two years more yet another, when the mango pole, which had been carefully preserved, wrapped in sleeping mats, was to be cut up and distributed amongst the various tribes, the wrappings being solemnly burnt; and there are other feasts to follow. I have not been able to witness these subsidiary feasts of the series.

The masters of the feast have permanently to abstain from certain foods, and probably they will never eat the fruit of the mango again. I have offered them the fruit of imported mangoes grown on the Mission station, but though nearly any New Guinea man takes advantage of the fiction that New Guinea customs do not hold where anything dimdim is concerned, they have always refused our mangoes. To eat

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them would mean they would break out in disgusting sores all over the body and get a wasting sickness and die. They may only drink water from springs where certain ferns grow.

Of course, when a great number of people come together from all parts precaution must be taken against what may happen. Who knows what unknown sorcerer of awful power may be there? Perhaps the wisest thing is to remain away altogether, especially if it is reported some well-known villain is coming, with his bag over his shoulder in which may be dangerous, uncanny things. So at the Diwari Walaga in 1907 one old man, Magala of Damaladona, one of the Wamira settlements, who had danced at more than one Walaga and had trained dancers in the past, put in an appearance and danced for an hour. He then went home. I asked him as he went away why he was going so soon, and he said something about getting too old to dance long, but I suspected something else. Next day at the distribution of food an old man from another district leaned over the edge of the platform and said to me. "Where is Magala, he did not turn up again, is he dead?" so I suspect he saw a man he thought it well to give a wide berth to.

Still, if you do go it is well to be forearmed, and so get some friends who know how to do it to tie knots in your hair as a preventive against charms, and some things round your ankles and knees and wrists, so that the spirits are blocked and cannot get into your body and do mischief. You can always find some one to do these things for a consideration.

The second Walaga at Diwari was similar to the one at Gelaria, but not so large nor so fine in any way. The weather was against it, as it had been very wet, everything seemed draggled and second-rate, and there did not seem to be the same care to observe traditions.

But we noticed that some ornaments, and a canvas bag similar to that which miners carry over the shoulder to put

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their gold in, were hung from the pole in the centre of the Walaga platform. These we were told were mementoes of a boy who had died while away at work with miners. They were taken down and burnt in the fire over which pigs were scorched.

So it seems that a Walaga can also be the closing feast of a series of death feasts.

CHAPTER XIII

TOTEMISM AND TABUS

HE would be a bold man who, as an amateur, would venture to dogmatize on Totemism, what it means, and what is the origin of it, when those who are authorities on the subject cannot agree in their answers to such questions, and cannot decide what purpose Totemism serves. I doubt if any one has given a really satisfactory definition of Totemism—perhaps we have no right to look for such yet.

There is a very great danger of arguing *post hoc propter hoc*, and perhaps still more of adopting a theory and then forcing into it such facts as can be made to fit, and of ignoring others that are not so accommodating. But these, after all, are just the dangers that must accompany all dogmatizing about the customs and beliefs of primitive races. They have themselves no idea of the why and wherefore they do certain things; "Our ancestors handed it down to us, they did so, and so we got the custom from them," so they will answer, and the answer is possibly more often true than not.

Many people assume that the natives shrink from explaining their customs to strangers; as a matter of fact, while they do object to intrusion and interference it is only because the spirits may object, it is not that they do not wish to explain. They often cannot explain because they do not know the why and the wherefore. One hopes that the younger generation, who have more confidence in the white man and have wider views, will be able to give the necessary information, but they always say, "Ask the old people, we were only born yesterday." Here again it is not unwillingness

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to tell, so much as ignorance, ignorance arising partly from the fact that the old people do not initiate the younger people into the customs of the race until they themselves are getting too old to do their part. They keep the younger people in ignorance, so as to retain their power as long as possible.

Again, it is suggested that it is the fear of the unknown that most of all governs the primitive man, at least in this part of New Guinea, and the old men use it so. Most of all, it is always difficult for a white man to understand the inner workings of the mind of the native. No matter how well one may know the language, the minds of the white and the dark races are working on different planes, and the idea intended to be expressed is very seldom received when one is talking of things outside the ordinary run of everyday life. The wonder is not that so many mistakes are made, as that so much has been discovered, when one thinks of the immense difficulties under which anthropologists labour, often depending on an interpreter who has to be spoken to in Pidgin English—not a powerful instrument for expressing shades of meaning or abstract ideas!—and often the interpreter has to use and listen to another than his own language. If in this chapter I venture to express any definite opinion, and it is perhaps impossible to avoid doing so, it will be done with the very greatest hesitation, subject to absolute reservation. I would not venture to claim for such any weight at all.

One cannot have much to do with the natives of New Guinea without being struck with the important part played by totemism in their lives and thoughts, and the influence it has upon their dealings with one another. It might fairly be said, if one were bold enough to make a definite statement, that animism is the religion of the people of New Guinea. Animism, with its peopling of the world with spirits, a belief which influences so largely the life and conduct of the people, combined with the belief in and the consequent attitude towards the spirits of the dead (which may or may not be a

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part of what is called animism). So totemism represents the principles which regulate the social life of the people. It regulates marriage, it decides the section of the community to which the offspring belongs, it enters into the ceremonies connected with death, it creates a sort of freemasonry or family relationship which influences the behaviour of people to others far removed from them in place of abode, in dialect, in customs. All who have the same totem are looked upon as being related one to another, and wherever they go they can claim hospitality and protection from all whose totem is the same. People go to a district they have never been to before, there they find fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers, and they puzzle you as they talk about them till you remember they are totem relationships, not ordinary family ones.

The people can give no definite tradition as to how they came to be connected with the bird or fish or animal they revere as their totem. Sometimes men have said, "Our bird came from such-and-such a direction"—the direction from which the particular sept is supposed originally to have come—"and settled here"—presumably leading the early settlers—"and allotted to us this part of the village and portioned out to us our garden land, and we hold it now by that title of possession." All of one sept, those who claim a particular totem, claim to have sprung from a common origin, to have sucked originally from a common breast; those of another sept to have had another and different origin. *Guga gela* (another breast) is perhaps the most emphatic way of saying a person belongs to another sept, but I have never heard anything which connected that common origin with the totem of the sept. Each sept has two or more branches, claiming the same chief totem—though there may be subsidiary totems which are different—all the branches claim a common origin, *gugu tagogi* (the one breast), but the differentiation has come about in the course of time, and the different branches within the one sept have duties and responsibilities to one another

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which they only can fulfil, and which cannot be fulfilled by members of a distinct sept. A sept that is weak in numbers may be absorbed into another sept.

Totemism is wider than some other things in New Guinea. Thus though the Boianai people and those farther west know nothing of the Walaga, and take no part in it, while the shore people from Wedau eastwards do, yet totemism brings the people of Boianai and those farther west into close relationship with the people of Wedau and those farther east.

The commonest totem is a bird, so much so that the usual way of asking a man what is his totem is to ask him what is his bird. Another way is to ask him what is his "bariawa," a word expressing what is out of the ordinary run of human experience. White people are called bariawa; anything strange they do is greeted with an exclamation "Aio bariawa!" and a clicking sound made with the tongue. There are other totems nearly always subsidiary to a bird, as fish and snakes, and also more rarely stones and trees.

A man may not kill his totem, much less eat it, and for any one to kill it in his presence is to confer a deadly insult. A missionary when he first came was asked what his totem was, and unthinkingly, or not knowing what it involved, said it was a Torres Straits pigeon, and he caused great indignation later on by shooting the pigeons for the pot.

Some old men from Wamira came to Dogura one day, and to amuse them we turned on a phonograph. They were interested until one of the records contained a part which represented a bird twittering, and then without a word they quietly got up and melted away. I could never make out whether it was so like the twittering of a totem that they could not stay, or whether it sounded so natural that it must be uncanny and it was safest to get away as quickly and as quietly as possible from such things.

Men and women of the same totem may not intermarry; to do so would be to commit incest. A young man will come to the missionary and ask advice as to whom he should

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marry, as there is no one of a suitable age in the village whom he can take to wife, and you suggest a name. "She is my sister," he will answer in astonishment, and you, bewildered because you thought you knew all his relations, ask, "How is she your sister," to be told "Ai gugu tagogi" (Our origin is the same), and you understand it is a totem relationship, as close for marriage as a blood relationship.

Usually the child is of the same sept as the mother, takes her totem; the system is matriarchal, but this is by no means universally so, and it seems that quite frequently a youth elects to go either to his father or his mother's sept, "to eat with these or those." Hence it is that the uncle on the mother's side is a nearer relative to the child than its own father, so far as relationship implies control over the child's actions and its future. When we wished to get children to come as boarders to a Mission station, it was usually the uncle on the mother's side who had the chief say in the matter, and when you thought everything was satisfactorily settled because you had the consent of the father or mother, you would find to your disgust that still more persuasion was needed to get the consent of the uncle on the mother's side.

So, too, for the marriage of minors who are orphans, our custom is to obtain the consent that is required by the law from the uncle on the mother's side as being the guardian according to native custom. I do not know that a girl may elect to which sept she will attach herself, to the father's or the mother's. It is difficult to say why the system is matriarchal and not patriarchal; the crude explanation that it is because there might be uncertainty as to the parentage on the father's, but none on the mother's side, implies more infidelity than was common amongst the people.

After marriage a man's parents-in-law have more control over him than a woman's parents-in-law have over her, but parents-in-law must be treated with great respect by both parties.

When a person dies it is some one connected with his sept



A PAPUAN SUNSHADE

In order to shelter her baby from the fierce rays of the sun, this woman is using a mat made of pandanus leaf, stitched together, which she holds in place with her teeth.

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or a branch of his sept who digs the grave, the people of his own sept provide the death feast, and a branch of his sept eat it, and the dead are buried with their feet in the direction from which the ancestors originally came when led by the totem.

All the members of a sept help each other in such work as digging up the garden ground, in the building of houses, and any other work which calls for help. Each sept may also have its own club-house, and they build their own houses together in one section of the village.

Totemism decides for a man to whom he will go when travelling, on whom he will quarter himself in a strange village. He may quite rightly, as a matter of course and without any sense of shame, go and live with people of the same totem as himself, and if he is of any importance in the sept his hosts will kill a pig for him and his, and when he goes home load him up with presents of cooked food for his journey. The visitor does not feel he is imposing, for are they not his own people, and will he not show the same hospitality to them when they visit his village.

I once took on our launch an old man named Magadora from the Boianai village to visit the villages to the eastward. I could not make out why he wanted to go, as he was rather past the age for mere sight-seeing. He said he had a son at Taupota he had not seen for years, and he wanted to see him again before he died.

It seemed strange and I pressed for particulars. He said that years before the missionary came there was a very bad famine in the Taupota district, so bad that children were being killed and eaten. One of his friends sent his small son to Boianai—more than forty miles away—and asked Magadora to take care of the child. He brought the child up, and when he had grown into a strong youth his father took the boy home. Magadora could not have seen his protégé for well over twenty years, and he rather wanted to see him again. We had to go farther than Taupota—to Awaiama, and the old man had never been so far to the east of his home.

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When we anchored at Awaiama some canoes came alongside, and Magadora asked the men on board them, "Are there any Aurani people here?" (the name of the sept). "Tell any Aurani people that are here that Magadora has come. I am a great chief amongst the Aurani people, far greater than Waida" (the leading Aurani man in Wedau, whose name would be well known). He evidently expected to find some on whom he had a claim; whether he did so or not I did not see, for I had to go ashore on my own business, but he did not seem to have received any presents, though everywhere else we called nearer Boianai he was treated with the greatest respect and loaded up with food and pork.

As soon as we anchored at Taupota I called out the name of the man whom Magadora had befriended in his childhood, and asked some people on the beach if he were in the village. They pointed to a man sitting on the shingle, and I called for him to come off. He came by himself on a catamaran, and the old man remained seated on the deck-house watching him as he approached. When the catamaran was alongside the young man stood up, holding on to the rail of the launch. Magadora looked at him intently for a few seconds and then said, "Are you So-and-so?" mentioning his name. The younger man said "Yes," and his old foster-father said, "I am Magadora," and then he bent forward, rubbed his nose against the nose of his foster-child and over his face and chest, uttering softly a wailing sound with a rising inflection, *ai o-o-o-o*—long drawn out, the other looking very self-conscious meanwhile. The old man then sat down again and said, "My chest has been dying for the sight of your face, and that is why I have come. I am getting old and it is years since I saw you, and I wanted to see your face again, and that is why I have come. I want you to give me some food, and so-and-so, and so-and-so (mentioning presents), and that is why I have come!"

To foreign ears it sounded like an anticlimax, this crude suggestion of presents and food following immediately on a

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really affectionate greeting, but other climes other manners. There was no doubt about the affection and the pleasure of the old man in seeing his foster-child again. He was taken ashore and treated right royally. He came back with presents and a supply of pork and food, and so well fed that he slept for the greater part of the next twenty-four hours. The foster-son promised to come up to Boianai and pay the old man a visit soon.

It is said that should a castaway drift to a strange place the people who know nothing of him at all would take him in and befriend him if he gave them to understand his totem was that of a sept living in the place, and that sept would provide him with garden land, keeping him till his food was grown and he could keep himself. On the other hand, should his totem be one unknown he would most probably be killed.

Not only are totems revered, but there are other things which are sacrosanct. These things may lie about in the village, no one apparently taking any notice of them, the stranger passing them by without any idea that they are of importance in the life of the people. Some are hidden away and are never shown to strangers. Then one day something happens which throws a flood of light on customs and beliefs, or a question is asked about something uncommon and people are in a communicative humour and you learn things which at other times would not be hinted at, the question being parried in a way natives are adepts at. It was quite accidentally that I learned the story of Tauribariba, a peculiar stone in one of the villages—a deserted one it happens—of Wamira.

It was known that one of the missionaries was keen on buying anything of ethnological interest for museums, and one day I was surprised to have a visit from two young men who were very excited. They said that a man named Watuna had stolen their "bariawa" and brought it to Dogura to sell it to the missionary, who was staying here at the time, and they wanted it back. I told the young men it could not be any business of theirs, they were much too young to have

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anything to do with such things. The old men must come and talk about it. They explained that the old man who was the only responsible person was a blind man who could not come, and he had sent his sister's son, one of these two, to represent him. He then told me who had bought the bariawa, and that it was at the present time on the station. I made inquiries and found that it had been bought by my fellow-missionary in good faith. He had asked Watuna if he had any right to sell it, and had been told he had a right. So far as we were concerned everything had been done in good faith, but quite evidently there had been sacrilege. It was late in the evening and the young men wanted to take the stone away at once, but I said no. As the old man could not come to us we would go the next day to the village the stone had been taken from, and they could bring the old man to meet us. He lived about a mile farther away, and I wanted the chief men of the other septs to be present. We would then discuss the matter, and if their story was true the stone would be returned, if the seller really had a right to sell it the bargain must stand, but it was a question for the old men to settle. Meantime I guaranteed we would play the game, and my fellow-missionary agreed to the arrangement. The two young men went away satisfied. My fellow-missionary stood a good chance of losing the price he paid for the curio, but *fiat justitia, ruat cælum*. At all events he had an opportunity, while the stone was in his possession, of taking a couple of good photographs of it, and that was worth something to a photograph fiend.

Next day we went to the deserted village, carrying Tauribariba in a native basket, as was fitting. Some of the people were there waiting for us, but we had to exercise our patience till the old man appeared. At last we saw him coming along the path, walking very slowly with a long stick, and led by his nephew. How many years had elapsed since he had been along that path to his ancestral home, no one knew. We waited in silent respect while the patriarch took

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up a position, and then I told him the story and why we had wished him to meet us. I asked if he represented the owners of the stone and whether the seller had any right to it, and would he know the stone. He said he alone had any say in the matter, that he was the last of a dying sept, that the man who sold it did not even belong to the sept, that the stone had been there for generations, whence it came no one knew, and he would not part with it for any price. To it was due prosperity and good crops. Sometimes when there had been a famine the stone had wandered away; once it had been some distance, but had come back again, so tradition said. Wherever it was taken to it must come back, it could not be kept away.

The other old men corroborated his statements, and then I said, "Well, we have brought it back to you; it was bought in good faith, but we heard it was stolen property, that you valued it and would not sell it. We have brought it back, and here it is." The old man was sitting by himself, his head bowed low between his knees, and he had been talking in a very low mournful voice. He was greatly affected. I placed the basket before him, and he untied the string with trembling fingers, took out the stone and placed it between his knees. He then bent over it weeping and crooning, feeling it all over and talking to it. It was a moving spectacle. We waited for a time in reverent silence, and then I asked the old man, "Is it the stone?—do you recognize it?" He said "Yes," and it was quite evident he knew every rough edge and corner of it. "Is it all right?" I asked; he said "Yes." Did he wish the thief to replace it where he had taken it from? No, he would replace it himself. He stood up holding the stone carefully in his hands, weighty as it was; his nephew took him by one arm, but that was only in case his foot should strike a stone, but blind as he was he knew the way. He was led to the foot of a large Fiji almond which was surrounded by brush. Still crooning he made his way to the spot, sat on his heels and cleared away the leaves and rubbish, felt about for other stones

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and replaced Tauribariba in position, chanting all the time something we could not understand. When all was over he placed his hand on neighbouring stones and spoke of them and their work for his people.

Of course, the photo fiend was near and making hay. We adjourned to one of the villages, for we had yet to settle with the "Robber of Temples." His payment had been in tobacco and most of this he still had, but some he had given away and some he had already smoked. What he had he produced, and those to whom he had given presents returned what they had. Some had an idea all was not right and did not use any of the tobacco, others had used some. I told the old man that he could prosecute the thief if he wished to do so, and that the Government would punish him, but as Tauribariba was back in his place he was not anxious about anything else. I suggested that I should make up the loss on the price paid to the thief, and that he should repay me with food, and all agreed to that arrangement. Of course, the missionary instinct was too strong to resist an opportunity to preach on such a text, especially as so many were present who do not often hear what we have to say. The lesson was obvious, but while I dissociated myself from any belief in the powers of Tauribariba and the advantage to the place of having him restored, I am afraid I was not honest enough to say that he had that day proved his power. He had been taken two miles away and he had returned, and the old people were no doubt more than ever convinced that their boast in his power had good foundation. We gave the old men some tobacco to ease the strain that had been put on their nerves, and we separated each to go his own way, but only after some one had warned us that the blind man had a long way to go, that it would soon be dark, and he could only travel slowly.

The incident brought its harvest, and we were shown various things that had virtues,—stones in and near the houses that had an influence on the life and health and prosperity of

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the people, sling-stones which had been kept for generations and which gave to others in the bag the power of direction so that they would certainly hit the victim aimed at. At Wedau there is a stone which gives strength and courage for war. From far and near people came to drink water in which chips of it had been boiled. In all the villages there are stones which are revered, and which may not be moved. In the Boianai villages many of them have signs on them, rude circles, chipped concentrically; their presence in the village ensures success to all garden work, a plentiful supply of food, and happiness to the people. The people are loth to part with them at any price, though we have bought a few for the museum. There are others, short stunted obelisks stuck in the ground with rude markings. All these are really tabu; they may not be interfered with or trouble will follow. Whence they came no one knows, they were here in the time of our ancestors, they remain for ever, what the markings mean no one can say. I suppose should the village be moved for any reason the stones would be taken to a new site.

There is a row of nasty protruding rocks in the sea not a quarter of a mile from the shore on the northern side of Goodenough Bay, and people claim they have a sinister power, since from them comes all the stealing that takes place. In some way the influence goes forth and men become thieves. It does not seem to have suggested itself that if the stones were removed the stealing might cease. But who could do it? One wonders what would happen were they shattered with dynamite. Would people become more moral so far as respect for the property of others is concerned?

In every village there are large flat stones worn smooth by constant sitting on them, arranged as a sort of pavement more or less circular. Here and there at the outside edge are others, also worn smooth, stuck in the ground with a slight slope outwards from the perpendicular. Here—on the gana as it is called—the old men assembled to discuss matters, the oldest having the seats with backs to them. Here strangers

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would be taken when they came to discuss matters with the old men. Here the old men rested in the evening when the day's work was done.

Tabus are placed on certain places and on certain trees either after a death, when dances are not allowed in the village, or when the fruit of the coco palms are to be reserved for feasts of any kind.

The tabu consists of fronds of the coco palm tied round the tree, and these have the advantage of making a rustling noise should any one attempt to climb the tree, and so notice would be given. This is perhaps not a tabu mark pure and simple. The real tabu sign is a cross of sticks in the ground, or two sticks with a horizontal piece at the top to which is tied a piece of coco frond with the leaves shedded out, some bits of broken coco-nut shell or dry husk, some shells, some little pieces of the property of the dead, some bones of a fish or of an animal, or something similar. No one will dare to touch the tabu sign or break the tabu, for to do so means horrible sores or wasting sickness and death.

No one may drink the water of the irrigation canals at Wamira and Wedau. Once some young men asked me for empty kerosene tins—they had some heavy work in the gardens and wanted to take a good supply of drinking water. When I suggested that it was a work of supererogation as there was plenty of good water in the canals, the suggestion was treated with horror. One woman who had a wasting sickness and sores was turned out of house and home by her husband. She had broken garden tabus, and would never be good for anything. Another woman gave birth to a monstrosity, eyes and mouth and nose like those of a fish, and it was secretly and solemnly suggested that she had drunk water in the irrigation canals.

CHAPTER XIV

THE COCO-NUT—THE HAIRDRESSER

BOUNTIFUL nature has provided many gifts for the people in New Guinea, but of all of them surely the greatest and most useful is the coco-nut. The uses to which fruit and palm and fronds are put seem to be endless. Use can be made of every part. Where it came from to New Guinea no one knows; whether it is indigenous or whether kindly mother Nature sent it from some other land, drifting it by tide and wind and current till it reached the shores of New Guinea, and there took root and grew. Certainly from time to time coco-nuts have been picked up on the windward side of the islands along the coast of Queensland inside the Barrier Reef which must have drifted from the islands away to the east. Such is the natural, practical explanation. But so prosaic an origin will not satisfy the people of New Guinea to account for so great, so useful a possession.

There is a tradition, which appears in slightly different forms, that long, long ago a woman, anxious to secure fish before people had learnt to make nets, hit on a novel way of getting her harvest from the sea. She went away, always by herself, and she always had plenty of fish. One man, seeing what a great heap of fish bones had collected near her house, determined to follow her one day and find out how she managed it. The woman came to a lonely part of the beach and, to the watcher's horror, he saw her screw off her head and place it in the sea; through the apertures for eyes and mouth and ears the fish entered the skull, and when full she lifted it out of the sea.

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The man managed to slip into the sea, secure the skull, and threw it away into the scrub. (Another version is that the woman left the head on the beach, went into the sea, and the fish passing into her neck as she stooped under the water were secured. The man stole out and secured the skull while she was in the sea.) The headless one searched in vain for her head, and the man fled in terror. Some time afterwards he went to look for the skull, and found a beautiful palm, and hence came coco-nuts. It must be true, for when you take the husk off there you find the skull with two eyes and a nose. Quite certain it is that there are no coco-nuts except where people are living or have lived on the seashore, and where you see coco-nuts there is or has been a village. In some few places back on the mountains coco-nuts have been planted but they do not fruit well, and perhaps the shore people object to mountain people growing them and interfering with their monopoly; besides, our ancestors did not grow them, and the few we get we need for other purposes, so would the mountain people argue.

The natives are clever at climbing the palms, and there are very few men and boys who cannot do it. Now and then you will find a man who gets giddy at a height and dares not go up, a woman would not think of attempting it. They hobble themselves with a piece of bark or native rope at the ankle, and encircle the palm with their arms raised to about the level of their heads, their feet on the aerial roots. They then draw themselves up into a sitting posture, resting the soles of their feet on the rings where the fronds had been when the palm was younger, throwing their weight outwards they strain the hobble tight, and so get a purchase for their feet on the rough stem of the palm. The arms are raised again till the person stands erect, the feet are drawn up, knees bent, and so they climb. The palm fronds are strong enough to bear the weight of a man and the nuts grow close to the stem. They twist the nuts off the stalk ripe or green but fully formed, as they need them, and let these fall to the ground.

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Occasionally the nut is cracked, especially the green ones which are heavy, but not often, though they fall sixty or seventy feet to the ground, so well are they protected with fibrous husk. They fall with a tremendous thud, rebounding, and woe betide any unfortunate on whose head they fall. It sometimes happens that in a high wind nuts fall and men have been struck. Even a New Guinea skull suffers, though one fancies nothing could injure that part of a New Guinea man or woman.

If it is leaves that are wanted, these are cut off close to the palm and allowed to fall to the ground, and the opportunity is taken of clearing away the rubbish that collects among the fronds.

Ripe coco-nuts are collected for a feast and strung over the ridge of the house or on poles, in great lines. A thin strip of the husk is cut out of two, which are tied together and can be hung over a pole or conveniently carried. A bundle of half a dozen is tied so in pairs, the connecting fibre twisted round, and so they are easily carried. When natives build their houses they choose the site with a view to the possibility of coco-nuts falling, or the palms being blown down in a high wind, and in spite of careful forethought sometimes a palm crashes down on a house. This consideration accounts to some extent for the irregular way in which houses are grouped. They are careful not to sit under a palm on which are ripe coco-nuts, and again and again when a stranger—a thoughtless white man—goes into a village and sits down they have warned him to move out of danger.

It is a work of art to take the husk off a coco-nut, and it is painful to watch the clumsy efforts of a white man hacking and tearing at it in vain. A native squats down on his buttocks and places the nut between his feet, the knees bent outwards so that he holds it between the soles of his feet. He takes a short stick of close grain, rather heavy and sharpened, and gently taps out a line of holes along the length of the husk—a slight turn of the nut and then another line, but this time the holes are deeper and when the stick is driven in an

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outward motion lifts the fibre. So the whole is marked out in sections and then a couple of pulls at the butt end opens the whole and the nut is lifted out, any stray fibre being picked off. So for a dry nut, but if it is a green one the sections must be taken out one at a time and there will remain, at the end where the eyes are, a pointed lump of soft fibrous substance. This is gripped between the teeth, a pull and a twist given to the nut removes it at once. A New Guinea man finds his teeth useful for many purposes!

The unripe coco-nuts are used for drinking, and what is more refreshing on a hot day than the cool, slightly acid milk of a green but fully developed nut? the thick husk has kept off the heat rays. There are three ways of opening a nut for drinking. One is to cut out the tender shoot which closes one of the eyes and so leave a small hole, but beware you do not get shot in the eye when the milk squirts out, as it will, like yeast out of a bottle when it is up. The milk will stain your clothes a deep brown which nothing will take out. It seems to be always necessary when the hole has been cleared to wipe it with the palm of the hand—not always a clean one—then the head is thrown back, the aperture placed to the mouth and the milk sucked out. You ought to be able to drink a whole coco-nut without pausing for breath, but you will almost certainly have to rest the muscles of your neck and take another breath, after sighing deeply from satisfaction combined with exhaustion. Also that lets a little air get in and makes it easier to finish.

This is the only drink allowed during fasting, and then the nut should be roasted first; and in times of sickness it is the one thing the patient longs for—that and sugar-cane to chew.

Another way of opening a *dalo* (as the drinking nuts are called) is to hold the nut in the left hand, stalk end up, and gently tap round the top with a stone, turning it in the left hand by a slight twisting motion meanwhile. You can then lift the top like a lid, and drink without any strain on muscles and sinews from sucking. A third way is to crack the nut in the middle

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with a sharp blow, the nut being held horizontally, *i.e.* the long axis horizontal, in the left hand. Then you hold it high in the air above, your head thrown back, mouth wide open, and open the crack, pressing outwards with each hand. With practice you can drink the whole of a nut so without ever pausing for breath, but you will most likely bathe your face, and neck, and chest at the same time. This last is the ordinary way of opening dry nuts, for they are wanted in two halves for convenience in scraping the flesh, to dress the food, or oil the skin. The milk of the dry nut is insipid.

When you have drunk your *dalo* dry there is still use for it. Cracking it round the middle it opens in two halves, and there is the soft luscious flesh to be eaten—scraped out with a sharp instrument or lifted clean away from the shell; it is delicious, infinitely preferable, though not so rich as the flesh of the dry nut.

The empty shells can be used for fuel or for impromptu drinking cups, but only as a makeshift; for general use much more elaborate drinking cups are made.

The ripe nut, dry, and brown, and light, is used for food, and for dressing boiled food with the oil, as has been described, and for oiling the skin and hair. A small pearl shell, ground down and the edge serrated, is used to scrape the hard flesh into shavings. This is put into a wooden bowl or half a shell, and when there is sufficient a man oils his friend. A handful of the shavings is damped, and the man stands over his friend, who is sitting on the ground, and sprinkles the oil with a throwing action over hair and body, limbs and face, while the man himself rubs it in. He must be careful none gets into his eyes, or he will know it. The oil is allowed to run through the hair, and a few shreds of snow-white coco-nut are sprinkled over it, effective decoration on the dark-brown fuzzy hair. It is refreshing after a bath in the sea followed by a sluicing with fresh water, and a man thinks himself somebody when his body shines with oil and his hair has been well teased out with the long combs.

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This is an elaborate business, and is done before the oiling process, of course. A man cannot do his own hair properly, though he always carries a comb in his hair, unless he is in mourning or at such work as would make it inconvenient, and whenever he sits down he teases out his hair as a woman shreds the leaves of her coco-nut skirt to make them finer, or as a white man twiddles his thumbs. These combs are made of small split palm, about fifteen or eighteen inches long and an inch or so wide. The one end is split down a third of the distance to form a number of teeth; string is tightly bound round at the butt of the teeth to prevent further splitting, and in and out of the teeth to spread them. The teeth are sharpened, and the handle covered with a netted covering, often of various coloured fibre; the end of the handle decorated with black banana seeds, and a pendant. It looks when finished rather like a toasting-fork, but it is a very useful instrument and also a very effective decoration. A man sits on the ground, and his friend kneels or sits on his knees beside him and teases out the hair till it is a great mop; all knots are teased out and stray hairs cut off till it is perfect in shape. Meanwhile if the one operated on is the happy possessor of a looking-glass, he holds this in front of him and amuses himself pulling out the hair on his face with a sharp shell or stone and the nail of his thumb, jerking them out by the roots, and pressing his cheeks out with his tongue to get a good view of stray hairs.

If he has no glass he must get his friend to shave him in the same way, but then he must lie prone on his back for the operation. He may prefer to do it himself with a loop of fibre stretched tight. This is held close to the skin of the face, the fibre twisted by thumbs and first fingers in opposite directions so as to twist in the hairs, and a forward jerk pulls them out.

Only after hairdressing and shaving is finished can the oiling process be carried on, and when your friend has so barbered you, you return the compliment for him. In order

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to preserve these great heads of hair from getting tangled, and because it is such a great business to dress them, the men use about the most uncomfortable pillows that can be imagined. They are blocks of wood that have been carved with a hollow which just fits the nape of the neck, or small branches of trees half an inch thick, or less, with branches on them which can be cut to form legs. Only the nape of the neck rests on these, and the hair is kept off the ground so that there is no pressure on it. Or merely a small log of wood will do as well.

The shell of the ripe coco-nut is used for making water-bottles and drinking cups. A small hole is made in the eye end of the nut, all the flesh is scooped out, and you have a convenient water-bottle. A screw of leaves pushed in forms a cork. The water-bottles are decorated often with carvings. For drinking cups the shell is cut out to the shape desired, and the rougher outer skin ground off, as is also done with water-bottles. There are decorative carvings on the outside edge, and a convenient handle is often made by leaving a projecting strip of the shell. Cups and ladles are polished with coco-nut oil, and become a dark ebony colour from oiling and use. Neat little baskets are made out of the shell of the unripe nut. Two sections are cut out, leaving a handle in the centre, and decorations carved on handle and round the edge. Ornaments for ears and armlets, the latter carved, are cut out of the shell of the dry nut.

The fibre of the nut makes excellent "waste" for wiping with, and also for kindling a fire and for carrying a light. A live coal placed on the inside of a section sets it smouldering, and when blown upon breaks into a blaze. Especially useful is this at sea. A boat passes a canoe, or one canoe another which wants a light, and there is no time or it may be no inclination to delay. A quarter of a husk of a coco-nut is set floating in the sea with a live coal in the centre, and the man in the canoe comes up and gets the fire wanted. Children stick a mast and sail in sections, and use them as playthings.

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Food and drink, oil for the body and for cooking, water-bottles, cups and ladles, ornaments and fuel, waste and kindling, playthings—a fine list of the uses to which this nut can be put, surely. Other parts of the palm have their uses.

The frond when plaited is walling and roofing for the houses, and also doors and sleeping-mats. Baskets are made of various kinds, and for different purposes. The shredded leaves make the women's dresses, the midrib their brooms. The central unopened leaves are a good vegetable. The backbone of the fronds is used to fix along the edges of doorways and windows and along canoes.

The wrapping which protects the young fronds when they spread themselves out, is useful to cover up ragged edges, sewn round like a cloth, or to wrap up things to be preserved from dirt and dust and smoke. The dry leaves make good flares to be used when fishing along the beach at night. Strips of the leaves are ingeniously twisted to make miniature wind-mills, which revolve at a great pace in the wind. The dead bundle of the flower stems covered with netting form fish-traps to catch the flying-fish. The stem of the palm itself, should one have fallen or require to be cut down, is useful as the bottom plate of a house to tie the upright sticks to, and being heavy is not easily moved by pigs; or, cut into short lengths, can be used to fence round a young coco palm or breadfruit. The nut itself is used as a symbol for offering, and accepting, or rejecting, a death feast, and it is of course a useful article of trade.

It might be thought the native of New Guinea had found out every possible use for the every part of the precious palm, but they have not learnt, and no one wishes them to learn, how to make an intoxicating drink by tapping the palm near the top, as is done in some of the South Sea Islands. Moreover, the white man knows that the sun-dried flesh of the coconut is useful for soaps and cosmetics, for oilcake and many other things, and the fibre of the husk for rope and mats. The white woman in New Guinea has found that when tinned



HAIRDRESSING AT WAMIRA

The long comb in the picture is peculiar to Bartle Bay. The man whose hair is being "teased" out, has just had a shampoo of coconut froth, which makes the hair pliable and fluffy.

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milk is exhausted, and fresh milk not available, the oil squeezed out of the shredded ripe nut is an excellent substitute for milk in coffee and cocoa, but not so good in tea, and that it adds a flavour to bread and scones, and can be used in various ways for cooking. The milk of the unripe nut can be used instead of yeast for making bread.

The husk of the dry nut sawn across is as good as anything for scrubbing decks and floors.

Nearly all mountain produce could be bought in olden days with coco-nuts. Having none of their own the mountain people are keen on getting them, especially for oiling their bodies, and the hard dry look of their skin compared with the soft, glossy appearance of shore people is very probably partly due to the fact they cannot oil themselves as frequently as the shore people. Nowadays the shore man finds he can sell his coco-nuts to the white or coloured trader for tobacco, or by making copra himself, do better still.

There is a Government regulation that every adult native (male) shall plant a certain number of coco-nuts every year, but in many places it is not enforced. This is the more unfortunate, as the natives themselves are not on their own initiative planting as many as they used to in olden days, for at that time whenever a child was born one or more coco-nuts were planted, and so the requisite number was kept up. This custom seems to have been dropped, as have so many others.

Had the regulation been rigorously enforced during all the years it has been the law, there would now be an abundance of coco-nuts, and in times of famine a fine stand-by in the way of food. The pinch would not have been felt so severely, lives would have been saved, and physique preserved, for that must suffer when children are checked in their growth as they sometimes are by insufficient and poor food.

The coco palm is not only useful in so many ways, it is also a thing of beauty, and perhaps no sight can be imagined more beautiful than that of coco palms on a bright moonlight

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night. To lie in the village and gaze upward as the long feathering fronds wave gracefully and gently to and fro in the breeze, a bright moon shining through them in a clear atmosphere, and a cloudless sky, is to enjoy a vision of beauty which only the tropics afford, and than which nothing can be imagined more beautiful. Beautiful, graceful, useful, the palms need little attention, though they repay attention and care. They will grow on what seems nothing but barren coral rock, or in the bare sand of the seashore, where the waves wash away nearly all the sand and the palms lean out to sea with little to hold them up. Well may the native mind scorn to think of owing them to the casual drift of the sea, mere flotsam and jetsam, but try to find from imagination some explanation of their origin more in harmony with the great part they play in the lives of the people.

CHAPTER XV

CHILDHOOD

As it is with the rest of humanity so it is with the people of New Guinea, birth and marriage, sickness and death form important parts in the lives of the people. Interests are on the whole mainly centred in the home, home life and home duties, providing food for the family and performing all the duties that centre round the home; these are the real interests of life, and, on the whole, the New Guinea people are happy in their homes.

Feasting, and in the old days fighting, dancing and hunting, travelling for business or pleasure, were enjoyable recreations, and afforded acceptable change, but the heart of the New Guinea man was in his home. His own village was the dearest spot on earth, his own people the ones most worth thinking about, his own language the sweetest to his ear, food from his own garden that which was most to be desired. Other people might be better off in many ways, have better gardens, better houses, more pigs, better customs, but they were not his, and his heart was true and loyal to his own home and his own people.

They are very fond of their children are the people of New Guinea, no matter what casual travellers or thoughtless folk with little or no discrimination may say. Before the child is born the mother has to be very careful as to diet, where she goes, and what she does. All ornaments that have string in them must be put away. Before the first child is born the other women cook the prospective mother a special dish of food, and she is called by a special name. She may not carry heavy loads, and she is treated with respect; but in this, as in

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so many other ways, customs carefully observed in her own village are neglected should she be living away, under different conditions, at a Mission station, or as a trader's wife for instance.

It seems again that all is external, and there is no reason attached to customs, tabus of place govern them in this as in other ways. Fortunately with childbirth there seems little that is hard on the mother, and she is soon, in a day or two, able to be out and bathe, and is about her ordinary occupations in an incredibly short space of time. The older women know what to do in ordinary cases, but are hopelessly at sea should complications arise, though some are of course better midwives than others. One old woman whose daughter was always in trouble at such times was worried as she was dying because there would be no one who could attend her daughter, and she asked one of the women missionaries always to be ready to attend her when it was necessary.

The cord is cut with a chip of obsidian, which is very sharp but with a somewhat serrated edge, and it is said that hæmorrhage never occurs.

During the early days of the baby's life the mother is of course supreme. She and other women rule.

The mother is very proud of her baby, with its skin nearly white when it is born, and proud too is the father, though he takes little or no notice of the little one, and dissembles his pride. He would not dare to touch such a frail, delicate creature, and what right has a mere male to know anything about, or to do anything for, a small infant; but as soon as it will bear rougher handling he will nurse it very gingerly, afraid all the time that he may do some damage, and he is called sharply over the coals when he so handles the child that there is, or is supposed to be, danger to its back. He takes the rebuke as quietly, as humbly, as shamefacedly as a white man would under similar circumstances, hands the precious thing back to its mother or to some other woman to be treated, as it seems to other males, if not to him, far more roughly than he had treated it. Later on he will be allowed more



JESSIE TUTIBANA

A woman's skirt is made of shredded coconut leaf, and is known as an "airpa." Eight or ten of these airpas are often worn at a time. The cooking pot on this woman's head is made by the village potter.



A TYPE OF HAIRDRESSING

The hair is clipped in front and allowed to grow bushily at the back of the head. In Papua it is a glory for a man to have long hair, but the women mostly shave their heads, or keep the hair quite short.

CHILDHOOD

opportunities to dandle his child in his hands, with both hands outstretched, palms upwards, surely the most tiring way in which one could nurse a baby. The mother must be careful what she eats while she is nursing her child, for she knows that the health of the child depends on her own health. There are certain foods, and certain kinds of fish, which are set apart for her, and for her alone, when there is not a plentiful supply.

Her mother or the mother-in-law will go out to find suitable material with which to make a nourishing soup for one nursing a small infant.

The little one is placed on a small sleeping-mat, and sleeps there on the ground for a few weeks, and when carried about rests on such a mat which nearly folds round it. This gives support to the back, and for many months every one will be careful that the baby is so carried and nursed that there is no danger of injuring it. Once when a white woman, a member of our staff, was nursing an infant that we had adopted, some old men who were at the station cried out in horror at the way the child was held, and proceeded to explain fully the the great risk to the child by holding it so. And if the old men could be so stirred, what would the women say?

The little one is soon placed in a cradle—a netted bag, which the child soon outgrows. In the bottom of this a small sleeping-mat is placed, and on this the child lies curled up quite comfortably, though parts of its body when taken out will show the pattern of the network impressed. The bag is hung from the roof of the house, and gently swings backwards and forwards, the nurse, whoever he or she may be, holding the string by which the cradle is hung, and crooning a cradle song all the time.

Ordinarily a small infant is not carried far from home, but if by chance it should be necessary to do so, the mother places it in its netted cradle, and hangs the bag from her head suspended in front of her; she places over the child a large sleeping-mat to protect it from sun and wind, and this mat is kept in position by being held by the mother in her teeth.

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There are always some women fussing about the mother to get her ready, just as white women do. The mother must tie a long streamer of vine of some kind to her skirt, or better still to the baby's bag, so that it trails behind her on the ground. For should, by chance, the child's spirit wander from the body it must have some means of crawling back from the ground, and what so convenient as a vine trailing on the path.

As a further precaution the mother will chant a refrain as she goes along, so that the spirit can be guided back should it stray; for of course with a small infant the spirit is but loosely connected with its tenement, and has not got well accustomed to it; being so young it may easily get astray, and the child will die. Do not many young children die quite suddenly, and from no apparent cause? Later on, the tie between body and spirit is stronger, and the danger of separation not so great. So, too, probably the grandfather does not reckon the very young infant as worth counting amongst his relations; it has no permanent personality, and he hardly recognizes the existence of the new arrival. Make him count up all his grandchildren, and he will persistently refuse to recognize the infant. Tell him he has left out one, and he will reject with scorn the idea of recognizing it. As yet it does not count, but later on it will be added to the number. Or it may be that he does not wish to think of, or be reminded of the worries in store for him in the near future, for it will fall to his lot to nurse the child and care for it when the mother is away in the gardens or fishing!

The grandparents are the nurse-maids. Both male and female are pressed into the service, and very annoying it is to the old men especially, who perhaps want to sleep themselves; but as they can do little hard work they must let the mothers be free to do their work. The grandmothers are not so often used, for women can keep to their work longer than men. When you go down to the village in the morning you will find the houses empty, except for the very old and the very young. All is still and silent, except that here and there in

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a house is an old man with a baby swinging from the roof in its bag. The grandfather keeps it gently swinging, hoping it will soon go to sleep so that he may sleep too, and if the child is fractious he sings a lullaby, a sort of mournful chant that seems to soothe, reciting to the child where its mother has gone and for what purpose. Something like, "Don't cry, little one, your mother has gone fishing. She will come back with fish for us. She has gone to the garden and will soon be back with food for us all. Your mother is gathering wood, and will soon come back to cook our food." Or perhaps the lullaby is in some other language, the words quite different, one that has been handed down from generation to generation. At least some of the words sound strange, and their meaning is hardly known. The old folk are very patient and gentle with the little ones, but they are thankful to be relieved of the duty they undertook with a bad grace. Of course, if there are older children, not old enough to work or fish, but old enough to be trusted to mind a baby, they are pressed into the service; and one reason why grandparents object to school is, that it means they have no one free to whom they can pass on the nursing.

While the babies are young their heads are carefully protected from the sun's rays, but in a few months they can bear a good deal, and the skin darkens very soon. The heads of babies are plastered with pot black and the hair kept cut close. This close cropping continues with women all their lives, and with boys until they begin to develop into manhood. From time to time the heads of the children are shaven close to the scalp with a piece of obsidian, or in these days of glass bottle. Empty bottles are gifts gratefully accepted and sought for, and are used sometimes as trade. It is no wonder that at times the little ones find the operation of shaving their heads trying to the patience. They break away before the barber has finished her work, and it is not an uncommon thing to see a child in the village with one-half only of the head shaven, or a wide path cut through from forehead to nape of the neck, or a tuft of hair on the crown

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like a bit of scrub left on the top of a mountain-peak ; especially are boys seen so, but young girls submit to customs more readily. When boys arrive at the stage of puberty the hair is allowed to grow, and when he has passed through the initiation ceremonies he is allowed to wear a comb in his hair. He dare not do so earlier.

When the girls are about five or six years old they begin to wear a skirt, and are very proud of themselves, but the difficulty and the worry of it overcomes the pride, and it is some time before they can be bothered with the constant twisting and fixing it in position. The boys wear a loin-cloth ; but long before that they will have been dressed with a piece of string round the waist, but not *only* that and nothing more, for little bracelets are made and put on arms and legs, the ears are pierced while the children are very small, and tight-fitting coco-nut ear-rings placed in them so as to bind the ear tight to the hole that has been made. Necklaces are put round the neck, and you cannot afford a mother greater pleasure than by giving her a few beads to string for the baby's neck, and arm, and wrist, and ankle. Most likely these are put on the child as much to prevent evil spirits climbing up into the body and injuring the child as for ornament. Still, such things are none the less effective, for they are bright in colour, and add charm to the baby's appearance.

The spirits are not always blocked, for New Guinea children have their ailments as well as white children. They do not have scarlet fever, croup, or measles, unless these have been imported from foreign countries by white folk, and are epidemic, but convulsions, and fever, and colds. Some of them are born with an enlarged spleen, quite a large lump, and how they suffer ; they suffer all the troubles of teething, troubles of indigestion, and, worse than all, yaws. The natives say that every one has to have yaws, and better younger than older, much as every one is supposed to have measles in a white country. Frightful objects some of the children are when they have yaws badly, the whole body being covered



A TYPE OF HEAD-DRESS

This man's hair has been carefully "teased" out, and a strip of split pandanus leaf wound round it like a ribbon. To prevent the hair being crushed after this performance, a wooden neck-rest is used at night instead of a pillow.



TYPES OF HAIRDRESSING

This kind of hairdressing is seen in Collingwood Bay. The hair is allowed to grow long, and then plastered with mud into long coils, bound round with strips of leaf.

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with sores which last for months, accompanied by lowering of spirits, wasting of body, and general disorder of the system.

The rate of infant mortality is high, but it is often due, so we suspect, to the absolute belief that a child must have some taro to eat—where taro is the staple food—if it is to thrive. Some people prefer to believe that the old women give the child taro because it cries when the mother is away for some time, and they want to pacify the child by giving it something that will soothe it. But it seems more likely that the old women believe it is essential the infant should have what is essentially food for man. Infants not twenty-four hours old have had taro given them when the mother was present.

The old women chew the boiled taro in their mouths until it is small and soft, and put it in the child's mouth for it to suck and swallow, and sometimes the child dies soon after, perhaps in a day or two. Possibly it is all right if granny has a good set of molars, but it seems likely that if one or two are missing that there will be a few hard lumps of taro which the child swallows, and then there is inflammation and a speedy death. Of course the young mother, who has been warned not to let any one give her little one such food, cannot pit her inexperience against the experience of her mother, who gave her taro and she grew up.

There is one district, and one district only, where infanticide was frequent.

The mother is careful to bathe the infant every morning in a fresh-water stream or spring. She waits till the sun is well up and the chill taken off earth, and water, and air. No drying process is needed, but she blows into her baby's eyes to rid them and the lashes of drops of water, wiping them with the palm of her hand. Just as proud as a white woman is a New Guinea mother when her child begins to speak and to run about and play, and just as pleased as a white woman would be when her little one is noticed. Very proud are the little ones too when they can do something to help their

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mothers. When a little girl can carry the netted bag with an empty water-bottle in it suspended from her head, it is a sight worth going far to see—the independent air she puts on, the smile of self-satisfaction and pleasure on her face. And as with white children, the novelty soon wears off; when they get older they are not quite so eager to help. They soon learn to depend on themselves, and little mites will go away and play, and come to no harm.

Very early the fear of evil spirits is instilled into them, the evil consequences that will follow the doing of certain things, and their quick imagination easily magnifies, and makes a real part of its life the stories peculiarly suited to childhood's fancies and years. They learn respect for old age the more readily because the old people stand aloof with a good deal of dignity from the frivolities of life. As they cannot bear to beat their children, scolding and appeal to fear of evil spirits are the only ways of checking them. Parents give the children whatever they cry for, unless it should be actually harmful; and though they are naturally biddable the children are, of course, sometimes rude and disobedient to their parents.

It sometimes happens that the mother dies in childbirth, and the poor little motherless one will have a hard struggle to exist if it survives. Sometimes the child is killed and buried, or even buried alive with the mother in the same grave; and because this has been known to have been done in some cases people say it is the custom of the people, and it raises very hard thoughts. Of course it sounds horrible. A better instance could hardly be found of the danger of arguing from the particular to the general, and of the cruelty of not taking everything into consideration before passing judgment.

That there have been many cases no one can deny; that the deed springs as much from kindness as from cruelty (or more so, in fact) no one need doubt; that the deed seemed to the native to be unavoidable, is perfectly possible. No one would attempt to justify such a thing, but it must be remembered that there is nothing in New Guinea suitable for the artificial feeding of

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an infant. The misery, long drawn out, of a child which has lost its mother, and which the father or some woman has tried to rear on coco-nut milk, and chewed up vegetables, and the liquor in which food has been cooked, can be imagined. Where there are no cows or goats, no condensed milk, no Huntly and Palmers' biscuits, no prepared food, it is easy to imagine the misery of death by slow starvation. I have seen such a child, and the father would not give it up to us, hoping against hope that he might be able to rear it, and refusing to believe it was slowly dying of starvation.

"Who will be able to feed the child?" said a father as he held the crying infant in his arms at the side of the open grave of its mother, and the child was buried alive. It was horrible, and in that case need not have been done, as the child was a few months old, and it would not have been done only that the younger people who knew that the missionaries would care for the child and could rear it on cow's milk, were all away—it was in a mountain district—and the old people only were there, to whom it never occurred to take the child to the missionaries on the beach. The younger people told us of it, with all the horrible details, and expressed their sorrow that they were away. Horrible as is the thought of child-murder, it is only fair to look at the matter from the native point of view.

That the charge of cruelty is not deserved, and that it is not a custom, is proved by the number of people one comes across whose mothers died when the children were infants, and they were nursed by women who happened to have young babies at the time, and who shared their own baby's nourishment with the motherless one; or whose mothers died leaving babies only a few months old, and these managed to struggle through a precarious infancy on what could be provided for them. It is not likely that there will be a wet nurse available of sufficiently close relationship to justify the risk to her own child of taking another to nurse.

We have been able to save the lives of several orphans; of these, two are twin brothers who were about to be thrown into

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the grave with their dead mother who had died in childbirth, when a Christian native intervened. "Give the little ones to the missionaries; they may be able to rear them, or at least wait while I go and ask if they can manage it." That was nearly fourteen years ago, and they were our first charges, and the little chaps survived, though the Bishop, 'tis said by women folk, nearly drowned them when he baptized them but two or three days old in the river near by.

By the time they were a week old they had made a journey of nearly thirty miles by whale boat, and during fourteen years various missionaries have tried to kill them with kindness! The Mission owes a good deal to those little chaps, for our saving their lives has been a good object-lesson; it is of course known all along the coast, and it has given confidence in our work. In another case a motherless infant had been nursed for weeks by a woman with her own child, and was only given to the Mission because her husband began to complain that their child was suffering from insufficient nourishment. A fourth was handed to us because the mother had been very ill with pneumonia, and could no longer nurse her little one.

In the early days of the Mission, when we first had cows, the people professed to be very disgusted because we used the milk, though they themselves did not at all mind having tinned milk. Now they have become accustomed to the idea, and when mothers have little ones to nurse they are glad to get milk for themselves, and for the babies when they are old enough to drink it. Once twins were born in Wamira, and the father suggested they should be helped in this way, and sent his wife to Dogura—she was nothing loth to come—so that the little ones could be fed for a few weeks; and when they were able to drink, the mother continued feeding them in the village with milk from the Mission station. Far away as we are from any conveniences, we have been put to sore straits at times to arrange for feeding the little ones that have been given to us.

Once we were sixteen miles away from home, and the baby

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had to be brought by whale boat from the out-station. The old bachelor in charge there had many useful things, but it was not to be expected that he would have a baby's feeding-bottle amongst them! We were not to be outdone. We turned out a small bottle with a good cork, made a hole in the cork and inserted through the hole the glass filler for a fountain pen, the rubber end was well tied on, and one or two small holes made in it, and hey presto! we had what we needed. The little one did not need anything at once, he slept for some time in the boat, but when we had gone a few miles he woke up crying, and wanted nourishment. The improvised feeding-bottle, which had been filled with condensed milk well diluted, was produced, and at once, without the slightest hesitation, the little chap adapted himself to the new conditions of life. Every member of the crew had ceased rowing, and leaning forward watched the proceedings with intense interest. As soon as they saw the baby sucking there was a shout, "*I gugugu!*" (He is sucking), "*aiō mai Dimdim, bariawa!*" (what wonderful people the foreigners are), and then some one looked towards the shore and said, "At such-and-such a place the baby had its first drink." And for the rest of the journey this was the one subject of conversation. The whole process was discussed, the minutest details gone into, and doubtless it was talked over again and again in the villages. Surely one can think of no act more Christlike than that of saving the lives of motherless little ones, and if the missionaries could do no more, their presence in the country would be justified.

Children are not called by any name until they are about a year old. What is the baby's name, you ask? only to be told it has not a name. How absurd to call a little thing like that by a name it cannot understand; the child is an "it" without any individuality, any personality, and do not we white people call little babies "it," almost as though they were sexless.

So the old heathen in the village wonder why we baptize the infant children of Christian parents. The mother is

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asked when is the baby to be baptized, and the grandmother chips in with the answer, "It is too young, it is senseless; wait till it is older." Perhaps, too, there is also the objection to taking the small child so far from home. It may be that all this is part of the same idea that until the child has shown signs of noticing things, signs of intelligence, the spirit has not taken up a permanent abode in the child, and so, as a human being, it has no existence worth speaking about.

These and other things seem to show that a sharp distinction is drawn between body and spirit by the natives. Certainly the body gains from long association virtues from the indwelling spirit; but it is the spirit which is the real man, higher than, and superior to, the body in which the spirit dwells.

I have seen that two eminent anthropologists expressed an opinion, after careful inquiries amongst the tribes of central Australia, that the women there have no idea about the natural cause of conception, that they connect it at the time of quickening(?) with some natural object they notice at the time, a stone or tree, or animal or bird. One would be very humble in suggesting a criticism of the opinions of such careful investigations; but may it not be that there is some confusion between the physical conception which the women understand the cause of, and what might perhaps be called psychical, the entrance of the spirit into the foetus, and that it is this latter which was spoken of and attributed to such outside agencies? I have not seen the book in which the statement is made. I saw the statement referred to in a criticism of another book, and I may be over bold in offering a criticism under such circumstances. There may be races as ignorant as is implied; it is difficult to imagine such, when marital infidelity appears to be so severely punished everywhere, and when the responsibility of the father for the child is recognized, if only to a small extent.

The little children in the villages enjoy life immensely, playing and laughing and singing, and imitating their elders



A BABY'S CRADLE

When the mother is busy, she puts her baby in a string bag suspended from the roof of the house (to make the photo clear, a piece of Tapa cloth is being held up behind the child).

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in all they do. When feasting and dancing is going on the little ones will be seen holding a mimic feast and dancing as they have seen their elders, an old tin or a piece of wood is used as a drum, and they have picked up the chant and its words.

Very soon they learn how to forage for themselves, and are off fishing and hunting for fruits. An old fruit tin, or meat tin, or jam tin got from the Mission station serves to cook up what they find, and sweet delicacies they are. They run wild until the missionary comes along and wants them in school.

They are very affectionate, but very shy until they get to know one; but they will come crowding round you in the village when they have gained confidence in you, fighting to get hold of a finger or the edge of a garment, chattering away all the time, "Where are you going?" "What are you going to do?" they ask at once, as indeed every native, old and young, does as soon as you put in an appearance. The little ones are keenly interested in investigating your garments and all you wear, all your trinkets and what you have in your pockets, and they explain to one another the reason and purpose of everything as they understand them. Some are indignant because others have got nearer to you as you sit on a log with a crowd around you, and they express their indignation by rebuking the forwardness and boldness of the others, and their rude inquisitiveness, but quite ready to take the coveted place should there be an opportunity for doing so.

Some of them are really beautiful specimens of childhood, with their clear brown skins, their features rounded, not yet fully developed, the ears not as yet dragged down by the weight of ornaments, their nostrils not yet expanded, and the absence of bridge to the nose not yet apparent, their cheeks round and plump, their eyes bright and sparkling, their teeth beautifully white and regular, and, above all, with their natural, confiding, affectionate natures.

CHAPTER XVI

MARRIAGE

THE children grow up out of the interesting and appealing stage of childhood, when they are most delightful creatures. They advance to youth, and have to take their place in the work and life of the village. Naturally and gladly they enter upon their work in the gardens, proud to be allowed to do so. They pass through the initiation into the position of young men and young women.

These initiation customs are dying out rapidly, and for their extinction the missionary cannot be held to blame. We have not set our faces against any except those which seem to be palpably immoral or likely to lead to immorality. Indeed some of us would like to connect confirmation definitely with this initiation into fuller life and higher privileges by native custom; using the opportunity for emphasizing the teaching that strength is shown by self-restraint, that privileges carry with them duties, and that for such strength, and to enable human beings to do their duty, they need such help as God gives us in the Sacraments of the Church. Only we wish our children to be confirmed at an age rather earlier than the age for initiation ceremonies.

The time comes, then, for our young people to be married. The young man has his garden so that he can feed his wife, and there is no reason for delay. It is doubtful whether any but very few marriages are the result of love, although undoubtedly in course of time husband and wife come to have a real affection for one another, but these are cases of love after marriage. From long association there grows up an affection which enables them to practise very real self-sacrifice

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the one for the other, and that in spite of the absence of personal attraction.

And it is not always the birth of children, and a common affection for their offspring, that draw father and mother into love for one another. One finds the parents separate after children have been born, and one also finds instances of affection and devotion where the married folk have either had no children or all have died in infancy; where husband and wife are all in all to each other, and the life of neither complete without the other. While they are not obtrusive in any way in showing natural affection for relations—indeed it is etiquette not to do so—one often finds husbands and wives who speak to each other and about each other in a way that is full of love and affection. The expressions of mourning used by a widower or widow also show that the dead one is missed, that there was real affection, that the world seems empty now the loved partner was gone. “Why did she leave me? Did she think I was unkind to her? That I would not find her food? Was she tired of me?” “If only he had spoken to me before he died it would not have been so hard,” said a woman whose husband had died suddenly. “If only I had been here and could have been with her, I would not have minded so much,” said a man whose wife died while he was away visiting another place. He had left her quite well, and came back to find her dead and buried.

And so too this affection for the partner of joys and sorrows, and of work, this need of the other to complete the life of the one, is surely the reason why the widow or widower tries to commit suicide after the death of husband or wife, just as a mother will sometimes take her own life when a loved son dies, especially should he die when he comes to full-grown manhood. It is surely because the world seems so empty, because there is nothing worth living for, because all pleasure and happiness are gone from life, that the survivor takes his or her life, not wishing to live in an empty world. The survivor must be watched very carefully by friends if it is known there has been real attachment to the dead one,

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lest they climb a tree and throw themselves down, lest they hang themselves, or spear themselves. For a week or two until the first mad burst of grief is over they must be watched.

Once a woman who was devoted to her husband as her husband was to her—she a splendid example of a good wife and mother—died while the husband was away across the Bay. He had gone on our schooner and would return on her. The people, as soon as the funeral was over, came and asked if they could have our whale boat to bring the husband home at once. They had not a canoe they could use, and they were afraid should Berauwaga hear the news, as he certainly would, for it would pass round by shore from village to village, then he would do away with himself, or at least refuse to come back to the village. They wanted to get him back at once before news got to him by other means; and when they were starting some one said, “I hope they will watch him carefully or he will throw himself overboard.” They brought him home, not telling him anything, and when he knew his wife was dead he tried again and again to commit suicide. People had to watch him night and day. He burnt his house down, for he could not bear the sight of it, and when he was more settled he sent for me to ask my advice about going away to live in some other village. He would see the “footprints” of his wife and would be always sad.

I have known older women after their baptism ask me to use every influence possible with, and to bring all possible pressure to bear upon, their husbands that they may be baptized, so that when they die their husbands might be buried with them in the Christian cemetery; and the fact that one could say, “I am all right, my husband has been baptized,” emphasized the reality of their feeling. One could not but feel that it meant real affection, and one also hoped it meant even more, a perception of life hereafter, when we shall find, and know, and be with those whom we have loved here.

The care and devotion they show, husband to wife, and wife to husband, during times of sickness, or such an incident

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as this which follows, show love, and thoughtfulness that springs from love. Once when there was a famine, and people were living almost entirely on liquorice root, the men were going away to try and get some food elsewhere. I was passing through the village and I asked some women if the men had gone. One woman said, "No, they would go that night;" they had said they must get in a supply of liquorice root for the wives and children first. The ground was so hard the women could not dig the root up, and the men said, "They could not leave till they had got a supply to carry us on while they are away." Life is wider than logic, and we cannot always be bound by reasons which ignore the emotions of the human heart.

Ordinarily the arrangements about the marriage are made by the relations of the young folk. While they are quite young the parents arrange that such-and-such a boy shall marry such-and-such a girl. Presents are given to close the bargain. The common, crude saying is that the men buy their wives, and that so-and-so wants plenty of property of one kind and another, so that he may be in a position to pay the price. That there is a commercial element in the transaction is no doubt quite true. A man expects something from his son-in-law; he will prefer that his daughter marries one who is able to keep her, and who will be able to help him; but after all are such ideas altogether absent from the minds of all parents in civilized communities? Does an Englishman take no account of the position and the means of the man who wants to marry his daughter? Is his consent given altogether free from such considerations? Is his judgment as to what is a suitable match altogether unbiased?

If we are prepared to say quite frankly that men often buy their wives amongst ourselves, one would not mind the bald statement being made about "native" races; but it certainly does grate when one knows the very same thing is often done amongst ourselves, only we cover it up by some roundabout phrase, and do not call it plain buying and selling, and at all events if the presents that have been given are

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expected to be returned, or their equivalents, when a marriage which has been arranged does not take place, at least in New Guinea, the rejected lady does not set a price on her injured feelings.

It is quite a common thing for parents to tell you as you pat their little son on the head in the village, "That girl is his wife"—neither child having come to the age when garments are worn. As a rule they are quite ready to carry out the arrangements made for them in their infancy. Of course Nature may intervene, and the death of one or other effectually prevents the arrangement being carried out, and there may be a plethora of one sex and a generation of boys or girls must wait till partners are born to whom they can be affianced. But even when the old arrangement falls through from unforeseen circumstances, the young people usually choose their partners as they are bidden by their elders, and though there may be great disinclination on the part of one or other, much and constant talking and urging wins the day. So they marry to please others, and, as is to be expected later on, they separate to please themselves.

The marriage customs vary a good deal in the different districts. The time comes when the young man has plenty of food and a good garden and so is able to keep a wife; when his mother is getting old and feels the time has come for her to have some one to help her in her garden work, or for some reason which no one, certainly no outsider, can understand. Then one night the girl is taken off to the bridegroom's house and left there. It is really his father's house, for it is by no means necessary that he should have a house for his bride though he must have a garden. So long as there is room in his father's house, and a vacant corner where he can have a fireplace, he need not worry about house room. That seems to be all that is necessary in some villages; and so it may happen that a youth who goes to sleep in single blessedness with few cares to worry him, wakes in the morning to find he is a married man, his wife there with him. He is a little astonished at his change of condition, but also muchly amused,

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for no one sees the humour of a situation quicker, or enjoys it more than a New Guinea native.

It was not necessary to rouse the sleeping bridegroom in order that he might accept the situation; he would see his bride in the morning when he woke up and would understand. Probably his people and her people had talked it over amongst themselves. The bride could explain how she had come; she was his affianced wife with whom he had nothing to do hitherto, for engaged people show no affection for one another, do nothing, indeed, to show their knowledge of their position except to avoid each other, and never to mention each other's name. Even in such a district something else would remain to be done, some presents to pass at the time of the marriage, some cooking and eating of food.

In this way one night several young men were married at Boianai, but what moved the people to lead the brides away when they did we could never understand. Possibly they were anxious to secure that one particular youth should remain amongst them. His father was a Boianai man, but was dead; his mother from another village had gone back when her husband died. I think the old people were afraid the youth might get unsettled and go to his mother's people, so they decided to marry him to his appointed bride and secure his presence amongst them. Then, as they follow each other like sheep, and also to help the plot if others joined in, other parents of brides did the same thing. One boy repudiated the marriage, saying the girl was too young; and moreover, as she and he were Christians, he would only be married in church by a priest.

In most districts there is something more in the way of ceremony before the marriage is *un fait accompli*, and up to a certain point the man might repudiate the business.

In Wedau it seems the bride and bridegroom went to his garden; he pulled up food, she cleaned off the dirt and roots and placed it in the bag; he helped her to put the bag on her back and the string over her head, and they came back to the village together. She cooked for him and his people, and

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they eat together; there was a feast provided by his people for her people, and another by her people for his people, and then the marriage was recognized as having taken place. The young people lived in the house of the groom's parents, and worked in his garden, and she helped her mother-in-law; but from time to time they migrated to the bride's people, lived with them and helped them. So they would change about for years before they had a house of their own.

In the Taupota district the man had to make a big garden for his prospective father-in-law, and he was kept up to the work too, before he could claim his bride. On the whole the wife's people got more benefit from the marriage than the husband's people. In the mountain districts it seems that the relations of the girl take her while she is quite young to the friends of her husband that is to be, and say, "Your son is going to marry our daughter; you can feed her and look after her; she is yours, not ours."

For a widow, ceremonies are somewhat different. The man who wants to marry a widow takes her to his home, and the relations of her first husband are the ones to be considered. They probably know all about it from the beginning. You can always trust a New Guinea man to make rapid deductions from what he sees, and there is very little that concerns himself that his eye misses. Perhaps the widow has had a present of some kind, and they know from whom it comes; perhaps she has been seen talking seriously with some one, and they understand quite well, no matter how dust may be thrown in their eyes. They hear the widow is at So-and-so's house. It sometimes seems uncanny how they know things. Word goes round that So-and-so has taken such-and-such a widow, and before you can say Jack Robinson the young men of the first husband's clan are off with their spears and have speared a pig belonging to the happy man; they have made a great pretence of anger, robbed his coco-nut trees, and taken food and the pig. They have a feast to console themselves for the loss of the widow.

Then the female relations go and demand presents from

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the friends of the happy bridegroom, and so they release the widow from all claim they had on her, a claim because in olden days they had given presents to her people when she was first married to their male relative.

It is always difficult to decide what exactly consummates a native marriage, and as the Mission has always acted on the principle of acknowledging the validity of native marriages, there have been times when it was difficult to decide whether two people were married or not. When did the man and the woman take the irrevocable step?

One has to disabuse one's mind of conceptions formed on civilized ideas and on the marriage law of civilized communities. It does not follow that what consummates a marriage with us, does so with these people. The obvious thing to do is to consult the older relatives of both parties; but here great care has to be observed. It must be asked, "Were they married," not "Are they married," for you might easily get the answer "Yes" to the first question, and "No" to the second question. Divorce annuls marriage to the native mind. Were all native customs duly observed the matter would be simpler, but these are dropped very soon when the colours meet.

Of course we claim no right to interfere with the absolute heathen, with people who have not placed themselves as catechumens or by baptism under any obligation to rule their lives according to the Christian ideal; but we allow, rightly or wrongly, mixed marriages of Christian and heathen, and we have our troubles in consequence. Still, even the untutored heathen comes to the missionary for advice and help in times of matrimonial stress, and it is difficult to refuse to aid him, and one feels bound to try and help the heathen by moral suasion to be true to each other. Missionaries are not always wise enough to remember the sound advice contained in the expressive, if not very elegantly worded, saw, "Do not bite off more than you can chew." Nor can the native realize the distinction between "you ought" and "you must" when the words come from the all-powerful white man, even if the

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white man can express the difference in the native language; to him rejection of advice is equivalent to disobedience of an order. And the man who is too ready to interfere finds he loses prestige and influence.

Once it fell to my lot to decide whether a Christian widow was married to a heathen man, and the question arose far up the coast at Wanigela, in Collingwood Bay, with the added difficulty of my not knowing anything of the marriage customs of the place, and of having to use an interpreter; fortunately there was a satisfactory one to be found. It was quite certain the widow was willing, if Barkis was not.

We gathered the old men of the village and found out what had taken place, and what were the customs connected with the marriage of a widow. According to the custom, the bashful lady had been taken to the young man's house one afternoon. There she had lived for several days and had gone to his garden, but the young man when he came home the first day showed he did not at all approve of the arrangement.

He steadily refused food daintily cooked by the wife that wanted to be. He slept at home the first night, and after that refused to go near the house, sleeping in all sorts of places, on the Mission station, with friends, anywhere but at home, neglecting his garden. At last, as the lady still held possession, he went off to live in peace miles away from home and from undesired, importunate widows, and especially from one whom his friends desired him to take, and to whom as a matter of fact he had been engaged, when they were boy and girl, before she married some one else. Surely flight was the only safe thing, and perhaps deep down in his chest he felt sure such an extreme step would bring every one to his or her bearings, for how could his people bear to think of their son a stranger and an outcast far from home, or her people bear the reproaches for having driven him away.

The step acted like magic. The "wouldn't be" bridegroom had not gone many miles on his way to exile when his father heard, as people in New Guinea do hear, and posted after him. When he overtook him he besought him with



OLD WANIGERA
A village in Collingwood Bay.

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tears not to go away; that they would not insist on the marriage if only he would come back; and so the wanderer returned to find her people had advised her to raise the siege. He would not have her; she had waited patiently for many days. For once persistence, that nearly always conquers in New Guinea, must admit defeat, and so the young man found his father's house free for him to live in once more.

We heard it all from the old men with many details, with much dramatic expression, and no doubt it seemed quite unnecessary to them, as I know it did to my colleague the priest in charge of the district, that all this bother should be made about a simple matter. Mary was certainly not the wife of Roref, and the incident was closed, so why worry about it. It was a long confabulation, and seemed quite pointless, but I considered it was important that the village people should understand we were very particular about marriages, and as this was the first occasion of complications there about the marriage question, they must know that it must be quite clear that Roref and Mary had not already been married before it could be decided that Mary was free as a Christian to contract another union. I knew there might be complications in the future, and I knew that the conservatism of the people of New Guinea is such that they are as keen as a lawyer on precedents, and as clever in using them when they suit their purpose, and as ready to ignore them when they do not! I had thought all along there had been no marriage, and I was thankful to Roref because he had been so consistently averse to commit himself, but I thought it well that the people should have to convince me, and give me reasons on which I could decide. Mary found some one—a Christian—to console her, and is happily married.

Once again I had to unravel the question as to whether a widow were married or not; but on this occasion there was a Bishop in the diocese, and he had to decide on the evidence I gathered. She was an old lady in Wedau, not at all famed for good looks, and without any particularly attractive qualities, but a good old thing. It had been noticed that a

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young man who might well be Teresa's son, and who was not altogether sound mentally, had been paying attention to the old widow. I came home one day to find her waiting for me looking very worried, and anxious to know if she were married or not, and whether she could consider herself free to accept any offers that came her way. She told me her story, and was anxious to impress upon me that whoever was to blame for the tangle, she was not. It seems Marita had come to her and popped the question one night. She expressed her willingness to be led to his home and she was ; then he left her.

She went to his garden next day and got some food, which she brought to his house—which was really his brother's—and cooked it, but he did not put in an appearance. She and his people ate the food, but Marita did not put in an appearance that day or that night. Next day they heard he had gone down the coast some nine miles, and did not intend to come back. Meanwhile the young men belonging to Teresa's first husband's family had come over to spear a pig. Marita's brother asked them what they were doing. They told him, and he suggested they had better wait till the marriage was a certainty, as he knew nothing of it, and had not been consulted ; but why lose the chance of killing some one else's pig and eating it ! Teresa was willing to remain as long as necessary, but Marita's people told her she had better go home ; evidently the young man did not mean business, and home she went. It was necessary to consult her dead husband's friends, and also Marita's people, to be quite sure what had happened.

The one party declared the marriage had taken place. The killing of the pig settled it ; but they may have been influenced by a fear lest the pig might have to be paid for, and it seemed certain the young men had acted on their own responsibility. The other party said there had been no marriage ; the pig had been killed under protest, and when the women came to ask for their presents they had been refused. It seemed quite certain that though old Teresa had been very badly used, she had not been married. And so the Bishop decided.

CHAPTER XVII

DIVORCE AND POLYGAMY

How very far from the ideal have we travelled when the mention of marriage carries with it the suggestion of divorce, and the conjunction of opposites in one expression does not seem absurd and unnatural.

People talk of marriage and divorce as though they were connected together instead of being contradictions. Alas, not only in the uncivilized parts of the world is marriage looked upon as a contract terminable at will, but people whose social life is supposed to be based on revelation from on high, and who profess a high ideal of marriage, are fast drifting into a position not one whit better than that of the benighted heathen, and it has become possible for professing Christians to speak of marriage and divorce in one breath.

It is an important point to notice that wherever one goes in the world, and no matter how diverse may be the customs and habits of the peoples, how low in the scale of civilization they may be, marriage is a recognized institution which carries with it certain rights and responsibilities. The husband can claim certain rights and privileges with regard to his wife, and the wife can claim the performance of certain duties and the respect for responsibilities from the husband. The husband can claim the right of punishing him who intrudes into the sanctity of his home. Often the wife shares the punishment with the partner of her unfaithfulness, and the punishment is often death.

So, too, there is always, or nearly always, a joint responsibility and duty on the part of husband and wife to the children. And one may fairly claim that the attitude of a

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people towards the institution of marriage decides the position, or at least indicates the place the people occupy in the moral world. On the whole, such a test would place the people of New Guinea fairly high in the scale. For marriage is respected, and unfaithfulness on the part of the wife would mean death to her and to her paramour, or at least it would be considered that such a deed was different from murder for any other cause, though the offended husband would doubtless have to compensate the relations of him whom he had killed. The point is, that the husband in the view of public opinion would be held to have had such provocation as almost amounted to justification. It is true that such condign punishment would be the result of a sudden fit of jealousy, the effect of passion; and that in the case where a man discovered later on that his wife had been unfaithful, and so his jealousy was not suddenly aroused, he might be content with compensation for the injury without taking life.

There was an old custom, which certainly held good in some districts, of what are called group marriages, by which for a time men exchanged wives, and so entered into a new sort of relationship with each other and with the wives. Where customs are so confusing—to the outsider, at least—it is the more remarkable that there should be a clear-cut idea as to what constituted infidelity, and the compensation such infidelity demanded. There was not the promiscuous intercourse for married people as is sometimes supposed to exist. There may have been customs which showed a low ideal, and to outsiders a confusing idea of marriage, but all such things as are regulated by custom are at least removed from mere licentiousness, and what is not covered by custom, and is contrary to it, is recognized as irregular and may be punished.

Reasons for divorce are more numerous than reasons for marriage, and how easily in New Guinea they break the tie. How childish are the reasons sometimes, and yet, after all, perhaps not a whit more childish than what influences some white people—*mutatis mutandis*. How many worries and

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troubles we have had over separated couples, but firmness and discipline are making themselves felt, and gradually the ideal of marriage is being raised. The old bad tradition of experimental marriage still holds, and it will be a long time before it ceases to influence the people.

First and foremost, there has been no real love to draw people together, and none at first to enable them to bear and forbear with one another, to help them in all the little worries of everyday life none the less trying because they are commonplace. How many a white woman newly married has been upset because of the haunting fear her marriage was a mistake, that when it comes to the wear and tear of everyday life there will be friction; and how few white women could meet the worries and disappointments, and sometimes disillusionings of everyday life if she had no love for her husband, and knew he had none for her, as well as some self-respect and fear of public opinion to keep her true and to help her.

Can one wonder, then, that the parting-point is easily reached when there is no love to bind, and when public opinion acquiesces in the separation? The love will perhaps come later and be very true, very real, very lasting, if only the two settle down.

Then think of a girl living with her mother-in-law, with no home of her own, and the home of all the families consisting of one room. Mothers-in-law can be as trying in New Guinea as elsewhere, and seem to have the same characteristics; they are never quite satisfied with the daughters-in-law; they have tongues and know how to use them, and what will sting; they have their own worries; they looked for so much help in the garden and in the fishing, and things do not come up to expectation; they never do. So some disparaging remarks are made about the bride, and sometimes the mother-in-law is a nagger—and how some can nag! The young lady finds it too much to bear, and she goes home to her mother. Her mother takes her part, and it is a battle royal between the mothers-in-law. Very seldom, indeed, is it that fathers-in-law cause trouble, but then they are not so closely concerned with

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the petty details of home life. If every man built a house for his bride, and she had a separate establishment, probably divorce would drop by fifty per cent.

Or there is some little tiff between the young folk themselves. He makes some remark not complimentary about the garden or the cooking, or about the way the pigs are being attended to, coupled with a reflection anent her bringing up. She gets into a huff and goes home. Her mother, again, is ready to fight her battles, and she is too proud to go back.

Perhaps she is lazy, perhaps her appetite is rather large, and he expresses a doubt as to whether he will ever be able to get sufficient food to satisfy her; he has no consideration for her youth and inexperience. Or she may originate a dispute: she may complain of his laziness, or he pays too much attention to some one else, and her pride will not allow her to take second place—there may be jealousy where there is no love.

Or there is a real row, a right royal one, when he throws her dresses out of the house, or even, worst of all insults, throws them on the fire and burns them; then there is little hope of reconciliation. Or she casts longing eyes on some other man and accepts presents from him, or she says something uncomplimentary about her husband's personal appearance.

I once knew two old people who had been married for years, separate, and they never came together again, because she objected to his growing a beard!

Most often the cause is something very trivial, very silly, very childish, but the consequences are serious, for pride steps in; neither will admit to being in the wrong, for each blames the other, and probably both are at fault. A New Guinea girl can toss her head and let it be known she is not cheap goods, and a New Guinea boy knows his worth and will not cheapen himself. There are lots of good fish in the sea.

Sometimes in the bottom of their hearts they are hoping an opening will be made, and a reconciliation brought about; and so sometimes he comes and tells his story to the missionary,

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or more rarely she does, but sometimes it is not to get help for a reconciliation, but to put himself or herself in the right, as the case may be. Most often the missionary hears about it from a third party. They are great tell-tales these people, and it adds a little excitement to village life to have a few domestic squabbles going on, for every one knows everything about every one else. Then, too, there is sport in setting the big missionary dog on to chase the small native dog. They are always interested in the issue. Sometimes the old people do the business themselves: the father will take the daughter back. But it is nearly always the missionary who has to go off and try to patch up a matrimonial quarrel, and, as the people will insist on saying, marry the couple again.

It means long talking and no real hope of getting at the truth. Each side tells its own story, backed up by its own friends, fixes on some one point that justifies it, avoids all question of provocation given, when that would justify husband or wife in doing or saying the fatal thing; the stories do not tally. I should not like to say how many separated couples I have brought together again, or how many times the same couple has been reunited, nor again in how many cases I have failed to effect a reconciliation. I used to be very anxious to be quite just and to make the punishment fit the crime by making the husband, if he was to blame, bring the wife back, or take the woman to the husband if she was in fault. Perhaps I have got hardened, perhaps being a male I am prejudiced, but nowadays I am inclined to believe it is the girl who is the more silly, and I just take her back.

What patience it needs to find out the rights and wrongs, to unravel the tangle, to persuade him to have her back, to persuade her to go; the mixture of reproof and coaxing, of sternness and gentleness, of teaching and scolding, of seriousness and chaffing! Sometimes the humour of the situation is too strong for all parties, and the whole business ends in happy laughter, and then the day is won; and yet one has to be careful laughter does not come too soon: it must be spontaneous, or her pride is wounded and the fat is in the fire indeed.

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There was one very sulky girl whose trouble I had to fix up time and time again years ago. The last time—and the reconciliation then was lasting, at least it has lasted for years—I found her sitting outside her father's house shredding the leaves of a coco-palm skirt, with another on the ground beside her. I opened proceedings by asking whether she were living there, and got no answer. Was she living with her husband? no answer. To every attempt I made to open the question she remained stolidly indifferent, maintaining an absolute silence, and continuing her work of shredding the leaves as though I did not exist. She would turn the skirt around, examining the different parts critically, till I began to feel a bit of a fool, and the idea of retreating crossed my mind, but that would be fatal. I tried a frontal attack, throwing all pretence of ignorance to the winds, and said I had come to take her back to her husband, and was she ready. No answer, only more careful attention to her work. A little sterner note got in my voice, and I said, "Come, get up and come along. I can't stay here always waiting for you. Where are your things? Get them, and come, let us go." Still no move. I picked up the skirt lying near her and said, "Here, is this your best skirt? Put it on and let us go."

That fetched her. The suggestion that that old thing was her best skirt was too much. She got up, went into the house, and put on a very fine sago one. She got a basket and a few things and slung the basket over her head. I expressed surprise at the splendour of the skirt, and we started in procession to her home. These are trying, dismal processions of two. I always want to walk fast and get it over; but that does not suit her ladyship, she must not lower her sense of dignity by showing any hurry to get back to her husband. She must impress him and others with a sense of her unwillingness and her shyness. So she crawls along often with a skirt hung over her head, and really advertising what she is doing. Every one in the village is watching on, keenly interested and enjoying it all, probably making audible remarks. Gradually the distance between the two halves

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of the procession lengthens, and it may be necessary to wait in case she has given me the slip after all. On this occasion I had to cross a small gully from one village to the other, and the path led close to the beach, near our boathouse. There were people on the beach, and one old reprobate called out, his face smiling all over, "Where are you going to? What are you going for?" I treated the questions with contemptuous silence. Again the questions came; again I ignored them; but I was fated to be scored off. The old villain called out, "If you are taking Igirumi back to her husband, you had better bring her here, for he is here." They had all been enjoying it, the husband as much as any one, and we heard them laughing. I had to surrender with the best dignity I could. "Send him here," I called out, and went on to his house. He came up quickly with no hesitation.

Igirumi was a catechumen, so I could impress upon her that she could never be baptized unless she were true to her husband.

The stories of the reconciliation of married couples which I have had a hand in would fill a book, they alone. But there would be a good deal of sameness about them. I can only speak of one more, one which shows that Christian teaching has its influences, that the leaven is working. They were two Christians, Mounsey and Amelia, and they were married in church. Without any prejudice I can honestly say I believe Amelia was in fault entirely for the trouble. She had some good looks, but was certainly sulky, most likely lazy; about the last woman in the world I should like my life made miserable by. Her husband gave her a beating, not a very common thing in these parts, though more common up the coast. I am quite sure she deserved it, though I had to sink my own private opinion and tell him he was wrong to do it. It would never do for a missionary to encourage wife-beating.

We were standing in the dusk of the evening in a beautiful spot under coco palms. Just near was a little brush where water overflowed from a stream near by, and there were abundance of lilies growing, and round us crotons in all their glory. Would he take her back? He did not want to.

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He explained all his troubles: he had tried his best, but she was lazy, sulky, greedy. She spent her time wandering about the beach, never going to the garden. He had expostulated, argued, but she would not answer him. At last he had beaten her. He had appealed to her people to make her do her duty. Nothing would move her. What was the use of his taking her back, he could not live with her. I admitted all his hardships, but I could only appeal to his sense of duty. He had married of his own free will. He was a Christian, and must do his duty at all costs. She was young; she might get wiser. He could marry no one else, for he would be excommunicated if he did so, and his people would certainly worry him into another marriage. He must be ready to follow our Saviour, even if it meant suffering and loss to himself. At last he said he would take her back and try her again, but only because he was a Christian. If it were not for that he would have nothing to do with her again. I brought her back, and for a time they lived happily. I have not been in those parts for a long time, but I am afraid that at any time I may hear of an irreparable breach.

At all events, Christian teaching and Church discipline are making their influence felt, though it may be a long time before the force of the old tradition is overcome. We are able to point to dozens of couples who have had no other husband or wife, a thing almost inconceivable in olden days. These have had their tiffs and their squabbles; they may have separated and been reconciled, but they are true to each other; and there are cases where there has never been a hint of separation, the stream of matrimonial life has run smoothly always. The tone of the villages is immensely raised, and the heathen say, not only should Christians be true to their marriage vow, but that ours is the better way.

When we failed at reconciliation, especially if there has been infidelity, the only thing one can aim at is to prevent the Christian contracting another union. We have to allow, and I suppose the strictest advocate of the strictest view of the sanctity of the marriage tie would allow, that there may

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be separation under certain circumstances, but no fresh union can be entered into. The party not guilty of the cause of the separation is not put under discipline so long as he or she does not contract another marriage. So long as they live separate, but no complications make confusion worse confounded, there is a hope of reconciliation, and one can take a leaf out of the native book and ask them every time one sees them, "Have you taken your wife back?" "Have you gone back to your husband?" and patience and persistence have their reward at times. But there is very great danger. A young woman is not supposed to be alone. Her people worry her, and worry and worry till she accepts another husband, removes the disgrace, and silences the tongues. How can she hold out, when she more than half believes that what her people say is true? Or the man is nagged at because his garden is all overgrown. His mother and sisters have as much as they can do without helping him. It is a hard position, but miracles of grace happen in these prosaic days, and one always hopes some turn of the wheel will render it possible for the crooked to be made straight.

It is doubtful whether any of the old folk one sees living happily together as husband and wife have always been so. How often has an old man in his younger days tried and tried again till he found some one who suited him; he settled down eventually, and showed more self-restraint, because the women might all grow shy of one it was difficult to live with, and so he was more easily pleased than in earlier days.

How often has that old woman been married before she settled down with the old chap she thinks the best man in the world? It would be safe to say that only a very small percentage of the old married people are living with the first or even second choice. One comes across very startling relationships from this very cause. A young man has a father you never connected with him in any way, and a girl a mother you thought to be a complete stranger, until something is said, and you make inquiries, to learn in astonishment some family history. Some few have no doubt been true to each

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other from the beginning, for there has always been love in New Guinea, though Cupid may not have always been correct in his shooting, or people have not followed his lead.

It was when people were young and giddy, and thoughtless, that they have found it difficult to settle in life, and so explanations and excuses are given; but even sedate people, who seem to be settled in life, separate for some trivial, childish reason, and one wonders impatiently, Will these people ever grow up? There may be something serious, and the man sends the woman away, or the woman's pride and self-respect will not allow her to stay where she feels she is not wanted.

Polygamy is not a common custom in the eastern end of our Mission district. Farther west it is more so. There are odd cases in nearly every village, but there is a reason for it. Sometimes the first wife has no children and a second is taken in, the husband being too fond of number one to send her away; or it might be a simple case of ostentation, a man wanting to be a person of importance in the village; or a man may take his brother's widow in addition to his own wife. When there is some reason the first wife does not usually object, and the two will live happily together; but there will be no doubt which is the head of the house. In some cases a man finds it advisable to have two homes for the sake of peace.

There is a story told of a Boianai woman who put her foot down, and would not have a second wife in the place, or anywhere else for that matter. In the old days Lapoa went on a canoe trip with a number of others along Cape Vogel, and as they came home they thought they would create a little diversion at Menapi. So they landed and enjoyed themselves for a time, to the loss and discomfort of the Menapi people. Lapoa saw a lady that took his fancy, and he gave her a passage on the canoe, and willy nilly she went to Boianai. When the party arrived, and Lapoa took his new wife home, Mrs. Lapoa objected. There was no corner in the house for number two, and she would not let him have

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her in any way. Lapoa was in a fix, and might have been in a worse one if he had not found a friend in want of a wife, who relieved him of the encumbrance. Somora took the lady, and lived quite happily with her for years, and when he died she returned to Menapi. It speaks volumes for Mrs. Lapoa, who is now Rebecca, and even more does it redound to the credit of Lapoa himself, that his love for his wife should be strong enough to enable him to bear all the chaff of the village rather than ruin the happiness of his home.

It was told me once, for people are always ready to talk about their friends, that old Magala of Wamira had taken a second wife; but I had no need to argue the matter with him, for the old man also heard what was said about him, and that I had been told of it. He wasted no time, but posted up to me with his wife. I was busy at the time, but the two old people sat down on the verandah to wait till I was free. When I went out to them there was much clearing of the throat, and hemming and hawing, before the old chap could come to the point. A New Guinea man can never approach a subject directly; it is always by reference or innuendo, some roundabout way. "Have you heard the news? Have people been talking about me?" Or when you ask, what is the matter? "Oh, I have just come to see you." Of course, I professed to be quite ignorant of what he had come for, said I was glad to see him, and chaffed him and his wife. Innocently I asked the particulars of news about the village.

Gradually he worked himself up, and asked in a low tone of voice who had been talking about him. Ah! that would be telling, and such telling might mean a row in the village. The important thing was, "Is it true?" More clearing of the throat and some whispered hints from Mrs. Magala, and then the old chap plunged *in medias res*. No, it was not true. His wife, he called her his *misisi*, in honour of Mrs. Newton. She was his *misisi* the same as Mrs. Newton was my *misisi*, and he had no more intention of taking a second wife than I had, and that was what he had come

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to tell me, and he had brought his wife with him that she might know exactly what he had said to me, and that I might be assured by her presence that he meant what he said, and he had brought some *dalos* for me, that I might feel quite certain he was my friend. So I took the *dalos* and accepted the assurances, and was glad he was not going to do anything wrong, especially as he was an important man in the village, whose example carried weight with his people. As he was going away I gave him some tobacco as a present; it would have been too crude to have given it when I received the *dalos*.

It is said that when first the missionaries came there was an old man in Wedau who had two wives. Gaireko listened to the teaching against polygamy, and sent away the one who was of no use to him; he kept the other, not for her beauty, for she had only one eye, and was long and lean and scraggy. However, with that one eye she could see most of what went on, and could express a depth of cunning with it. Her greatest joy in life was to report those who offended against monogamy, and other matrimonial complications. It was she and her husband who had spread the slander about Magala. One day when I met the two of them just outside Wedau they told me about it. The old woman winked her wicked eye, and grinning all over her face she prompted her husband as, speaking in low tones, he imparted the information. I was glad I had not acted on what I had heard, but that Magala had himself in the most effective way silenced slanderous tongues.

CHAPTER XVIII

DEATH AND DEATH-FEASTS

THERE is no doubt that our people believe that the life of man persists through and after death, though their ideas as to the nature of the life of the spirit after death are hazy, and tend to a mere repetition or continuation of life as it is known here on earth, except that it is non-material. We have seen that there are strong indications of an idea that the spirit and the body are distinct the one from the other, though the life of the body no doubt depends on the indwelling spirit, but at first the connection is loose and may easily be broken. As time goes on the connection becomes stronger and stronger, and perhaps the body attains from long and close connection some of the virtues of the spirit, as seems to be evidenced by the suggested rationale of cannibal feasts, from one point of view.

About Wedau and Wamira the spirits of the dead go eventually to some place to the eastward of Cape Frere, in a valley in the mountains called Ioloa, the approach to the abode of the spirits being through a hole in the ground. When the spirit arrives it is questioned at once, "Where have you come from?" "What have you come for?" just as every time you go into a village every one you meet asks you, "Where are you going?" "What are you after?" The newly arrived one says, "I have come from Wedau," or "Wamira," as the case may be, or the answer may state more explicitly the section of the village, and "Where else should I go except to my own people?" Then the question is asked, "Who sent you?" and for answer the name of some sorcerer or witch is given, the one responsible for the death.

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The spirit is admitted to its new home, where it finds feasting and dancing, plenty of food, and apparently also some fighting, and should the spirit be killed, as some seem to think possible, during such fighting, then it is the end, there is no more life for such.

It seems that the spirit does not find its way at once to its home; but wanders for some time about the places it was familiar with during the time it was connected with the body. It may be possible that the spirit does not finally leave its own haunts until the death-feasts are finished, or at least that the people believe the spirit may be about, and likely to injure them, until they think a sufficient time has elapsed, and a sufficient number of death-feasts have been held, and that then it is safe to close the series, to remove the tabu, and to give over the mourning.

When a person faints he is said to die, and if the people are pressed for particulars, for you soon find it is not wise to accept bare statements of facts in New Guinea, they say he died "green," and came to life again; and the idea seems to be that the spirit left the body, but returned again soon, so that the person recovered.

It is wonderful what a New Guinea man, or woman too, for that matter, can go through, especially in the way of external injury, and recover. It is equally wonderful how, when they decide they will die, they do die, apparently from no physical cause. On one occasion a whole family was living in a garden house at Wamira; there was a high wind which blew down a great tree on to the house. The husband and one wife were killed; a limb struck the mother, fractured her skull and broke one of her arms. She recovered, though most certainly the injury would have killed a white woman. It is quite certain to my mind that one of our boarders would have died when he was laid up with pleurisy, had I not bullied him. He said he was going to die, and he wanted to receive his Communion that day. I gave him his wish, but I insisted he would not die, and he got well. I have heard a story which I believe is quite true about a signed-on boy who told his master he was



IN WAR PAINT AND FEATHERS
Children dressed up like their elders.



WIDOWS MOURNING

In the Northern Division, as a sign of grief, the woman envelops herself in a large hood of native cloth, under which she wears a jacket made of Job's tears. For months after her husband's death she refuses to leave her house, and in some instances the husband is buried inside the house.

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going to die to-morrow. The master said, "If you do, I will give you the greatest hiding you ever had." And the boy got well. Quite likely the threat saved his life!

When a man or woman is dangerously ill the friends congregate about the house and sit round waiting in solemn silence for the end. They look, and they are very serious, their eyes cast on the ground as they sit in the house or round the doorway, and there is little or no conversation. Sometimes a sick person gives the lie to the expectation and gets better, but as a rule New Guinea people are fairly good judges of the seriousness of an illness when it is advanced. It is expected that young children and old people will die, but the shock is terrible when a man or woman dies in the prime of life, especially if it should be a sudden death, as so often it is in New Guinea. As soon as a death takes place there is wailing and shouting, which is terrible to listen to. All the relations call out in heart-rending tones the relationship of the dead one to themselves. All the pent-up fear and grief which have been kept back during the last hours or days they have been watching, breaks forth like a stream which has been dammed back, and the dam has given way. The self-restraint is broken down and there is a flood of abandonment to grief and mourning. The peculiar long wail, something like the howl of a dog, can be heard for a long distance, and is quite unmistakable, so every one in the village knows what has happened. The relatives prepare the body for burial. The body is dressed in its best ornaments and feathers, and wrapped in a sleeping-mat, the legs bent back at the knees. The wife or husband lies by the dead body clasping the loved one in a tight embrace, and spite of the exhaustion of grief it is sometimes difficult for the people to get the body away.

The funeral of a native adult—it is an awful sight. That of an infant is not quite so terrible; there are not so many mourners, though the grief of the mother is heartrending enough. A long, straggling procession wends its way to the grave, the people wailing and howling, calling on the dead one

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by the name of its relationship. The grave has been dug by relatives either blood or totem, and so arranged that the body is placed in it with the feet towards the direction whence the tribe came in the old days, according to tradition. Often physical effort is needed to prevent near relatives from throwing themselves into the grave. It has been lined with leaves and small branches, a sleeping-mat is laid in the bottom so that the body can lie between its folds, ornaments and cooked food are placed in the grave, and over the mound of earth a little shelter is built, broken cooking-pots, broken spears, and such like things are placed about the filled-up grave.

We manage with Christians to restrain somewhat the wild expressions of grief, and the orderly processions from a Mission station singing hymns impresses the native mind. And we sing hymns if we can while the grave is being filled in.

In the old days in some places the dead were buried in the houses where they had lived, or in the village itself outside the houses, and sometimes as one walked through the villages, taking a short cut, one would be asked not to walk here or there, for the dead are buried in such a spot.

One of the first Government regulations under the British régime was that the dead must always be buried outside the village, and a spot was chosen as a site for the burial-ground. Very easily the people fell in with the new regulations, but there were cases where objections were raised. One of the old men died in one of the Vurawara villages soon after the Government had informed the people about the enforcement of the regulation, and he was the first old man to be buried outside the village. The son came to the missionary as soon as the old man was dead, to say he intended to bury his father in the house.

He was warned that the Government would be angry and he would be punished, so he had better not do it, and besides, he ought to set the example. It would be easier for others if he buried his father, an important man, in the place appointed by the Government. "Well," he said, "before my father died he made me promise to bury him in the house. I re-

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minded him of the Government order and he said, ' You young people can fall in with the new arrangement ; I am an old man, and I want to be buried as my fathers were buried.' I promised my father, and I am going to keep my promise." Again he was warned he was running a risk, but I have little doubt the warning was given somewhat perfunctorily, and the old man was buried as he wished to be. The only thing to do was to advise the young man to make a clean breast of it next time the Government put in an appearance. He did so, and there was a great show of anger, very much talk, much explaining of the serious nature of such conduct, of the heinousness of disobeying the Government orders, and the young man was imprisoned till the rising of the Court. He had to sit for an hour or two with the police talking to them, and, no doubt, helping them to smoke their cigarettes, and so his crime was expiated.

Much more serious, but withal somewhat amusing, was the way an attempt was made in another village of the same district to evade the regulation when the first old man died after the order had gone forth. Here there were no such excuses or reasons ; it was more of a deliberate intention to stick to their old ways in spite of the Government ; it was a flouting of authority. The missionary was very anxious that the burial should be in the appointed place, and as soon as the old man died he reminded the friends of the Government order. " Oh yes," they quite understood ; they had already begun the grave ; come and see the proof of their good intentions. The missionary and his South Sea Islander teacher went and saw, and were relieved that all was passing off without any trouble. Now it so happened that the old man had chosen a Sunday on which to die, and his friends were quite wide enough awake to make the most of the opportunity. The funeral was arranged so that it should take place just as the last bell was being rung for the afternoon service, so that neither the missionary or his South Sea Islander could be present. However, just before the service began they saw the funeral procession straggling on its way to the burial-ground.

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They saw the bearers straggling along with their awkward burden; they heard the wailing and they went into service.

After service they walked over to see the newly filled-in grave. The white man expressed his thankfulness that all had passed off so smoothly; it would be a simple matter now there was a precedent to be quoted. Dick, the South Sea Islander, said nothing, he seemed engrossed in thought, and after a few minutes said, "I don't believe there is a body here at all." His master scouted the idea; had they not seen the procession, had they not heard the wailing, did not the heaped-up mound assure them? "I am not satisfied," said Dick. "I do not believe they buried him here." They adjourned to the house and found a great crowd of friends sitting in and round the place, all very solemn and very quiet, except for a little subdued wailing and sobbing from the widow. There seemed nothing suspicious, and they really could not voice any suspicion, nor intrude into the house, so they went away. "We will see in time," Dick said.

A few months later a rumour got about the village, and one day a man in his anger, and driven by an uneasy conscience, threw a spear at a boy, saying he had given the show away. This led to police-court proceedings the next time the Government came, and the whole story was told. It seems they had buried the old man in his house and a log in the cemetery! They had to dig up and bury the bones in the proper place. Some of the people were taken off to Samarai to gaol. The row and the fuss the Government made was so great that there were no troubles about burials afterwards.

Christians are of course buried in a Christian cemetery, and we try to get our people to fence in the ground and to keep it in order. Such care for the resting-place of the dead has its influence, and more than once old people have been led to think of baptism because they wish to be buried inside the fence. They thought they would rest more peacefully where pigs do not wander and rout about, where fires do not burn the grass, and there is a shady tree under which to lie. One would fain hope that as they think about it so, and talk about

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it, there is something more to them than the mere burial of the body. In their thought they are accustomed to allegory and indirect reference, so to be laid to rest inside the fence may mean, let us hope it does, something of the rest and peace in the fold of the Church of God, protected from so much that makes them miserable, and worries them in their heathen state.

There has been little difficulty in arranging about the burial of Christians in the Christian cemetery. Such an idea would commend itself to the native mind, for they have joined this new "tribe," and naturally they all, as members of the "tribe," would be buried together. There was a little trouble once when a Christian died in a village a little distance from the cemetery. It was no question of burying the dead in another place, nor of the distance, but to get to the cemetery the dead body must be carried across the paths to the gardens, and then no one could use those paths, so what would happen! It did not suggest itself that new paths could easily be made, nor did the missionary think it necessary or advisable to suggest that way out of the difficulty. There was a good deal of discussion among the people, but the matter was settled by one old heathen whose communal instinct was stronger than their superstitious fears. He said, "His brethren lie in their Christian cemetery. He is a Christian, and he must sleep with his own people; the missionaries are quite right in what they say," and so the matter was settled without any intervention on our part.

The grave-diggers must fast for a time after their work is done, but not for long. When their work is finished they wash their hands in water in which scented leaves have been soaked, and indeed all who take part in a funeral have such scented leaves stuck in their armlets and ears, or carry them in their hands. When their fast is over the grave-diggers bathe, and the first mouthful of water to be drunk is spat towards the setting sun—it will be in the evening—and so too is the first mouthful of the liquor in which the food was cooked.

The near relatives of one who has died fast and go into

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mourning, and the fasting of the widow is very strict, and her mourning very deep indeed. Only the very poorest and worst food may be eaten, and not much of that. For drink, the milk of a young coco-nut after it has been roasted, and sugar-cane for food. Here again one often finds the convenient convention that what is foreign may be eaten to any extent. It might seem as though it were only to avoid the personal inconvenience, but I have known the mother of a dead man tell me her daughter-in-law ought to have rice and biscuits and bulamakau, for she was getting weak from her fast, and she, the mother-in-law, would be expected to see that the widow did her duty. The widow lives in seclusion, shut up in the house until at least the first death-feast is over, and then she probably goes off to live in some tumbledown place or rough shelter outside the village, or in the gardens, until the time of seclusion is passed. Another woman, a near relative of the husband, will be with her most likely to see that she does her duty in showing respect for the dead. In Collingwood Bay the seclusion of the widow is even more strictly observed. There she is shut away all the time in a house, and should she have occasion to go out she must choose a time when no one is about, and even so she must crawl on the ground on all fours like an animal, and be completely covered from head to foot with tapa cloth.

The near relatives in deep mourning cover the head with tapa cloth gathered together to form a sort of bonnet; the body is blackened all over with pot-black mixed with coco-nut oil, an especially heavy streak on the forehead; the men shave their heads, the women let their hair grow in unkempt locks. Customs vary in different districts, but the use of Job's tears in some form or other is very common as mourning ornaments, necklaces, or armlets, and farther up the coast caps and short jackets are made of the seeds sewn on a foundation of loosely netted cloth. The men, it seems, may elect to grow a beard instead of covering their body with pot-black. Once a missionary who had worked in Wedau returned there on a visit after being away some time. She saw one of the Wedau

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Christians with a beard which certainly did not improve his appearance, so Samuel was offered a shilling if he would shave himself. The poor man was much embarrassed, and really his friend might have known better. He explained that he was in mourning for his wife, and that he considered it cleaner to wear a beard than to cover himself with pot-black. He was not pressed to take the shilling, though no doubt he deserved it for his thoughtful cleanliness; he might well have had the shilling and kept the beard. Plaited armlets of rattan are also a sign of mourning in some districts, the number worn being in proportion to the nearness and dearness of the deceased to the mourner.

After a death has taken place in a house it is usual for the house to be deserted and allowed to fall to pieces; but sometimes if it is so nearly new that it is a pity to have to build another, the doorway is closed up and a new doorway made in another wall and the house still used. It seems that the spirit of the dead one will haunt the place, but it can be deceived by this little artifice. As people lie awake at night they will sometimes say they have heard the spirit scratching along the wall trying to find its way into the house.

Death-feasts play an important part in the life of the people. After the death the *avuna* (the uncle on the mother's side or the sister's son) of the dead person has to arrange for these feasts. He goes to one of the important men of an allied sept and places the coco-nut in front of him—or something else, but the coco-nut is the correct thing; nothing is said, but of course every one knows what it means. Should the man with his people be willing to come and eat the death-feast he accepts the token, should he be unwilling he refuses it, that is, he just gets up and goes off. Should it so happen that the dead man was a man of wealth and importance, with many pigs and large gardens, it may be difficult to get some one to accept the token, for later on when one of his people die he will have to provide death-feasts equivalent to those he and his people have eaten. So dodges are sometimes practised to entrap a man.

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A less important *avuna* is sent, and offers something else, food or even tobacco, in the hope that the pledge may be accepted unknowingly, and then the unfortunate man is told when the feast will be ready; but I should have my doubts about the success of any such trick. The pigs are killed, cut up, and cooked, and food is prepared. Although it is a death-feast the food is boiled. The relatives of the deceased act as attendants, well blackened from head to foot. These are the only feasts at which the food is eaten on the spot, and it is eaten in absolute silence but with thorough enjoyment. Should some one who ought to be there have been prevented from attending the death-feast, portions of food and of pork will be taken away for his benefit. The food is obtained from the garden of the dead, and perhaps too from those of his near relatives. There is a series of such feasts, the number varying with the importance of the deceased, and the amount of food and the number of pigs available. None of his near relations will eat the food out of the garden of the dead, it is used up for the death-feasts.

What the real meaning of death-feasts is, what purpose they serve, it is difficult to say with certainty. Probably the idea of these, and of all mourning, and of all tabus connected with death, is that the spirit of the dead is still hovering about the place it was accustomed to when it inhabited the body, and everything possible must be done to please the spirit, everything must be avoided that might make it angry or jealous. Here, as in everything else in the native mind, at least everything that touches the mysteries of life and death, that has to do with what may be called religion, there seems no suggestion of goodness, of help, of love. All the ideas turn on evil and fear. As they have apparently no conception of good spirits who help and comfort, and to whom they may appeal, so all their thoughts of the spirits of the dead are thoughts of jealousy and malice. They must provide the death-feast or the spirit will be angry, their pigs will die, they will themselves break out in horrid sores or waste away and die, their crops will fail. So there must be fasting and mourning; the dancing

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and ordinary feasting must cease in the village till such time as it is considered the spirit has gone to its home, and its dread presence be no more a gloomy pall over life. Possibly the death-feasts are also supposed to help the spirit on its journey to its home. The spirit of a loved father who was a loving, considerate parent is so feared, and must be placated. There is no real room for love or hope, for peace or happiness.

There is one other custom connected with death that is worth noticing, and that is the sort of ceremonial weeping and mourning done by friends from a distance. Especially when some one of importance dies, members of the sept or an allied one travel long distances to cry. They come in large or small parties. You meet them a little distance from the village laughing and joking, a very jolly party of mourners, but when they get to the village they are serious and sedate enough. They arrive at the house and settle down to business, weeping real tears, wailing in the most woeful manner. The friends sit round and admire, but with decently subdued feelings, realizing a reflected glory; the mourners have to be supplied with food and coco-nuts, and so it becomes a severe tax on the survivors, but one willingly borne. Possibly, it means that these visitors are not in any way to be held responsible for the death, but chiefly, I think, it is a mark of respect. The same mournful party will be met again the same evening or the next day loaded with food, all the seriousness gone, all the sorrow fled. "Where have you been to?" you say. "To such-and-such a place." "What for?" "To cry for So-and-so," and you think they must have been only crocodile tears that were shed by such bright, cheerful mourners.

CHAPTER XIX

VILLAGE LIFE

ONE might venture to describe the village life in the olden days from what one has seen and from what one has heard, without having to draw very much on one's imagination. It would be made up, ordinarily, of the regular work of the garden, the care of the children, of pigs, and of the village, while birth, marriages, illnesses and deaths, feasts, visitors, and journeys, would from time to time vary the monotony of life.

In the early morning the village would be empty, except for a few very old men and women who are looking after the children and the young pigs, to free the men and women, the boys and girls, for work in the gardens or for fishing. Very early, as soon as the sun was up, or indeed before that, the young people went off, the men with their digging sticks over their shoulders, and bundles of taro tops strung over these, or banana plants they had procured from somewhere or other, or which they are taking to plant in new ground. A lump of boiled taro left over from last night's meal is in a bag.

The women have their empty netted bags slung from their heads. They are working hard now in the gardens, or it may be the men are damming the river to-day, and the women have taken their nets and their little cylindrical baskets, and if it is fishing you will find no one in the village till nearly dusk. Then they trail in, the women with draggled skirts, fishing nets over their heads, and the fish in baskets covered with leaves; the men with fish strung on blades of grass, or pieces of vine passed through the gills.

Here and there in the village is a sick man or woman with a leg one mass of ulcers, or a foot swollen twice its size, and

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the poor wretch sits brushing away the flies with a small branch, or a fan of plaited coco-nut leaves. The silence of the village is only broken by an occasional lullaby in a minor key, with which some old man or woman tries to soothe the baby crying for its mother, or by the groans, more or less subdued, of some poor sick wretch as he tries to console himself, or chants some incantations to drive away spirits. The very pigs are away foraging for what they can find to help out the small allowance their "mothers" will give them in the evening. They know when it is time to come home. The children, too young to work and old enough to take care of themselves, had in those days no school to worry them, and are amusing themselves somewhere on the beach playing games, or looking for shell-fish and tit-bits, animal or vegetable, that are so plentiful, and which the little ones know all about. Some one has been sent off to the village to get a fire stick, and at little fires they are cooking what they have found. Perhaps they are spending the day imitating their elders with mimic feast and dance, or building sand castles on the seashore for the tides to wash away.

By about two o'clock the village begins to fill. Here and there by different paths the people come back, some earlier, some later, the women carrying their loads of food and wood, the men walking with their spears; few words are spoken as they pass along the track, but everything is noticed. As the village fills the bustle increases. The men go off to the river or to the sea to bathe, nearly always washing in fresh water after a dip in the sea. If there is to be a meal at the clubhouse some one is making a fire there; others preparing food, others getting water, others getting coco-nuts. Whether or no, the women must get a meal ready, for even if their lords and masters are dining out, they will want their own food, and the children, at all events, look to their mothers for what they need.

Soon after three the pots are on the fire, an old broken one with peelings and refuse has in it what is for the pigs, and the mother has time to attend to her baby properly. As soon

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as she arrived the old people hand over their charge, and go off to discuss matters with others, thankful to be relieved. The rubbish has to be cleared away. Long before dark the food is cooked and placed in wooden bowls, or on clean fresh leaves spread on the shingle, and the family sits down to enjoy the meal. Little groups here and there and everywhere are sitting out in the open on the shingle before their houses, unless rain has driven them indoors. The men have had time to attend to their toilet, their bodies have been oiled, their hair teased out with a long comb, and they feel fresh and fit; more so than the women, who have not had time for such frivolities. They eat their meal with a contented mind, and enjoy it as well they may; what could taste so good as that which has been grown by their own labour, watched day by day as it grew, watered, cleaned, tended, till it was ready. Well may there be an atmosphere of peace, and contentment, and satisfaction. Conditions of life then seem to be ideal. Should there have been a feast, or a hunt, there is pig or wallaby; should the women have been fishing, there is shellfish or shrimps, or even larger fish, and always the rich hot soup to be drunk out of coco-nut shells. There is no greediness, all share and share alike, there is enough, and more than enough for all. No rudeness to speak of, nothing to mar the harmony unless it be the intrusion of a pig or dog which has to be driven away, and has to curb its impatience as best it can. When they have eaten, the pots and bowls are put away, as well as the remnants of the meal, well out of the reach of pigs and dogs, and the pigs can now be fed, if it was not done before for peace sake.

There is still some daylight left, and after a short rest the men gather in groups to talk over things, and to employ themselves. One is cutting out a bowl, another is making a comb, another shaping out a lime spatula; here and there one is sharpening and hardening in the fire the end of his digging stick, another is making a basket, some are just lying about and resting. Whatever work is being done, is being done leisurely, with pauses for conversation; the thing can be put on

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one side and taken up again much as a white woman can put her fancy work on one side. The women are busy by themselves, for they never sit with the men, their reverence for the other sex is too great for such familiarity; and should they perchance have to pass a group, they will respectfully walk round, or having to go in front bend humbly, their hands passed behind the knees to gather their skirts together. They are making skirts, or making and mending nets, making bags, rubbing down ornaments from coco-nut shells. All alike, men and women, are doing special things, for each must stick to the family trade. It is all more or less desultory, and in the old days it must have been tedious when only the most primitive implements were available, such as stone axes and tomahawks, pieces of obsidian or stone of other kind, or shells with which to cut and to bore, the long process of rubbing, and cleaning, and polishing. It meant infinite patience, and one cannot wonder time was not valuable to people who have perforce to spend a long time doing little; but it all meant employment, extra work to fill up odd times, to keep up a supply of the things they needed for use, or for ornament, or for barter; and these were the "lazy niggers."

Meantime the young men and youths were strolling along the shore singing their dirge-like melody, many of them with fish spears in case chance might drive a fish near the shore, and woe betide such a fish; with unerring aim the spear is thrown and the fish impaled between the ten or dozen prongs tied tightly in a circle round the end of a spear. Or they are sitting in groups titivating their hair, each for other, adding little touches and pats here and there to perfect the shape, talking and yarning about the present and the future, as the old men sit in the club-house or on the "gana" and talk over the past and the more serious matters of life. When it becomes dark they sit around in the houses, or out in the moonlight, and the young hear the traditions of the old, the folklore and the fairy tales, or they are out on the sea-shore with flaring torches to attract the fish, turning the beach into a brilliant pyrotechnic display.

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Sometimes the ordinary routine would be broken into by visitors from friendly tribes, who come in a long string from the mountains, or by canoe from other shore villages. They walk straight through the village, taking notice of no one, straight to the house of their host,—their “Taomana,”—saying “nothing to nobody” as they stalk gravely along. They combine business with pleasure, the pleasure of seeing friends and of imparting news as they sit round talking far into the night over what has happened in their district, and the news they have heard, and picking up news to carry home.

A pig and a dog must be killed, and food must be cooked for these visitors, for your New Guinea man understands the claims of hospitality.

In the evening other men from the village will come to hear and discuss the news.

The business will be the exchange of things they make or barter for things from the shore, coco-nuts especially, and obsidian from the islands opposite. Spears and digging-sticks, plaited armllets and waist-belts, cassowary quills and plumes, or such like things, come from the mountains. There was a great deal of trading in the old days, and the shore people were the middlemen, getting things from the islands opposite or from other shore villages, and trading away the ornaments from the mountains. All the obsidian—a very valuable stone for all native races—came from the islands, and the people there have no cassowaries.

The mountain people will stay two or three days, not much longer, and then go home, and when they go they will go laden with food and coco-nuts, and with long lengths of large bamboo filled with salt water.

Or there are visitors from the islands opposite, who have ventured across the thirty odd miles of open sea in their flimsy canoes, and these visitors will be treated with especial respect, for have they not come from far and braved great dangers. Their canoes are built up at the sides with great slabs cut out of trees, and trimmed down, tied, and braced,

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and caulked to keep out the sea. The children will gather round these canoes and admire them, discuss the why and the wherefore and the how of it all, but their people will never think of imitating them, for "It is not our way." At such times the young folk know their place and do not venture to intrude themselves, leaving the older people to do the honours, and, like the gentlemen they are, they do them.

Or when garden work is slack and there is plenty of food our people take time off for feasts and dancing, and for days before the feast there is plenty of hard work. Feasts may be great fun and fine relaxation, but they mean a good deal of hard work ; then there will be nights and days of dancing, when night is made hideous for any one not to the manner born, by the constant tom-tom-tom of the drum, and the long loud chant of the dancers. It sounds best at a distance.

Or there is hunting and feasting to follow, or there are visits to be paid for pleasure and business up and down the coast, inland or to the islands opposite. There are matters of importance to be discussed with the old men elsewhere—trade to be carried on ; and before such an expedition there is much business in the way of preparation : canoes to be seen to, food to be cooked, articles for trading to be polished up that they may look their best, and then some fine morning off they start. The young men look proud and pleased with themselves, full of importance as they push the canoes out to sea, and jump in to take their places. The old men sit quiet and solemn, giving occasional directions in a low tone of voice. They leave their womenfolk sad and sorrowful, crying on the beach, and all the time the people are away the village will be as mournful as a city of the dead. The old men who know how to do it will sit and spit, and spit, and spit to ensure fine weather for the travellers, the spitting being as efficacious as the incantations of which they alone know the words, and no one knows the meaning.

The women fast all the time the men are away, children play quietly. "What are you making so much noise for

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when there is not a man about the place," some woman will say to the younger ones, who have thoughtlessly forgotten their desolate state. They sit and look for hours in the direction the canoes have gone, invoking the place and their loved ones by name—or relationship for preference—hoping, wondering, fearing. They keep a look out for a fire in the far distance to let them know their friends have arrived safely. Then one day a shout goes up, the canoes have been sighted on their return, and preparations are made to welcome back the travellers who have been away for a few days.

The women and children are waiting on the beach, and when the canoes get near the shore the women rush into the sea to meet them, especially if it is the first time their husbands have made a trip since their marriage. And then there is chattering and life. The canoes are unloaded and pulled up on the beach, the women and children wild in their joy and excitement, the travellers much more sedate and grave as becomes important folk, yet withal pleased and happy to be with their own again. The women and children carry off the food and the purchases as gladly and as proudly as when a white man comes in from a shopping expedition to the market town.

Every article must be turned over and examined in the houses and discussed, from whom it was got, what was given for it, what can be done with it. And there will be long serious talks in the village and in the men's club-house, as the news from the distance is given and discussed inside, outside, and upside down.

But all is not peace, and happiness, and plenty. At times something goes wrong with the gardens. There is too much rain or not enough, there is a blight on the crops, or pigs have found their way to them. Famine stares the people in the face and all is gloom. Or there is much sickness in the village, and fear is depicted on the faces of all. Then some night when the village is deadly quiet an old man takes up his parable and talks in a loud clear voice about the trouble,



BROWN MADE BLACK

This woman is in mourning, so she has smeared herself all over with a mixture of pot-black and oil, which will not wear off for a long time. The seeds known as "Job's tears" are also, in many parts of Papua, a sign of mourning.

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whatever it may be, explaining what the future will be if there is not a change, scolding if he thinks it necessary, accusing one or another, or calling on the evil spirits to leave off molesting poor innocent folk, asking why they are angry, and what must be done. And all the time of the monologue there is absolute stillness, even the children seem to know they must not cry. All listen with bated breath, and with fear and trembling.

It may be that if it is a bad epidemic with many sick, and there have been some deaths, dances must be resorted to, with much shouting and yelling and beating of drums to drive away the evil spirits, and if they are at all sensitive they will surely get away from such a pandemonium !

Or again there is fighting, the mountain tribes are out, word has come in that their doings are suspicious, and people must be ready ; or away on the long spurs of the mountains men are seen approaching. There was a useful secret service in olden days, and news travelled fast. A friendly native had heard something and sent a warning message. Some one out in the garden had seen something suspicious, a cry was raised the meaning of which is well known, and there was a rush for spears, and men were out in no time to defend their village and their homes.

Three times in one month I saw the Boianai people set out, and each time on a false alarm. There was a feeling of unrest, the idea was abroad that the mountain people meant mischief, and some four or five miles away there was a settlement of Boianai people, an offshoot, where mourners went to live down their grief in silence and solitude. It was these few people the village was anxious about. Everything was perfectly quiet in the village when suddenly a cry was heard from afar. Some one in the gardens had seen something suspicious, and in a few minutes a hundred young men were off with spears, rushing through the village. No shouting, no noise, every one knew what it meant, and there was no time for delay. Some of the young men were Christians whom I stopped to ask the meaning of the disturbance, the

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first time they went out. The mountain people were on the warpath, they said, and they must get over to protect the few people at Musara, or all would be massacred. They did not want to fight, but they did intend to protect their people, and secure some of the raiders, and surely they were right. In a very short time one could see a long line like a string of ants far away, round on the other side of the Bay. In each case it was a false alarm, but the feeling of unrest continued till the mountain people came down to say they had no intention of attacking the Boianai people, and whoever said they had was a liar and a mischief-maker. But if after years of Government and Mission influence it was so necessary for people to be on the *qui vive*, what must it have been in olden days.

Sometimes the shore people were the aggressors, but not often so, for he was a daring man who would venture to attack the mountain people on their own ground. The odds were too great against them; but it did sometimes happen that a few bold spirits would carry the war into the enemy's country, and reap glory for themselves, even if there was little success.

Nowadays life in the village has changed, and so far for the worse. In a transition stage it must be. In the old days all the men had to be ready to defend themselves, their families, their gardens, their village against attack. Weapons must always be ready and bodies must always be fit, while the mere fact that there was a duty to, and a responsibility for, the safety of the community resting on every man, took the man out of himself and strengthened his moral fibre. Everything depended on them, and they were the better men for it. Nowadays there is little danger of attack; there is no fighting on the coast, no provision has to be made against attack, the tension is taken off, and the call for self-sacrifice is not heard. There can be no doubt that the old fighting days were good for these people in an indirect way. Of course, when the Government came, inter-tribal fighting had to be put down; of course, the teaching

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of the Mission had to forbid it, looking ahead to future benefits and not being led away by immediate loss ; but even a missionary may be allowed, without being a traitor to his faith, to see the benefits that were derived from the old state of things. There is a nobler warfare against sin and self-indulgence and indifference which entails far harder fighting, and if persevered in will do even more to develop and strengthen character. There are calls for more real self-sacrifice to strengthen the moral fibre in the war against sin, the world, and the devil, and we believe that only by entering into that warfare, and fighting nobly on the side of God, can character be really formed as it should be, but that is in the future. Meantime we have the sadness of seeing the evil of the passing of the old order before we can see the advantage and the gain of the new, and one can only comfort oneself with the thought that in a transition stage the loss will be noticed before the gain is evident. The silencing of that call which fighting made upon the self-sacrifice of the individual for the community must tend to lower the whole moral tone of the individuals ; what affects one part of man's moral nature for good or ill affects the whole of it, and nowhere is that truth more evident than amongst such races as the people of New Guinea.

CHAPTER XX

WAIDA

THERE are some New Guinea natives that any one may well be proud to reckon as friends—men of considerable force of character, a high sense of responsibility, and a nice sense of honour; men who are perfect gentlemen in their way, showing more nice consideration for the feelings of others than the ordinary polished members of civilized society. They may not be able to discuss matters of world-wide interest, though their observations on many subjects are shrewd, and their conversation certainly no more vacuous than that of much civilized society; their intellectual outlook is not wide, there are worlds unknown to them, but in everything that really matters they are worth knowing, and their friendship worth having.

One of these was Waida. When I came to New Guinea thirteen years ago he was the village policeman in Wedau, and he remained such till his death last year. The Government has a system of village constables, who are responsible for the good order of the village and the surrounding district. These men have the power to arrest persons who have broken the law and march them off by shore, or canoe, or any other way to the magistrate, or they may wait till the magistrate pays one of his infrequent visits, and bring their prisoners for trial then and there. Sometimes it is the man who is supposed to be the most important person in the community who is so appointed—if he is not too old; often it is some one who has been to prison for some time, who on his return home is invested with power and dignity to represent His Majesty the King. The idea is not that of setting a thief to catch a thief,

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so much as to have some one who is familiar with Government ways and who can understand Pidgin English—or the native dialect of the Port Moresby district with which the regular police are more or less familiar, and so the magistrate will be able to communicate with the people through his village constable. In return for his work and time the village constable receives a uniform, of which he is very proud, and an income of ten shillings a year paid in tobacco.

Sometimes the village constable managed to increase his income by illicit means, for some were the worst rogues unhung; but some were men of honour, who, if they did not do much to preserve order and cleanliness in the village, and to keep the paths open, did not disgrace their uniform, and some were a real power for good in the community.

Waida had not much to be proud of in the way of looks, yet when you saw his face you could not but be impressed by it at once. Scarred and wrinkled, it was a face that spoke of strength, and strength through suffering. He was not handsome, though he might have been but for the deep pits of pock-marks that told what he had passed through, and how nearly he died some thirty odd years ago when smallpox visited Wedau and carried off nearly all of the adult inhabitants. Terrible are the stories of that time, when the people could not bury their dead, there were so many, and the survivors were so weak and scared. Waida was short even for a Wedau man, and thin, and bony. His uniform never quite fitted him, though he carried himself with a good deal of dignity. When he had any Government business on hand, or wished to act officially, he donned his uniform, blue serge jumper, and loin-cloth with a cummerbund of bright red turkey twill, and a leather belt. Any ordinary native would have dressed himself in that uniform and looked spruce, arranged the loin-cloth so that it hung gracefully, and wound his cummerbund so that it was even in width and stretched tight without a crease. Not so Waida. His uniform never became him; the things which had no fit yet usually fitted well, never fitted him, and his hair was

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never the beautiful round mop the self-respecting dandy affects.

Perhaps he was really too old for such things—still more likely his character was too rugged, like his scarred face, for his body to be trimmed off like that of a fop.

He chewed more areca-nut than any one else in Wedau, excepting perhaps one man; his teeth were black, and his lips were always red and caked dry with lime and areca juice, he was always turning a quid round in his mouth. Not an inviting-looking individual, but when you spoke to him his face lightened up with a smile, and the smile was mostly in the bright eyes and the wrinkles round them, though even in old age the dimples in his cheeks added to the charm, and there was a smile about his mouth that revealed a fund of humour; you might be sure he would take a “rise” out of you if his respect did not restrain him, and there was no doubt of his seeing the humorous side.

It was an intelligent face, and it showed itself such when he spoke about matters that interested him, but he was a reserved man, who did not unbosom himself to every one who came along.

He was never baptized; he never joined or thought of joining, so far as I know, a class for instruction. He was a polygamist up to a year or two of his death, when his second wife died, so of course he was not eligible for baptism during most of the years I knew him; but he would at times put on his uniform, and come in state to the service for the heathen from a sense of public duty, and when we had the service in connection with the coronation of King Edward VII. on the original date, Waida, with Mokaia the Wamira policeman, had a place of honour, as representing His Majesty in our village life.

When his second wife died Waida made no advance, but though he never saw any reasons to change his views, and remained a heathen till the day of his death, I would fain hope that, in some way God has not revealed, the Atonement of the Cross may be made his, and that I shall see and know Waida again hereafter.

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Waida's loyalty to his first wife was of a piece with his character. He had married her years before he took No. 2, and to him she was his real wife. He took the second because the first had no children, and I always pitied No. 2 because, although she bore her husband several children, she knew she held but a subsidiary place in his affections and his home. She was weakly and ill for some months before she died. I could not but admire his loyalty to his wife, and acknowledge she had a claim to precedence. There was never any friction, the position was recognized and accepted by all parties, though even the children seemed more to the elder woman than to their own mother. It was a sad tragedy for No. 2.

Waida was very fond indeed of his children, and his affection for them was the only thing that was allowed to interfere with his sense of duty to the Government. We were on our way to Samarai once in the schooner, and Waida had asked for a trip with some prisoners. We had to call in at a place some twenty miles to the east of Wedau, and spent a night there. Early in the morning the old man came to me and said he had just received news that one of his children was ill, and he must go back home. I expostulated, saying I was sure it was a false report that he need not worry about, he had better go on; but no, his child came first, and back he tramped, letting everything else go.

This very love for his children was the cause of the greatest sorrow of his life, and it occasioned a conflict between a sense of public duty and private feelings, in which the sense of duty triumphed; and Waida showed himself a noble character.

His eldest boy, the very apple of his eye, a handsome youth and one who was smart and intelligent above the average, got himself into trouble. We had an iron bulk store on the beach close to the policeman's house, in which we stored goods to save the labour of carrying up the hill. One day when the son was working with other young fellows in the garden he suggested that a change of diet would be acceptable, and the foreigner's food was the thing. There were rice, and biscuits, and bulamakau in the store, and they knew how they could

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get in. They discussed ways and means, and one had noticed either that the button which secured a shutter was not turned, or that it would be easy to turn it when the store was open and no one would notice it. At all events they got the shutter open and raided the store. Waida was away working in another garden some seven miles up the beach, and they knew they must manage it while he was away. Of course the village people knew, and some one went off and told the old man what had been done.

He came down at once, and had everything restored in the same way that it had been extracted, but there had been a division of booty and some was gone beyond recall. Waida came to me at the station and told me about it, he wanted to know what was to be done. He was sad and broken-hearted, and he had not put on his uniform though it was important Government business he had to attend to. One of the bitterest things to him was that he considered himself responsible for our goods, and his own son had stolen them. He did not tell me that his son was the ringleader, though he knew it. I do not think he could bring himself then to admit that. I told him the matter was too serious to be passed over, and sorry as I was for him the matter must go to the Government for the sake of the young people themselves, and for the sake of the village. He quite agreed that it was false kindness to pass it over, but what about his son? It was heartbreaking to tell the old man as he sat on the floor near me in my room, his head bowed down with grief and shame, all the smiles gone from his brave old face, he must lay a charge against his own son. I tried to make it as light as I could by telling him, if his son were left out the village people would accuse him of partiality, that they would jeer at him if he shielded his own, and it would always be thrown up at him. If he did his duty no one would dare to say a word, he would always have an answer. "If my son goes to prison I will not stay in Wedau, I will go up the coast and live in my garden there, and never show my face again. I could not lift my head," was all he would say. We talked it over quietly, and I suggested that his subordinate

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should take the prisoners down and lay the charge. The Government had appointed a second policeman to assist Waida, who was getting old, and had wished to retire. I said I would speak to the Court for the boy, asking that his father's long service should be considered, and so I thought it was arranged.

When the time came for us to start for Samarai old Waida was on the beach in his uniform ; he had the prisoners ready, and he was giving the last instructions to his weeping wife. Evidently he was going himself ; he would give no one an excuse for saying he had shirked his duty. When we arrived in Samarai he reported himself and his prisoners, who were lodged in gaol. The next day they were tried. All confessed, as New Guinea prisoners nearly always do. All were more or less related to Waida.

It was important to find out who was the ringleader. One by one they were questioned, but no one would admit to being the originator of the raid, and no one would say who it was. At last it came to the policeman's son, and he hesitated a good deal, refusing to give the name of the leader and shirking the answer to questions. At last old Waida could stand it no longer. He was supposed to keep silence after he had given his evidence, but now he stepped forward and said, "The child" (he was a boy of about eighteen years of age) "is shy and ashamed, he does not like to say it—he was the ringleader himself."

I had spoken to the magistrate asking for leniency for the boy for his father's sake, as he would suffer most, and I thought I had made some impression. But now the fat was in the fire indeed, and the old father himself had upset it ! I felt inclined to say, "Why could you not hold your tongue, you old fool ?" I was perhaps most surprised of all to find out who was the ringleader. But I determined to use the change that had come over the appearance of things for the old man's benefit. Surely the old man's sense of duty to the Court in voluntarily giving evidence against his son should not be to the father's disadvantage, that should not be the cause of his suffering more severely. So I pleaded, although I knew the

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plea was not worth much. Of course the magistrate would not look at the matter from that point of view. He respected his officer, but justice demanded that the youth should not be dealt with less leniently than the others. The judgment was that the prisoners were to pay a heavy fine—heavy for them—or go to gaol for six months, and the prisoners were removed. When we got outside the court I said to Waida, “I do not want your boy to go to prison, and the only thing I can suggest is that I pay his fine; but as he ought not to get off scot-free, let him work on the Mission launch. We want a boy for twelve months, and when he is paid off at the end of his time he can refund as much of the fine as the wages will come to.” It would not cover the whole, but I was willing to forfeit the balance. He agreed to this, and I paid the fine.

I told the other prisoners what I was doing, and why. They made no objection, and indeed were only too glad that the old man was to be spared the sorrow of having his son in gaol; they took their punishment like men, and had not the slightest feeling of jealousy or soreness at the ringleader getting off more lightly than they did. The boy worked on the launch for a year, and when he was paid off he handed over the whole of his wages to his father, who brought the money to me, without even a hint that it was hard other people should come home with trade and tobacco to distribute amongst their friends, while his son and he himself had nothing for twelve months' work. The impulse on my part was to give the money to the old man, but I thought I ought to restrain that impulse, and I did.

There was a little aftermath which has already been referred to, when the young men of Wamira at the end of a feast threw up the stealing at the son, and it looked as though there would be a big row. Old Waida was called in; he knew he could say nothing, that it was not time for talk but for action, and nothing could have been more effective to bring the abusers to their senses, which it did very promptly. But the remarks stung the old man.

Some years ago before I knew Waida as well as I came to

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know him, there was a murder committed in the mountain, and he was supposed to go and arrest the murderers. He told me all about it, and explained various reasons why he could not go. I am afraid I spoke rather scornfully of his courage. "No," he said, "he was not afraid," and he said nothing more. A few days afterwards I met him in the village all smiles. He had the murderers in custody, and he told me with much joy how he had got them. He had gone to the mountains and had taken several of his own people with him. These he had placed as sentries in hiding near the village so that there could be no escape, and then he went into the village alone without his uniform, which he had left in charge of some one of his people outside. He found the men he wanted, arrested them single-handed, and called in his sentries to secure them. In those earlier days the magistrate used to leave hand-cuffs with me, for the policeman to get when they were required. It was not wise to leave them in the village for fear of abuse. Sometimes the police had hand-cuffs but no key, so that when they were clapped on a prisoner they had to remain on till the prisoners were taken to the magistrate or to some one who had a key. Once a woman was brought down the coast with hand-cuffs which had been on her hands for over a week. As the party passed us I was able to relieve her, as I had a key. It was, of course, a simple thing for a policeman who had a pair, and a key, to clap them on to a man and refuse to take them off unless he was well paid for doing so. Waida always felt it was a reflection that he could not have these signs and proofs of power hanging up in his house, but he was somewhat reconciled when he heard stories of abuse; still, he would dearly have loved to have them in his own possession.

Perhaps the great, constant little worry of his life was that he could not get his people to obey him and carry out all the Government orders about keeping the village and the paths in order. "I talk to them in vain," he would say when one spoke to him about it. "Their hearts are hard, their insides are closed up, they will not do what I tell them," and then he would use his favourite threat of going away and living else-

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where. He was wonderfully helpful in all such matters as fixing up matrimonial quarrels, taking reluctant brides back to their husbands, exhorting his people to do their duty, and especially the Christians; since they had thrown in their lot with the missionaries they should obey, and act up to their profession.

If he was ready to abuse and scold his people, he was also keen on their honour and to refute any false charge laid against them. Once some boys were drowned off a recruiter's boat near Wedau; at least they disappeared and never got home. No one really knew what had happened, but the Boianai people said the Wedau people were responsible in some occult way for the deaths. Old Waida heard of the slander, and when I was going on my monthly trip to Boianai he asked if I would let him go in the boat. Of course I took him. He landed at the Mission station, where we were to stay for two or three days, and some time or other got to the village and talked the matter over with the old people. He convinced them that his people at least had no hand in the drowning.

I did not come into contact with the proceedings in any way, and might have thought nothing about it, only that the next night some of the crew came to me and said, "What is *bada* (master) to eat." "Why," I said, "there is plenty of food here, does he not eat with you," they were eating food grown by the Boianai people and bought from them. No, he would not touch any food grown by those who had slandered his people, and if I did not give him some rice or biscuits which were uncontaminated, he would eat nothing till he got home. He had eaten nothing since he came. There were important people of his sept in Boianai, and he was a big man in the sept. Ordinarily he would be an honoured guest, but he never left the Mission station except on the one occasion when he did his business of refuting the slander and clearing the good name of his people. He would show his displeasure by having no intercourse with the people, and refusing anything they had grown. Of course I gladly fed the old man, and honoured him for his loyalty to his people.

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Once again he went to Boianai to clear up some charge of stealing or such like which was beyond the powers of the local men. Old Waida took charge of the proceedings, and managed things in such a masterly way that everything was cleared up.

The weight of his influence was most apparent after his death, for two of his people within a few months had done things they would not have dared to do during his lifetime, and not only did they so act, but it was commonly said in the village "They have soon shown disrespect for the memory of their *bada* in doing what he had opposed. Had Waida lived they would not have done so."

It was while we were away on furlough that Waida died. His son wrote to tell me of the death of the worthy old man. Here is a translation of the letter:—

"Alas my Father! I am writing to tell you that your friend the policeman is dead. He died at Magavara and we brought the body on a canoe to Wedau. We buried him in Wedau. When he was sick and thought he was dying he said, 'Oh, if I could only see my friend's face once more, I should die in peace.' I tell you this because you were his friend, and he loved you. We are all very sad, a great many people in Wedau have died. Good-bye, my father.

"I, your son Justin, have written your letter."

We came back to find his house empty and falling into ruin. We missed his quizzical smile and his hearty welcome. It is sad to walk through the village and not see the old man sitting on the platform of his house, or with his people on the ground in front of it. He always, as indeed every New Guinea man does, asked me to share his meal should he be eating when I came to his house, and he would most carefully pick out with a stick a dainty piece of food from the pot, and placing it on a leaf offer it to me, and I was always thankful for an excuse to give him a piece of tobacco for a smoke.

He has left a fragrant memory of an upright honourable character, of a man with a strong sense of duty, combined with courtesy and humour, one whom it has been a privilege to know and to remember as a friend.

CHAPTER XXI

MISSION WORK

It is doubtful whether the Anglican Mission to New Guinea has had any definite theory as to how mission work should be carried on, any thought-out principles. The members of the staff have had little or no definite training for their special work. Probably as the British Empire has been content to develop without any conceived plan of expansion, so the Anglican branch of the Catholic Church has been content to rub along somehow in her missionary work. Certainly it has been so in New Guinea. We have been content to do just what seemed the obvious duty, clinging to certain Catholic principles of truth and order, but without much consideration as to how those principles were to be applied to the peculiar circumstances of the people amongst whom we were working. *Solvitur ambulando* was the practical principle. The absence of any theory and of hard-and-fast rules lays us open to the charge of being rather higger-mugger in our work, but at least it meant that we were open to conviction as to what was best to be done, and we were able to adapt ourselves gradually to the problems that presented themselves as time went on. Perhaps the greatest wisdom was shown in the avoidance of hard-and-fast rules and regulations, so that we could adapt ourselves, while a grip of Catholic principles, and an honest desire to apply them, saved us from going far wrong.

It is almost a cruel thing to set people down without any preparation to do work under unfamiliar and strange conditions, but there are advantages in the absence of preconceived ideas which may be wrong, and which are hard to get rid of.

It has to be remembered that knowledge of the conditions

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of such work as this has become available only during the last twenty years, indeed it might safely be said that only during this twentieth century has there been made any definite attempt to grasp the problems of the mission field so far as primitive races are concerned. Now, or soon, it ought to be possible to make some arrangements for the training of missionaries for their work, and for missionary work to be put on a more scientific footing. There can be no science till there has been investigation, and record made of observed facts. When most of us came to New Guinea there were few books one could get to help one in the preparation for our work, so that we could only trust to guidance by principle. We have made mistakes undoubtedly, but on the whole they have been fewer than might have been expected, and it has been possible to get uniformity of action in the diocese, because the staff has been wonderfully loyal.

When the history of the Mission comes to be written, it will appear doubtless that there have been one or two principles of work which have been observed, often unconsciously perhaps but fairly consistently, and these are really the result of loyalty to Catholic teaching and order. I think we have tried to keep in view, though we may not have been successful in working out the principle, that the Church in New Guinea is not to be a mere reproduction in non-essentials of Anglo-Catholicism; it is not to be a body distinct from the native life, but rather one that permeates the whole by its influence; not something foreign to, but an integral part of, native life. The Mission has not come, and the missionaries do not wish, to change the native life into a parody of European or Australian civilization, but to impart principles and ideals which, by the power of the Holy Spirit and through the teaching, sacraments, and discipline of the Church, will transform characters, and fit these people to be the children of God and heirs of eternal life. On the whole, we have not felt it our duty to prepare our people by technical training to meet the changes that must come in the near future—in this we may have been wrong—but rather to build up the moral

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character, and to enlarge the mental horizon, so that the people will be able, or less unable, to meet the dangers and temptations of the new order when it comes.

We have not attempted to dissociate our converts from the everyday life of the village. We have been conservative in dealing with native customs. We have aimed at training teachers from amongst our converts, teachers who may become missionaries to their own people, and we hope in time that most of the teaching will thus pass through the medium of the native mind, and so be more adaptable to the people than it can be when presented by the foreigners who can never enter into that mind. We have boldly faced the risk of allowing our Christian children from our stations to go back to the village life, hoping that they would raise the tone and the ideals of their people even if their own tone and ideals were lowered. We have shrunk from "glass-case Christians," too jealously guarded against temptation. We have allowed our Christians formally to discuss at the anniversary gatherings questions that affect the native Church. We have religiously recognized the validity of native marriage, and carefully avoided any action which might tend to degrade such unions by exalting *at their expense* the peculiar sanctity of Christian marriage.

We have had lamentable failures amongst our native Christians, and also some wonderful successes, as in our limited capacity for judging we reckon failure and success. We have not been able to counteract the indifference and the casualness of the native character, the lamentable want of sticking power, the tendency to drift which is so great a weakness of the people, to the extent we hoped, but it is far too soon to judge; and there are instances of loyal Christians who have stood firm in spite of severe temptation, which give us courage and hope, which strengthen our faith, and we try to remember that amongst people endowed with stronger characters religion is not always the power it should be. After all, twenty-one years—the Mission was founded in 1891—is but a short time for moral change of a permanent nature to take place in.

The coast-line of the Mission area is dotted with stations,



BERNARD JUJUK

A Collingwood Bay lad, promoted from "Kitchenmaid" to the rank of pupil teacher.

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and divided into districts. There are still gaps to be filled in along the coast, and we have done practically nothing for the inland people. The districts, which are nine in number, are under the charge of a white man, always, if one is available, of a priest. To the central station of the district are gathered a few boarders, boys on all such stations, and girls as well on two where there are white women to take care of them. There are sub-stations which are under the charge of South Sea Island teachers, or of Papuan teachers whom we have trained ourselves.

The South Sea Island teachers are Melanesians who were recruited years ago for work on the sugar plantations in Queensland. Most of them arrived in Queensland the rawest of raw heathen, a few had been in touch with the schools of the Melanesian Mission. While they were in Queensland these labourers had come into contact with various Mission agencies, had attended night schools, been converted and baptized. From these Christian "Kanakas" the Mission gathered a most important section of the staff. They were men who volunteered for mission work from a strong sense of duty, who came to New Guinea to give the people here the blessings they themselves had learned to value. They came with the best of all endowments, reality of conversion, and sincerity of purpose. They were no better prepared for their work than their brother missionaries of a white skin, and *cæteris paribus* no worse prepared. They have made mistakes, but again, *cæteris paribus*, those mistakes have not been more serious than those of their white brother missionaries, indeed I think our mistakes have been more numerous and more serious on the whole. Perhaps the greatest mistake our South Sea Island teachers have made has arisen from a tendency to act too liberally on the text, "Compel them to come in"; they were prone to grow impatient of slow progress under moral suasion, and they themselves were tempted to act the big chief.

Our South Sea Island teachers came to us with very little intellectual training, whether in religion or in school work.

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The wonder is that they gained as much as they did, when it is remembered they began school as fully grown men, and they learned what they did know at night, after working hard all day in the cane fields. It speaks wonders for their own application, and for the patience and love of their teachers, that they knew so much as they did, and that their knowledge of the essential truths of religion was so sound. They might have hazy and incorrect ideas about the patriarchs, and prophets, and Old Testament heroes, and of the deeper meaning and teaching of their lives—as hazy, and as incorrect indeed as that of many an English public-school boy, but they had no doubt or confusion of mind about the love of God who made them, the love of Jesus who died for them, the love of the Holy Spirit who sanctifies them. They knew that sin was sin against God and His love, that it must be cleansed away before the soul can come to God. They knew that God gives blessing and grace through the sacraments. Of course, they had not got rid of the strain of superstition that alone had controlled their lives twenty or thirty years earlier, and which they had inherited from their ancestors, any more than have the brilliant folk who will not sit down thirteen at table, or who go in for spook-hunting after generations of civilization and of Christian teaching.

As I look back upon thirteen years' experience and see it streaked with things I have done which I remember with shame now, I do not feel I can blame my brother missionaries of a dark skin for making mistakes which I have made with less reason, and in spite of fuller knowledge—mistakes of thinking the end justifies the means, mistakes arising out of want of faith, and patience with the slower, if less striking, work of the Holy Spirit upon minds and consciences.

Our South Sea Island teachers could not be compared in intellectual training with the Fijian teachers of the Methodist Mission or the Samoan teachers of the London Missionary Society. These men had received a long and careful training for their work, for the early Nonconformist missionaries to the South Seas had from the first kept in view the need of

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training native teachers to act as missionaries to others. It has not been my privilege to see these Fijian and Samoan teachers at work, so it would be absurd to draw comparisons; but our South Sea Island teachers have had one great advantage, in that they have lived in Australia with white people, and their minds have been widened by that experience. They know something of the virtues and vices of the white race. Some at least had themselves a taste of vice, and had lived in sin; their conversion had been very real, their characters had been strengthened, and their outlook widened by contact with a larger world.

And so they came with very little special preparation, but with a sense of duty and loyalty, a real love for God, and a desire to give these people the comfort and peace they themselves had found. They had all the instincts and sympathies which enabled them to enter into the life and thought of this race, to a far greater extent than white people can ever hope to do. They had characters strengthened by experience and the power of the Holy Spirit which enabled them to resist temptations in spite of a few lapses, and they were able to break up the fallow ground, to do pioneering work of a most valuable kind. God chose the weak things of the world as we count weakness, and when the glories of the Mission appear hereafter the work and the lives of the South Sea Island teachers will not be the least glorious.

The first thing to be done when a station was started was to secure a site, and this could only be done through the Government. However, it is always possible to find out if the natives are willing to sell a particular site, and that gave them an opportunity of expressing in a very practical way their desire to have a missionary amongst them. Once or twice only have we been refused admission. Once I was met by a polite refusal when I visited a village where we wished to place a teacher and to open a station. We were told that the people up to Waiawan River, near Fir Tree Point in Collingwood Bay, wished for a teacher to be sent to them. Some years before, arrangements had been made, but when the

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Government officer arrived they refused to sell the land. We waited patiently, and again we were told they wished us to settle amongst them, so I went to select a site. We were treated very politely, but were not received with enthusiasm. Various objections were raised against our settling there; they really were afraid a foreigner could not live there. At certain seasons the river overflowed, the water in the villages was nearly up to the floor of the houses built on piles. It was not a healthy place. No, there was no higher ground, and so on and so forth, all very politely expressed, with no suggestion of enmity, but quite evidently we were not wanted.

Without any change of voice or attitude we then asked quite naturally why they sent word to say they wanted us to come. "They had never done so. Who invented such a story?" "Oh, So-and-so told the missionary at Mukawa." "Then So-and-so was telling a lie; we had never said so." "Well, why do you not wish us to come? what are your objections?" "The fact is, we are not many people here and we really cannot put up such huge buildings as we have seen at Uiaku. As it is, the Government comes and wants carriers for expeditions inland; recruiters take off our young men to work for the white men; that takes away all the available labour for some time. If the missionaries come, they will want a lot more labour to put up big buildings, church, and school, and houses, and there will be no time for garden work." "But you would not need big buildings here. At Uiaku there is a large population, and big buildings are needed. Here there are a few people and the buildings will be small." "Yes, but there are a great many people there to do the work; here there are only a few. We prefer to stay as we are." So after paying for our hospitality, the house and the pots we had used, and the food we had bought, we returned defeated a second time, but quite confident that had we over-persuaded the people, and got a footing, their hearts would have been closed to us and we could do nothing, so to retreat for a time was the masterly move. In New Guinea it is often the waiting game that pays.

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The only other occasion in twenty-one years was at Uiaku, and after a few years the people of Uiaku agreed to our coming to them. It is at least some proof of the influence and good reputation of the Mission that there are places waiting to be occupied where the people want us to settle, though at present we cannot enter into effective occupation, but can only keep in touch with the people by occasional visits. News travels along the coast, the natives form opinions and discuss matters amongst themselves, and on the whole it seems that their attitude towards the Mission is friendly in the extreme. In nearly every case of advance made by us the invitation has come from the people.

Having decided on our site, and having found out that the people concerned are willing to sell, presents are given to those most concerned, and practically the matter is settled. Natives will seldom go back on their word in such matters.

The application to purchase is sent to the Government officer, who will come along some time and make the purchase, but we have not to wait for that, permission is given to occupy and at own risk to put up buildings.

A couple of South Sea Island teachers are placed in charge of the station, and they set to work to build their house, a school, a church, and to make a garden. All this means a good deal of work for the people, who give their help willingly in exchange for tobacco and small articles of trade, and the teachers get to know their people, and to pick up peculiarities of dialect. As soon as the buildings are ready the children are gathered for school in the mornings five days a week. The school teaching would doubtless shock any inspector of schools, make him hold up his hands in holy horror, and tear his hair in despair. The children have a lesson on Scripture or Catechism or the Commandments immediately after the school has been opened with a prayer and a hymn. Having retentive memories, the children soon learn the Commandments in a cognate dialect, parts of a simple catechism, and hymns and psalms. They are taught to read and write and to do simple arithmetic, and in spite of the

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incompetence of their teacher as school masters they do learn. Certainly any educationist would pronounce most of our out-station schools a hopeless failure, yet they do a most important work, and are a very valuable factor in the mission influence.

There is little need, so far as future use is concerned, to teach arithmetic and writing, but then education is something more than imparting more or less useless knowledge, and, if it means strengthening character and widening outlook, our sub-station schools educate, not so much or so well as one could wish, but still more than if they were not there! The moral training of having to do something every day, the submission to authority, even though discipline is not all it ought to be, help to form characters. While incompetent as our South Sea Island teachers are, quâ teachers, they do impart a great deal of religious truth; they prepare the ground for further sowing, and most of all they gain a strong moral influence for good over the children at the most impressionable age, and the real effect of their work often appears years afterwards.

Services are held on Sundays in the centres of population in the neighbourhood of the station in the open air, and the life of the teacher in his daily work and his daily intercourse with his people is preaching the most important lessons, all the more effective because, though they act the chief at times, these South Sea Island teachers enter into the everyday life of their people, are sympathetic and kind-hearted and ready to help those in distress. Indeed, one sometimes fears that they are so soft-hearted that they get imposed upon.

Of course, where there is a white teacher, or a coloured one who has had some training, there is a marked improvement in the schools, and the best work is done at the central stations of the districts where a few boarders are gathered to live a more regular life, and to be taught in school with the local village children. The regular life, regular hours for food and sleep and work, have a wonderful effect in improving the physique of our boarders, and very soon the

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hideous skin disease is cleared off. It is this improvement which makes an ignorant casual visitor cynically remark, "The missionaries always pick out the nicest looking and best developed children to live with them." The sneer implies what is absolutely false. The life of order and discipline, the absence of the fear from the eyes and from the attitude which is seen in village children, the care bestowed on health and cleanliness, these all contribute to make the station children look as though they belonged to another race, different from the dirty, wild, little brats one sees in the village; when they come to us first they are just such wild, dirty, little brats, and the transformation only shows what can be done.

Our hope is that out of the hundreds of children who pass through our boarding schools a few of them will volunteer to become teachers, for it is our aim to raise up a staff of native teachers, and in time priests and deacons, for the work of the Church in New Guinea, and it is from our boarders on the Mission stations that we hope most—in fact, from them alone can we have any hope of a supply. In season and out of season the duty of work for God and the Church is pressed upon the boys, of being missionaries to their own people, and of course especially at such times as preparation for baptism and confirmation. On the whole we have to confess failure so far.

It may be that we have said quite plainly and honestly that they must volunteer, that no pressure other than teaching the duty is brought to bear upon them; it may be that we have demanded too high a standard, for our teachers must be ready to go wherever they are sent and that is rarely to their own villages, and we ask for life service. It may be that they have not yet realized what will happen in the future when they grow old and cannot work. We hope that the teaching will yet bear fruit, though perhaps in a later generation: that the example of the few who have had the courage to answer the call of the Holy Spirit will show that the work of an evangelist is not to be feared, that it has its peculiar joys and blessings. Undoubtedly most of all the hindrance has

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come from the old conservative feeling of duty and loyalty to the village, the sense of duty and responsibility to their parents and their own old people. Love for home, sense of duty to their elders, combined with a natural shrinking from the regular round of work and duty of a missionary's life hold them back, and we are handicapped by the fact that we are in duty bound to do nothing which will undermine respect for and obedience to the fifth Commandment.

When our boys are about sixteen or seventeen years of age, a little more or less according to development, if they have not already volunteered as missionaries they are asked what they wish to do—at least, that is my own way of treating them. Do they wish to be teachers, or do they wish to lead the life of an ordinary Christian in the village? Great as is our need of teachers, I always feel bound to point out that a boy who leads a decent Christian life in the village is working for God and is helping others. The higher duty and the nobler work is placed before them, though in my own mind I am sure they have already decided, for had they wished to be teachers they would have spoken of the wish before. I have never felt it right to exalt the duty of direct work for God by belittling the life of an ordinary Christian. However, the time has come for a decision to be made; if they are going to the village, they are old enough to do their garden work and to take their place in the village life; if they wish to be teachers, it is time for definite preparations to begin.

In very many cases there is a real desire to offer themselves, but there is no one else to help their own people, or the old people object; it has evidently been thought out and talked over. Some few say definitely they have no wish to be teachers, they have evidently no vocation. Some of the others make excuses to save face. Some would offer but—and after all the but is only the but one hears so often from white people, to whom the call of home and kindred is not really so strong as to these people, and who might be expected to take a more individual stand.

To very many people it seems a waste to spend so much

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time and money and worry in keeping boys for three or four years, educating, training them, nursing them when sick, only for them to go back to the village life, and forget the history and the geography and the arithmetic, never to have any opportunity of writing letters, though they can at least have Testaments and Prayer Books if they wish to have them, and if pigs and dogs, to say nothing of cockroaches and borers, and a host of enemies to books, do not destroy them. But they go back with their minds opened, and with a wider view of life and of the world than could have been otherwise; they understand references somewhat as a student of literature understands a quotation and appreciates the application of it. They are better because more intelligent Christians, and they do something to raise the tone of village life. On the station the boarders learn English, and many of them can read it intelligently, can understand what is said to them, though they are shy about speaking it. Probably they are so sensitive about the murdering of their own language, that they cannot bear the ridicule they feel they would excite by speaking incorrectly.

It may be that strangers passing through the villages will see no difference between Christian and heathen, but then we are working not for the human judgment to decide, but for that judgment which looks on the heart and judges righteous judgment. Some do, indeed, fall back and seem all the harder to influence, but while we are prepared sadly to admit failures and to confess disappointment, we are no more ready to admit that these condemn our work than that the catastrophes condemn, let us say, the principles of æronautics in these later days of scientific progress. And we can as fairly claim to be justified by our success as the flying man can point to a successful flight as a proof of the rightness of the principles on which he is working. Why should missionary work be judged by failures, when everything else in life is judged by success?

CHAPTER XXII

MISSION WORK—*Continued*

OUR boarders come to us with the consent of their parents, or of that relation who has the right to be consulted on such a matter; it is not as a rule the father. Usually, if a boy wishes to come he can get consent, for a New Guinea man always gives way to much persuasion, and besides, though we should never be parties to it, the old people know that the young folk are capable of taking the matter into their own hands and settling it by coming, or they might throw out hints of going away to some other place if they cannot have their own way. Once a little party of half a dozen boys put in appearance at Dogura and came to me to say, "We have come to be Dogura boys." They had each of them some food and a few treasures in a basket slung over the shoulder, so little troubled are they with impedimenta, and the leader explained the situation to me. I had been speaking to the people of that village about sending me some children, and it had been discussed by the little fellows themselves, and they had at last got the consent of their parents and friends. Everything had been arranged by these little chaps; they had discussed the whole situation amongst themselves, and arranged who should come and who should not. It leaked out some time afterwards that of two brothers, the younger was very anxious to be of the party, but the elder told him quite plainly, as elder brothers can, that he was to stop at home. "I am going; I have a bad foot, they will cure it and I will stay on."

I spoke to the band of little chaps quite seriously, telling them I was glad to see them, but of course I must know what

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their people had to say in the matter, and as some were younger than others, the younger ones must expect to stay at Dogura longer than the others. At this the faces of the small folk fell, but they were too much of gentlemen to go back on the arrangement. Of course, I knew quite well that seeing their friends was a matter of form. They had fixed all that up before they came, and as a matter of fact I might take their word for it.

Occasionally there is a difficulty. The greatest snub I have had in my life was from a New Guinea man, old Magadora of Boianai. He had a son, his youngest, whom I was very anxious to get to Dogura, and one day the old chap came to see me at the station, when he was visiting friends in Wedau. We passed the time of day and he said, as they always do, he had come for nothing, just to see me. I mentioned his son, and thinking in my ignorance and smallness of mind that I could influence him by giving him a stick of tobacco *first*, I offered him one. He would not touch it. We then discussed the question of his boy coming to Dogura, but the old man was adamant. He would not listen to the suggestion or be beguiled by all the advantages I expatiated on. Susura was his youngest, his best beloved; we had the elder brother, he would not let this one come. I had to admit failure, and when the old man rose to go I again offered him the tobacco, and pressed him to take it, but though he is one of the greatest beggars I know he refused, he would not touch the incriminating thing, and I put it away a wiser and a humbler man. I have never made the same mistake. I learned a lesson of respect for the integrity of a New Guinea man which will last a lifetime. Had he taken the tobacco he would have felt bound to send his son. It would have meant agreeing to do what I wished.

It is to be expected that in the early days of a Mission the work will be done mostly by men, and the males will be the ones most influenced, and that first. Men must be the pioneers. The Archbishop of Brisbane, when he visited the diocese as Metropolitan (the diocese of New Guinea is within

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the province of Queensland) had to listen to some complaints from women missionaries that not enough was done for the women of New Guinea. More attention was given to the men and boys. The Archbishop rather shocked them by saying he did not think that mattered, that he did not mind more being done for men than for women, but he added, women are naturally so much more religious that they will surely catch up to the brothers in time in spite of the start they have, and certainly the work that has been done amongst the women and girls in New Guinea is the most effective.

There are only two stations where girl boarders are kept, Dogura and Mukawa. Twice there were for a time three such. Girls alone were taken at Wamira, and for a time girl boarders were taken in the Taupota-Hioge district.

At Dogura and Mukawa there have always been girls and boys as boarders. It is, of course, an arguable and disputed question as to whether it is wise to have mixed schools, and girls and boys on the same stations as boarders. For my own part I should say it is better in New Guinea to have both where it is possible, than to have distinct establishments. It means more worry and more trouble perhaps, but I believe that separation would create an unnatural atmosphere and be the cause of more trouble in the long-run. Boys and girls mix freely in the village life, and modesty is a real New Guinea virtue. To encourage intercourse without too many restrictions is the safest plan, to my mind.

Of the boys who have passed through our boarding-schools an appreciable percentage have been failures; apparently of the girls the percentage has been very small, and if the Mission were to be judged by its results it would be wise to point to the wives and mothers who have been trained at the Mission stations, and especially to those who have married South Sea Island teachers. They come to us wild untamed creatures, and in a few years they are steady responsible wives and mothers, cleaner in their habits, and with far more self-respect than the ordinary village woman, with more sense of responsibility, and greater effort to live their Christian life. Some

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come to us to be trained so that they can marry South Sea Island teachers, others come just as the boy boarders come, some are brought by their parents, some have been brought by New Guinea boys who want us to train their wives that are to be, some are mandates handed over by the Government to us because they have got into mischief themselves, or their parents have, or because they were thought to be neglected in the village.

Little Rerebesi, whose name was said to be a completion of "little bit," as she had been called by some one, came to us as dirty a little grub as could be imagined. She was a mountain girl, and when quite small had been handed over to her future husband to be fed. Her mother was a widow, and as he was to marry her he could feed her. Rerebesi could not do anything much, but get dirty and eat, and she seemed to think her future husband's garden could be laid under tribute at any time by her. So she got into much trouble, and at last ran away from him. She was brought to us, and her husband that was to be consoled himself with some one else. When you wanted Rerebesi the one sure place to find her was in the ashes of the fireplace in the native kitchen, as we soon found. Cleaning the pots was especially a joy to her, as it gave her an opportunity of transferring the black to hands, face, and feet, but then every New Guinea boy or girl enjoys most of all to clean lamps, especially if the glasses have been well smoked, for not even pot black mixed with coco-nut oil is so convenient as lamp black to streak cheeks and forehead and chin with.

And yet Rerebesi settled down to school, and after a few years began to gain some self-respect, especially after her younger sister Damuni came to us. In course of time she became a catechumen, and was baptized and confirmed. She gained the affection of Samuel Matagunia, a South Sea Island teacher on the staff of the Mission, and now she is the happy mother of a little baby who wins the heart of every one. It is a pleasure at the end of a long day's tramp to get to Menapi and have a lime drink, or a cup of tea that Lena, always bright, happy and cheerful, gets for you without your having

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to ask for it, and you are thankful for what the Mission has done for her as you see her bustling about setting the table and arranging things as she had learned to do at Dogura.

Or Manua,—perhaps the greatest transformation of all was Manua. She came to us because Samuel Siru, one of the South Sea Island teachers in Collingwood Bay, wished to marry her. Samuel was stationed at Sinapa, a place where we had made very little impression, but Samuel had won the affection of Manua, and he knew and she knew that he ought not to marry a raw heathen; so when he made arrangement with her people about the marriage he said he wanted the young lady to go to Dogura to be trained and taught, so that she could be baptized before they were married. It fell to my lot as Vicar General to arrange matters with the parents. There was only one white man on the staff who could speak the Maisin dialect spoken at Sinapa, and him I took with me when I went to make the arrangements. We anchored in Phillips Harbour close to the shore, and were soon surrounded by canoes. The bride elect was produced in all the glory of necklaces wound carelessly round her neck, her arms covered with a multitude of coco-shell armlets, and earrings galore in her ears, her head shaved back from her forehead, and her hair matted together with coco-nut oil and dirt, her eyebrows shaved, a stiff piece of tapa cloth wound round her waist hanging in stiff ungainly folds, and secured to her waist uncertainly with a belt of plaited rattan. Her nose was pierced and there was a ring in it. Her face was tattooed in wonderful designs, the coco-nut oil had run in rivulets down her body, till the mixture with dirt and pot black made it too sluggish to go farther, and the stale oil emitted an odour than which there is little to be imagined more disagreeable.

Mr. Money, my interpreter, opened proceedings by inquiring if this was the bride-elect, and on our being assured by Samuel that the poor nervous girl was the one, we asked for her father. He appeared, and I told Mr. Money to ask him if he gave permission for his daughter to go with me to Dogura, and to explain why. I was duly serious and solemn till I had



UNDER THE COCONUTS

A scene in Collingwood Bay. Here the people wear loin-cloths of Tapa cloth, made from the beaten bark of a tree.

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the answer given me with much joy by the interpreter, "The man says 'you are her father-in-law, and of course she will do as you say.'" I said I was willing to take her, but I thought it was sad for her to go alone. At Dogura she would have no one to talk to, for no one would know her language, and though she would soon learn Wedauan well enough to talk, still she ought to have one of her own people with her. There was a pause and some talk amongst the people. They quite realized the force of what I said, though no one had thought of it. No volunteer was forthcoming for a time. At last a boy, Manua's cousin, said he would go. Next morning we started off,—and did ever a bride-elect go on such a journey since the Middle Ages, and that in higher circles? Manua had never been any great distance from home, and she was going to a strange place amongst strange people, whose language and customs she knew nothing of. Was ever greater faith and confidence shown? Of course our reputation had gone abroad, and surely this was a proof that it was one of which we need not be ashamed. Manua and Bogane had food with them, of course, for what native would travel without food, and when will they get anything that will taste so sweet? They had their sleeping-mats, and various precious things, and some tobacco too. Before very long my daughter-in-law and her cousin were enjoying a cigarette, a twist of newspaper with just a very little tobacco in it, and neither was affected as Tony was in "Jackanapes."

I did not think it necessary to warn Manua that Mrs. Newton did not allow her girls to smoke. When they went home to the village or got married the decision rested with others, but while they were Dogura girls they must abstain. As a matter of fact, husbands never object, so a cigarette follows marriage almost invariably.

I did not consider it my duty to interfere then at least, Manua would find out the narrow-minded prejudices that were to shape her life quite soon enough. So I let her smoke in peace. We tried to amuse ourselves on the long run of fifty miles from Sinapa to Mukawa, I asking for and they giving

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me Maisin words and phrases, and Bogane was a very chivalrous guardian of his cousin.

At Mukawa I begged a dress so that some of the dirt and deficiencies might be covered, and the next day we arrived at Dogura.

Poor girl, I wonder what her thoughts and fears were when she was introduced to that strange world. Of course, the girls chummed up with her, and took charge of her, and she was left alone for a time so far as rules and regulations were concerned; but Mrs. Newton declares that when she went into the dormitory after the first night the impression of Manua's body was on the floor in grease where she had slept. That gave an excuse for a bath, as she could not well have a blanket under such circumstances! After a few days it was suggested that she should shave off the ringlets of oil and mud and hair which covered most of her head, and she herself gradually discarded greasy armlets and put them away. It must have been terribly lonely for a few weeks, though Bogane would come and talk to her from time to time. He was older and more self-possessed and a "man," with no nervous tremors and fears about not being *au fait*, so he dropped into ways readily, and could give Manua hints more or less correct. She would come to my room when I was writing, and sit on the floor near me silent and sad. I had brought her down, and I seemed some link with her own people and place.

I had written down the few words and phrases I had picked up from them on the way from Sinapa, and I made these do duty many times. She would smile sweetly but sadly when I did so. It was a trial to give up smoking, and a struggle to resist the temptation to taste whatever was in the dish in the safe, but gradually she fitted into her place, and in a marvelously short time she was able to jabber in Wedauan and to learn something in school. When her face was at last really clean and her hair had grown again a little, she proved a nice-looking girl, and of course her carriage was perfect.

It was not long before she was as bright and happy as the rest of the girls, and when she had been here about eighteen

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months I told her I thought the time had come for her to go home and be married. She begged to be allowed to stay a few months longer: she was young, she had really only just begun to learn things, and she would like to learn more. Bogane had fulfilled his agreement, and he could not fairly be expected to stay on, and there was not the same need, but he volunteered to come back after a visit home. The freedom of village life made him somewhat loth to come back to the regular station life again, but he did, though, as Manua again decided to stay on longer at Dogura, he left before she did. This putting off the time of her departure was in no sense due to an unwillingness on the part of Manua to fulfil her promise to Samuel. I do not suppose that for one moment the idea entered her mind that she should change her mind, it was simply that she had learnt enough to know how ignorant she was, and she wished to learn more. It was my pleasure to prepare her for baptism and confirmation, and just about two years after she had been handed over to our care Samuel came down and took away his bride, as different a girl as could be imagined from the dirty, wild, frightened creature of two years before, and I had no objection to being considered the father-in-law of bright, intelligent, happy-looking Sara.

And there was poor, sad Maigata—an orphan girl who could do nothing in the garden when she was old enough for work, for she always had sores on the soles of her feet and could only hobble about with great difficulty on her heels.

Her people felt her a burden, and Maigata knew it, and being a very sensitive nature she got a sad look which she never lost. She was brought to Dogura from Wamira for treatment, and when her feet were well she elected to stay on as one of our girls. It was not long before she had feet as sound as any one, after years of suffering. Patient and gentle with a very sweet smile—the sweeter because of the sad lines on her face, and because the smile was mostly in her eyes, Maigata found Dogura a real haven of rest and peace. She was older than the other girls, and so could not be in school for long, and she became very useful in the house, always to

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be depended on—never angry or rude or boisterous, but loving and loved by every one. She gave her heart to one of the boys who was to be a teacher, the son of a South Sea Islander and of a New Guinea woman, and it seemed as though Pauline, as Maigata choose to be called when she was baptized, would have a greater sorrow than ever to mark lines on her sweet young face, for Lionel became very ill soon after they were engaged, and it seemed he would surely die. He said so himself, and would have kept his word had I not told him it was all nonsense and he would soon be better. Pauline was very quiet and very sad; she did not weep much, but she was as gentle and as attentive as a white woman could be, and she had her reward when she was married. There are some saints among New Guinea Christians and Pauline is one of them, one who has learnt much through suffering—the best school for saintliness when it can be borne with patience, as Pauline bore hers.

And here is Louisa, the wife of Peter Rautamara, a New Guinea teacher. Paikiei she was called in the old days,—“the duchess,” as we called her for her stately carriage and slow, dignified ways. “Poor Paikiei” she was sometimes called, because she never could do anything right. In school she would give the wildest answers to any question, guesses that by no possible stretch of the imagination could be anything like the answer, with her two and two were five, or ten, or twelve, or any other number that came into her “chest”—for New Guinea people think with the chest, not with the head—I do not think she ever learned to read. And “Poor Paikiei” because she always did the wrong thing out of school. Should a thing go to the wash that must on no account be boiled, into the copper it would go, and “Paikiei did it.” Anything stupid and peculiarly foolish would always be Paikiei’s doing. But since her baptism there has never been a suspicion against her character, and she has been a true and faithful wife and a loving mother, and what more can be said of the most brilliant of her sisters.

And in the village too, those who really know the lives

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of the people soon come to realize what a difference there is between the women who have been trained on one of the Mission stations and those who have not. They are not all perfect saints by any means, they are not all as careful about their religious duties as they should be, they have to be scolded at times, but take them on the whole they are better wives and better mothers, and they have settled down to their married life more easily and more contentedly, and are a strong influence for good in the village life. Perhaps no greater commendation could be given to our work than the desire expressed by some young men that we should take and train the girls they are going to marry. The women themselves are glad to come back from time to time to visit their "mother," and to bring their children to see their grandmother and grandfather. So quickly does one grow old in New Guinea!

CHAPTER XXIII

THE SICK—HOSPITAL WORK

THE Anglican Mission to New Guinea is not by any means a medical mission; we have never had a doctor on the staff, though we have had the comfort of some well-trained nurses who have done noble work, and most of the members of the staff have done a good deal of more or less amateur work for the sick and suffering. We have been able to save a good many lives—at least so it seemed to us—as well as to relieve a vast amount of suffering. Every white man in charge of a district has done some dispensary work, and wherever there are women stationed there has been a good deal of nursing.

Fortunately most of the members of the staff have been content to use simple remedies, when they have had no special training; of course, experience has been gained—at the expense of the patients probably—but there has been nothing done at all that has been dangerously experimental. When one considers that the experience has been gained, one ought not to blame the people because in the early days a man with awful sores on his legs asked you to pay him for allowing you to give him relief. It sounds a bit Gilbertian for the patient to ask a fee from the “doctor,” but perhaps after all there was some reason in it, though neither patient nor “doctor” saw it.

It has not been possible even with our trained nurses to allow them to devote themselves exclusively to special work. A missionary has to be able and willing to take up any work, even though it may seem a waste of good material and of qualification. There come time and emergencies when everything else must give way to something. There is always a

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multitude of things to be done, and there is variety of employment which is useful to prevent monotony of life, if it is not charming. To be a butcher and a baker and a cook, carpenter, house-builder, fencer and painter, adviser in moral and legal difficulties, settler of matrimonial disputes and reconciler of separated partners, schoolmaster, housekeeper, tailor, referee in case of sorcery, linguist, pastor, priest, sailor, would surely be enough for variety, and then on the top of all doctor and nurse. About the only thing a missionary need not try his hand at is match-making, though some are said to have been greedy enough to have tried their hands at that, which is about as dangerous a game in New Guinea as elsewhere. A missionary has to be a Jack of all trades, and is usually in consequence master of none—not even of his own special work!

Fortunately, most of the cases the amateur physician is called upon to treat in New Guinea are external, and there is generally an opportunity for the newcomer to learn a little about bandaging and boracic acid, and vaseline, and soap and water from one of the nurses or older missionaries. Most of the pain of the sores—or at least a great deal—is due to the dirt and filth that accumulate; a native never allows water to come near him when he is sick, and he does not go near water, consequently cleansing a sore gives relief, and a reputation is gained, and Nature will do the rest. The nearest nurse will make up an ointment for you, and a cough mixture for colds and such like. If there is pain in a certain region with no temperature a dose of salts is sure to do good—indeed, when a New Guinea man has such a pain, and looks sad and sorrowful, a dose of salts has a most exhilarating effect, an effect like a glass of champagne, and the miserable wretch gets as lively as a cricket. Then it is fairly safe to give quinine first time, second time, and all the times if there is temperature; unless there is pain in some unusual part, it is fairly safe to diagnose malaria as well as perhaps something else, so quinine is sure to do good, and it is most unlikely to do any harm. If there is internal pain it is also

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safe to give the patient some eucalyptus to rub in. The man who keeps to such simple treatment is sure to do good, and give relief; even if his treatment has no direct beneficial result, the relief to the sick man's mind and the faith he has in the treatment helps towards recovery. If there is some symptom out of the ordinary it is always safe to leave the matter alone, or if not too far away to send off the patient by whale-boat to the nearest nurse, if he or she is willing to go, and if his or her people will give consent.

We have had boys sent to Dogura in an open whale-boat in anything but favourable weather, and when the patients were got to bed they were found to be running a temperature of 103° and 104° , with unmistakable symptoms of pneumonia, and they have recovered. For a native is the most cranky of patients,—he gets over things an ordinary person would certainly die of, and he dies from no particular cause at all.

The important thing is to give the native confidence, faith in the treatment and in the treater; the great danger arises from fear of evil spirits and of sorcerers, so when that fear is banished and confidence is gained Nature will do the rest. So the amateur physician can content himself with simple remedies that may themselves do good, and certainly will not do harm. The man or woman who can induce confidence will be more successful even with little knowledge and using simple treatment, than the better-trained person who knows more and can use more effective treatment, but in whom the patient has no confidence.

Sympathy and love are two of the most important and useful endowments for those who would heal the sick in New Guinea. Strange as it may seem, the natives are quick to notice when they are being treated as "cases," and when experiments, no matter how justifiable, are being made. Nowhere is professional reticence more important than in New Guinea. I have known a boy who was always expecting to die whenever he got a cold on his chest because once, when he was sounded, a weak spot in one of his lungs was noticed, and the one who was sounding him was unwise enough to

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speaking of it to some one who was standing by. It is not merely what they hear, but the interpretation they put upon it that does harm. The trained nurse with great skill and cleverness who could pull a white person through a dangerous illness may find native patients die under her hands when they have had nothing very serious the matter, just because confidence was not induced.

There is, I suppose, more danger of a trained person becoming more interested in her "case," and unconsciously treating it as something separate from the personality of the patient. One cannot blame them for being interested in their profession, especially when opportunities of seeing the effect of treatment on new cases is given them, but one can warn them to keep themselves always well in hand, and not to lose sight of the individual in the "case." After all, to get the patient well, and to relieve pain and suffering, are the objects in view. *Cæteris paribus*, the trained nurse who knows her business will have more confidence in her treatment than an untrained person, and so induce confidence in the patient, but I am personally convinced that simple treatment with sympathy and consideration will do more good than clever treatment, which ought to be successful, without sympathy and consideration.

Perhaps everywhere people are learning nowadays that the body cannot be treated as something merely material with no other consideration than chemical action and reaction, but that the spiritual part of man affects the material, and one acts on the body through the spirit. In New Guinea one learns that lesson very thoroughly.

Sores are awful things in New Guinea. With some white people the slightest scratch if not attended to at once develops into a sore which spreads and spreads until many a white man's leg from knee to ankle is nothing but a collection of dark blue patches where sores have been. How much worse it is with natives whose constitutions are not so good can be imagined. Perhaps the most painful are what the natives call *Actia* on the sole of the foot, a sort of corn that grows

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under the skin—and what a hide they have on the sole of the foot! Eventually this will break through the skin, and from start to finish the poor sufferer cannot bear to put his foot to the ground. With careful treatment and cleanliness they are soon cured when once they have broken through the skin, but it seems an endless business cutting away the thick dead skin round the sore, under which has collected a quantity of pus. Sometimes nearly half the skin on the sole of the foot has to be cut away, and the mere suggestion of cutting is enough to make a native faint even though it is dead skin and there is no feeling in it, and even though they will allow their friends to gash them with obsidian or shell or glass bottle without flinching. Nearly as painful are poisoned feet from being pierced by live coral, or the young shoot of a reed which springs up after the grass is burned off. Swellings in the groin and in the armpit are very common; sometimes they disperse, sometimes they break and form a horrid sore.

A native never washes while he is sick, and when you visit a sick man, or inquire after his health, if you are told he washed yesterday, or to-day, or some time, you know he has turned the corner towards recovery. Whether the abstention from water is really a sort of expression of their sorrow and sadness and humility, in order not to irritate the evil spirits, or whether it is just the indifference that comes from weakness and a languid feeling, or whether they think there are risks of taking cold for people who have no means of drying themselves except such as a groom uses to clear off the water or sweat from his horse, no one will ever know. It is probably a combination of all three,—it is certainly not a preference for dirt pure and simple. As the sick man always has the head shaved it looks like humiliation, since shaving the head is a sign of mourning for the male, whose glory is his hair.

Fever and complications that follow, especially spleen troubles, are the cause of most of the internal complaints, but pleurisy is not uncommon, and we have epidemics of pneumonia, of measles, and of whooping-cough, the two latter at least



CANOE WITH OUTRIGGER

Photo from Samarai, showing the mountains of the mainland (Papua) in the distance.



PAPUAN ENGINEERING

A dam made of stones and rubbish to facilitate the irrigation of the native gardens.

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introduced. Like other dark-skinned races these people have weak chests, and the introduction of clothing over the chest will certainly tend to weaken them more. They are keen to get such clothing, and wrap any old clothes or rags round themselves. Boys who go to work buy coats and jumpers, and foolish people give them coats and waistcoats. These not only mean dirt, but also the people keep them on when they are wet, and even sleep in them wet. They feel the cold, especially the cold winds, and think any covering in any condition a comfort to protect themselves from the wind, and they like to have something to keep off the hot rays of the sun. Of course, from an æsthetic point of view clothing is abominable, they never look less clothed than when partly clothed, and a native in trousers is enough to make angels weep, but from a health point of view clothing is even to be more objected to.

Dysentery is prevalent at times, and is responsible for a great many deaths; but if one could only get the people to be more careful in their habits very simple treatment would save hundreds of lives, and the disease could often be prevented from becoming epidemic. They are perhaps more frightened of dysentery than of anything else, but it is almost impossible to get them to take decent precautions even when they know such will be for their benefit, and perhaps save their lives. Once when dysentery began in the villages near Dogura I told the village policemen that if they would put up a native building where we could isolate the patients we would look after them, and every suspicious case could be attended to at once, and the villages kept clean. The policemen quite saw the force of the arguments, and they said the people would do the work because they were so afraid of dysentery. The work would have been done in a couple of days, but though we picked out the site and got the post holes dug in readiness, the people would do nothing, possibly because they were not going to be paid for it. Dysentery spread and the police got a good many houses burnt down where there had been cases, the rebuilding of which would mean a good deal more work than the building of a ward would have meant!

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They have great faith in smelling-salts when they feel they are getting a cold in the head, and any one who has much to do with these people will find it useful, and amusing, to have a bottle on hand. They take a sniff with great care and trepidation, and some think it sufficient to let the bottle be held near their noses while they hold their breath hard! But oh the joy! when some, especially a new chum at it, gets a really good sniff, and the tears come out of his eyes. How the others jump and laugh with enjoyment. They believe in rubbing in oils for any pains, only they do not realize that the chief virtue is in the rubbing not in the lubricant, so they are content to smear it over the affected part; and as there is often a good coating of scaly skin disease the white practitioner prefers that the rubbing should be done by the patient himself, or by a near friend, while he contents himself by giving instruction with a rubbing motion in the air with his hand. Painting affected parts with iodine they have faith in—indeed, external applications of all kinds appeal to them most. All the out-patients are keen on seeing the effect of treatment of sores and such like, and when a new patient has the first dressing taken off which leaves the wound clean and sweet there is a cry of surprise, attention is directed to the clean wound, while the patient, quite proud of himself and feeling a sort of hero, has no objection to its being admired; and thankful he might well be, for it means an easing of the nagging pain he has suffered from, it may be for weeks, and at last he can have a good night's rest.

At times there is a good deal of what seems like scurvy, which responds to treatment readily if taken in time; yaws are a terrible scourge, especially to young children, who have them in the villages as white children must have measles. There is a nasty slushy eruption which is very contagious and sometimes very obstinate to treatment. A very large percentage of the people have dirty, disfiguring, skin diseases. Some of these respond almost at once to treatment, some are very obstinate, and often when the skin has been got perfectly clean the disease begins again in a couple of weeks.

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When a New Guinea man or woman has a clean skin it is about the most beautiful one could wish to see, so soft, so velvety, and such a beautiful brown. Some few are very keen to get rid of the skin disease which they know is a disfigurement, but most are content, and women allow their babies to be nursed by those who are covered with scales from head to foot. Of course, they can do nothing to cure it in the village, and of course those with clean skin are too considerate to hurt the feelings of another by avoiding contact with him whose skin is disfigured. So you find a boy with a clean skin sleeping on the same mat and in close contact with one who is covered with scales. They exchange clothes, the one coat in the village goes the round, each man taking a turn out of it with no consideration of the fact that the last one who wore it had skin disease.

At times people—nearly always men—seem to go mad for a while—"opa" the Wedauans call it, and "opaopana" means a foolish, ignorant person. It is a strange affliction, and must be somewhat similar to running amok among the Malays, and it makes one realize what a demoniacal possession must have been like. Suddenly a man or youth, who has been perfectly well up to that moment to all appearance, rushes wildly about the village, a strange look in his eyes, which seem to recognize no one, and nothing. He will pick up stones or a spear and throw them at house or people. All the young folk think it great sport, and they follow the afflicted one shouting and yelling, and dancing with delight at his strange capers, but keeping well out of harm's way. Should he be very bad the near relations will try to secure him, and that means a great struggle, for the man seems to have the strength of ten. Probably he will run and run for miles with his friends following him, fearing he will fall down a precipice and do himself harm. Such men are possessed with diabolical cunning, and when they feel they are mastered will promise all sorts of things, and feign themselves well until they see a chance to get away again.

One young man, a Christian in Wedau, was so afflicted.

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He had been secured in the village but broke away and came to me for protection. He felt he must get to his priest, he said. I led him panting into the house, soothed and scolded him by turns, his heart was beating at a tremendous rate, he had a rapid pulse, a wild scared look was in his eyes. I tried to get him to take a dose of bromide, hoping to quieten him and get him to sleep. He clenched his teeth and would not drink it. Evidently he now got an idea into his head that I too was an enemy, for he tried to get out of the window and bolt again. He pretended to drink the bromide but spat it out, he pretended to quieten down, to go to sleep, and after a while said he was better. He asked if he might go out for a short time, promising to come back. Thinking it might do good to trust him as he seemed calmer, I let him go. At once he bolted off and it was days before he was seen again, and it was many months before he lost the wild, startled, but seemingly unconscious look from his eyes. He quietened down, but he was not himself for a very long time, if he indeed has ever recovered.

Another Christian boy, one of the finest and strongest characters we have had to do with, gets periodical fits of such madness. He would dress himself up and go about the village with a spear. He nearly always came to the station at such times and asked for "Quinine," the general name for all medicine in tablet form. He wanted bromide. He would squat down in the doorway, the old madness and the new knowledge fighting for mastery in his mind, take the bromide and say he would go and sleep. At times he would stand near the mission-house, stamp his foot and shake his spear, saying through clenched teeth, "I must kill somebody," and he would wheel round and rush off with a yell and a whoop. Once I was at that station and this boy had one of his fits. A lay missionary was with us who tried to take his spear from him, and a foolish thing to do, for it only meant aggravating him, and he could easily get another. An hour or so afterwards he came back to the station. I was lying on a cane lounge on the verandah reading, and Gregory

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put in an appearance, and stood about five yards from me grinning with a horrid expression. Suddenly he raised his spear and pointed it towards me, shaking it in his hand as though to throw. I do not think he would have done so, but I did not move. I said, "Now, Gregory, put that spear down." He did so and walked away, but it is an uncanny feeling to have a madman who feels he must kill some one shaking a spear at one a few yards away.

We see very little of this nowadays, but years ago it was very common. Some of the cases were slight attacks and a good deal was put on for the fun of the thing, I am sure. Then the excitement of being the central figure of a melodrama worked on the man till he really got worse, and the weakness of self-control, induced by a belief in the victim's mind that he was under the influence of spirits whose power was too much for him, meant that a man let himself go. Slight cases, if treated at once with firmness and bromide, soon recovered, but there were individuals who were subject to attacks and who suffered for years, if indeed they ever fully recovered. It begins with a pain in the lower part of the chest or near the heart, which gradually spreads over the system, and its travelling through the body helps to convince the victims that they are possessed by evil spirits, as they are believed to be by others.

Twice in the history of the Mission have we been able to do definite hospital work for a short time with a view to help the miners. The first time was on the Mamba River, far away in the north close to the German boundary. Forty miles up the river the Mission erected an hospital, and placed two nurses in charge of it, close to where all stores were landed, and whence the miners set out on the track to the Gira goldfields. The hospital was open for a year, and magnificent work was done by the nurses. It had to be closed because the Mission funds could not stand the expense, and since then the miners have left the field, so that there is no call to reopen it on their account. The second time was when the Mission placed two nurses—the same two who had been on the Mamba

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—at the disposal of the Government to help combat a serious outbreak of dysentery on a new goldfield to the west of Port Moresby. The dysentery was stamped out and the nurses returned to mission work.

It so happened that the Mamba hospital work was started while the bishop was away from New Guinea, though of course he had given authority for it, and he had made the preliminary arrangements before he left for England. It fell to my lot as commissary to see about the building of the hospital and the starting of the work. The Mamba is the largest river on the north-east coast, and it enters the sea a few miles this side of the German boundary. It is a fine stream, but there are several mouths, the coast is flat near the mouths, and in none of the channels is there much water. Also there are mud flats at certain places in the course of the river, which make navigation impossible except for boats of very small draught. Rather more than forty miles up the river a large creek enters it, and a short distance up this creek was a Government station, Tamata, about three miles from the Mission station. When there were a good many miners on the field the store-keepers in Samarai had branch establishments at Tamata.

Goods were sent up by a small steamer or a sailing vessel to the mouth of the Mamba, transhipped there into whale-boats or a flat-bottomed oil launch, and taken up to Tamata. The miners came in or sent in for their stores from the field as they wanted them, or they sent an order and the store-keepers packed the goods out. The carrying was all done by natives.

It was a weary business getting up that forty odd miles of river against a stream so strong that fresh water can be got outside the river. It took about three days, sometimes four, to get up against the stream, and if the river was in flood it was almost impossible to make any progress, but you could come flying down in a few hours! Gold is also found in the creeks, and in the river at the head of the Mamba, but as the river trends back to the south-east at its source it was more convenient to get stores to the "Yodda" field, as it was called, by going up another river—the Kunusi—farther



ELSIE MADOUNA AND MELITA

This picture shows one of the ingenious methods of carrying a small child. Elsie is the wife of a Papuan Christian teacher.



NATIVE TURNERY

Making wooden bowls with a primitive chisel of sharpened stone.
It is still the "stone age" in Papua.

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to the eastward and crossing the divide between the valleys. So the launch had to work two streams between the trips of the coasting-boats.

Some day, perhaps, some one will be found to write up the romance of those early prospecting days on the Gira and Yodda goldfields, but it must be soon, the old hands are dying off, and the stories of the early days will be lost. If some one had the knowledge and the ability, a more exciting and interesting subject could not be desired. The life on the camps and on the settlements, the hardships of the prospectors, the wonderful loads the boys carried, the impossible paths, the marvellous scenery, the deaths of white and native not only from sickness—and the fields were a veritable death-trap for all new chums—but also from rifle bullets and from spears. Some of the stories would be ugly ones, no doubt. Sometimes the miners may have been to blame, but not always, and sometimes innocent people suffered for the brutality and lust of others.

We thought we had arranged everything very satisfactorily for getting our stuff and our people to the Mission station on the Mamba River, and really anywhere else but in New Guinea we might have thought there would be no hitch. In New Guinea it is always the unexpected that happens. All the building material, furniture, and drugs had to be ordered from Sydney, sent to Samarai by steamer, and transhipped into the local coasting-boat. This vessel was to call at Dogura, pick up the nurses, the carpenters, the work-boys, and all the personal luggage. We had arranged that the party should start immediately after our annual conference. Arrangements had been made for the oil launch to meet the steamer at the mouth of the Mamba and take all, passengers and luggage and goods, up the river. She would probably take two trips to do that.

Everything seemed to have been arranged, it seemed as there could be no hitch anywhere, there had been weeks of planning arrangements and a good deal of thought and care spent over them. The coastal steamer, *The President*, was not

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many days late in getting to Dogura, and we all went down to the beach to see our party off, and to bid them good-bye. The goods were put on board, and I went off to see the captain. He had tons of stuff for us from Sydney. I asked him if it was all on board. "Oh yes, it was," but the launch—*The Bulldog*—was stuck up behind a stony bar on the Kumusi River and was not likely to be down the river for some time! She could not move till there was enough rain to give her water to cross the rocky bar, and that in a district where they reckon the annual rain-fall by yards. It had been an unusually dry time and the river was very low, the launch had got up and then the river fell.

Certainly the best plans of men and mice gang aft agley. We had to decide what was to be done, and that quickly. The captain would not delay his boat, there were two nurses, two white men, and a couple of South Sea Islanders, a number of native labourers, and tons of stuff to be landed on the beach at the mouth of the Mamba, a low swampy place where there were millions of mosquitoes and sand-flies, forty miles from the station, and only a whale-boat to get everything up the forty miles, against a strong current. It looked like a hopeless business. However, no one thought of stopping the work. Something would turn up, and the one thing to do was to go ahead. I asked the captain of the steamer if he knew whether a launch could be got to do the work. He said that he believed that the manager for Burns, Philip & Co., in Samarai, was up the coast somewhere with a steam launch, and it might be possible to secure it. He believed this launch had once been up the Mamba River, but he did not know. I asked him to give me a passage to Cape Vogel to intercept the manager and arrange to charter the launch, and I decided to send the whole party on to the Mamba, telling them I would do the best I could, but I had no idea what the best would be. They were to do what they could, and at all events the Rev. Copland King had had native houses built for the nurses on the station, so there would be shelter for them when they got up the river, and our whale-boat would enable them to do that.

CHAPTER XXIV

MAMBA HOSPITAL

THE *President* landed me at Cape Vogel, and I made my way up the hill to the Mission station at Mukawa. There was no news of the steam launch, but she certainly had not gone back to Samarai past Cape Vogel, unless indeed she had passed, at nighttime, so there was nothing to be done but to wait. Our cutter was up the coast, and I could get back home by her. I had brought nothing with me but what I stood up in, for there had not been time to go up to Dogura and pack traps. Of course, something would turn up, only one wanted it to turn up soon, for the sake of those unfortunates who had gone on ahead up the coast, and something did turn up. One morning we saw the launch anchored in the roadstead at the foot of the hill, and it was not long before I got to the beach to find Burns, Philip & Co.'s manager and the resident magistrate of the district having breakfast in the boathouse. I explained my business and the manager agreed to let me have the launch on charter, but there was not very much coal, the engineer was just a greaser who knew something about an engine, and there was a native stoker. Moreover, the manager had to get to Goodenough Island to visit a plantation belonging to the firm, and also the resident magistrate wanted to get there with his whale-boat, which had been damaged on a reef, as there was a shipwright trading on Goodenough who could repair the whale-boat. I could have the launch in a few days, provided I could get the manager back to Samarai. Our schooner could do this, so arrangements were completed and the launch was to come to Wedau as soon as possible.

That same day the launch left Mukawa, and at night our

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cutter came in. I got on board next morning, and when we got round the Cape I was surprised to see the launch at anchor in Iasiasi. Thinking something must be wrong, for she ought to be at Goodenough, we ran into the anchorage, dropped our anchor, and lowered our sails, but we did not secure the boom. I was standing at the stern hailing the launch when the boom swung gently across, hit me on the back of the neck and landed me in the sea. Fortunately, I had very little on in the way of clothes, so I was prepared for a bath, but it was a terrible business getting me on board again. The boys lay on the deck and got hold of my hands to pull me up by main force on board, the only effect, for a time, being that my body swung under the counter, and the boys grunted and complained of my weight. They were very much upset, far more than I was, at the accident.

I got ashore for another interview, and found that in coming round Cape Vogel, in a narrow passage between the Cape and a small island, the Government whale-boat they had in tow had been swamped in the heavy sea and current. Everything had to be thrown overboard, and the native police had just escaped with their lives. This meant further delay for the launch, but did not interfere with our arrangements. I waited a week at Dogura, but no launch came, and I was wondering what had happened when one Sunday our schooner came in from Samarai, and news was brought to me from thirty miles in the *opposite direction* that the launch was waiting for me at Iasiasi. How news gets about in New Guinea no one can tell; it is often very unreliable, but it gets about somehow.

That same night I got on board the schooner prepared for a fortnight's trip. Just as we got opposite Iasiasi soon after daylight we saw the launch steaming out of the anchorage; they intended going to Dogura, and we just caught them. We hailed them and asked them to go to Mukawa. There we learnt that they had tried to get across the thirteen miles to Goodenough, but had not managed it, as the sea was too rough, and they had decided to give it up and come across to

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Wedau. Burns, Philip & Co.'s manager transhipped into our schooner to do his work and get home, and I took charge of the steam launch. It was necessary to get some one in Mukawa who had been up the coast, for none of us had been as far as the Mamba, and fortunately an old schooner boy was available as pilot. We had a chart, but none of us knew anything of navigation. About eleven o'clock at night we left Mukawa to run across Collingwood Bay. There was clear water for some forty miles, and then reefs. We should get to these by daylight, and during the night might hope for a fairly calm sea.

As I look back on it now, it seems to me that this trip was one of the most foolish of many foolish things I have done in ignorance in New Guinea. We were going a journey of about 500 miles (by the time we got to Samarai) in a small steam launch with no one who knew much about the coast or the engine, with a supply of fuel which would not last us out, though we knew we could burn wood, and three white men had jibbed at crossing a strait of thirteen miles in the same boat; certainly that strait has a nasty cross sea. Everything worked out as we hoped the first night, we got to the reefs soon after daylight, and were at anchor in Tufi harbour by nine o'clock. We wanted to use fresh water as much as possible for the boiler, so we filled up every vessel that would hold water there, and what a chance we had to go up this fiord on Cape Nelson. It was worth all the risk just for that experience. Cape Nelson is entirely volcanic, and in the middle is a huge volcano, Mount Victory, which is always steaming and smoking.

Along the southern and eastern sides of the Cape are long fiords running about a mile to a mile and a half into the land, about a quarter of a mile wide at the mouth. The water is very deep, and the sides are steep and precipitous, rising to 250 feet or more. Some branch into two a short distance up from the entrance. The steep precipitous shores are clothed with dense vine scrubs and ferns, and the sea inside is as smooth as a lake. Nothing could be imagined more magnifi-

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cent, and as one steams up them the silence is oppressive and the grandeur humbling.

The Government station of the North-Eastern Division is high up above one of these fiords, and there we made the first break in our journey. The Resident Magistrate gave me some information about the coast and the reefs which line the shore. We should be safe if we kept well out, a mile from the shore, but if we got into calm water then look out, for it meant we were behind a reef. We intended to make the next stage at nighttime, hoping again for a calm night. It had been blowing a stiff south-easter all day, and in the shelter of the fiord we knew nothing of what the sea was like outside. We got away about nine o'clock at night, but found such a sea on when we got out that we decided to turn back, and by good luck we managed to get the launch round without shipping a sea, and into the anchorage again. Fortunately, we did not altogether realize the danger we had been in.

By daylight the sea had gone down, and we started again, and I hoped we should be able to keep going all day and all night, and get to the mouth of the Mamba, a run of about 120 miles, if we kept a straight run across Dyke Acland Bay. But before three o'clock in the afternoon the engineer said he did not know whether he could run so long, he had never had the engines going all day and all night. He spoke about her running hot, which sounded rather absurd if everything was all right; but if he knew little about it I knew less, so we decided to run in for the shore and try to get an anchorage. We were well out to sea at the time, for we had intended making a bee-line of it. Not one of us knew where there was an anchorage, nor had we any idea how far we were out from the shore; however, we decided from the look of the mountains and from the chart we had, that there was a headland somewhere, and that possibly there might be an anchorage, so we altered our course for the land and for what we took to be a headland. It was dark before we got to the land, and after bumping over stones we got a cast of the lead, and

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finding enough water let go the anchor, hoping that the stones we had bumped over meant we had a reef to windward to protect us should any wind get up in the night. Fortunately it was a calm night, for we found next morning that there was no shelter to speak of.

Soon after we were at anchor the shore was lit up with numerous fires which to us seemed to increase in number, and we had heard many stories of the wild bloodthirsty natives of those parts. Our imagination pictured thousands of these not a quarter of a mile from us, and we knew how helpless we were if the natives did not know. The engineer was palpably nervous, so I said I would keep watch all night and he could sleep. It was more important that he should be fit for the next day than that I should be, for no one else knew anything about the engine, while our boys could steer and I could then sleep. What a weary vigil that was sitting on the deck-house all night reading by the light of a hurricane-lamp. Not a sound but the occasional crackling of the fires as a little breeze fanned them into flame, and the swish, swish of the sea as the ripples broke on the beach. At daylight we discovered there was not a sign of village or of human being; logs and stumps and trees alight after a bush fire had occasioned our alarm! Probably a little breeze had fanned them into flame just after we anchored, and we had not noticed them before. We had some careful navigation through the stones at daylight, but we had a good run for the rest of our journey and got to the mouth of the river about 3 p.m.

We went straight to the entrance to see if we were drawing too much water to get in and found we could manage it. Then across to a solitary galvanized iron house when the goods and timber would be stored. We found that nearly everything was gone excepting the building material, but there was a large quantity of that. We loaded our launch up, and how we did work! I had discarded boots and socks, and was dressed in a shirt, trousers, and hat, and what with banging toes against heavy timber, and treading on hot coals that had fallen on deck from the open galley as we worked to get our

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load on before dark, there were times when I had not the calm repose a missionary should exhibit. We had to arrange about a pilot to take us up the river. A number of natives from the village of Durita, a half a mile or so back from the beach, had come out when we anchored, and we had got some to help us load. When we were ready I made inquiries for a pilot who would know the channel. I do not know how I made the people understand what I wanted, for I did not know a word of the language and I was never much use at Pidgin English with which these people would be familiar having been in contact with miners and the steamers; but I did it, and arranged with a man to come with us next morning.

At daylight we were ready with steam up, but no pilot had put in an appearance. We waited for some time and then I went off to find the village, walking through the gardens and the long grass with one of our boys, who was in great fear, and would have preferred much to have remained on the boat. We had to ask directions from women working in the gardens, and the only way we could do so was to mention the name of the man we were looking for, and for answer heard words we did not understand, but fortunately some gesticulation was used and the direction we were to go indicated. At last we came to a stream some 12 or 15 feet broad, and there on the other side we saw our man sitting under the coco-nut trees. I do not think he intended to play us false, but there was really no hurry, and some food had to be cooked. An impatient white man who wanted to get on and who did not bother about cooked food or anything else that meant losing the tide was on one side of the water talking and gesticulating, a perfectly calm and impassive New Guinea man was on the other side quite prepared to take things coolly and, as it seemed, to gain a higher idea of the value of his services. There was much ludicrous argument across the water, and at last the man rose from his seat, bade his friends good-bye and came.

Everything seemed beautifully easy-going after we had grounded once or twice in the mud and had got into the deep

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water. The river was magnificent; the scrub, interspersed with brilliant D'Albertis creeper in full bloom, vines drooping into the water, palms and ferns galore, was glorious along the banks. On we went till past midday, and as the launch could do about seven miles an hour surely everything was all that could be wished for, and we began to think we should have a comfortable night at the station. We forgot that the launch probably did not do her seven miles under the best of circumstances, and still more we forgot to reckon the strong current of at least three miles an hour that was against us. About two o'clock in the afternoon we found ourselves hard and fast in shallow water, and I had grave doubts as to whether our pilot knew much about the channel; backing and turning, and trying every possible way, at last we got across and went on swimmingly for another hour, only to be stuck again. For about two hours we tried every way of getting on, and then decided it was no use; but we had been travelling some eight hours, and a simple calculation proved that we must be at least thirty miles up the river, even allowing for current and delays, so the best thing to do was to get out our dinghy and go on up to the station a further ten miles or so, and then we should find some one who would know the channel, and all would be easy. I told the engineer my plans, and we left the launch about five o'clock, taking a couple of boys to row the dinghy, and our pilot as well. I had asked the pilot if we were far from the Mission station, and he had given me to understand it was a long way, but of course to him ten miles would be a long way!

He was quite agreeable to the change of plan, for it was only another proof of the madness of the impatient white man. We rowed for hours and hours that night, and as we were soon to be at the station we had brought very little food with us. What need was there, when we should get all we desired in say five hours time? About nine o'clock we passed a village, and the people shouted out inquiries as to who we were. Our pilot answered that we were missionaries going to the Mission station, and the way the news was received made one glad for once to be a missionary. Here our pilot suggested a change

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of programme. We should leave the dinghy and get a canoe, and we could travel faster and more comfortably. I agreed, and he arranged it all. We left the dinghy, pulled up on the sandy beach—a very foolish thing we learnt afterwards, as a heavy rain up in the mountains would bring the river down and our dinghy would be gone. How that man did work in the canoe, poling along near the shore clear of the deep water and the strong current. A very subdued missionary kept on asking him, "Mission station he close up?" always to get the answer, "He long way, big fellow, water."

He never lost patience and never seemed to get tired, but when the moon went down about 11 o'clock and almost immediately afterwards we ran into a snag which nearly upset the canoe, he suggested it would be wiser to camp at a Government house that was near; and as I was not anxious for a swim in a stream I knew to be infested with crocodiles, I agreed. We ate the few biscuits and the tin of bula-makau I had brought, lit a fire under the floor to smoke away the mosquitoes, and slept till daylight. There was no breakfast to worry about, so when we had had prayers we started again with the first streak of light. What an unending river that Mamba seemed to be, and what poor judges of distance they were, who had put it down at forty miles to the station. On and on we went all the morning, the only change being that one could get out and walk round the sandy beaches at the bends. About eleven our pilot told us we could get out and walk across by a track which was a short cut across the bend, and we should be at the station by midday. So we pulled the canoe up on the bank and set out.

With bare feet kicking the sticks and sharp stumps that had been cut up just above the ground I hobbled along, but it was a change, and we knew we were near the end. Less than an hour's walking got us to the river again; we hailed a canoe from the village opposite, and were ferried over, and a quarter of an hour's walking brought us to the station just before lunch. No one recognized us as we went towards the house.

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Miners, was the cry of the boys, some from my own district, for who could think a bare-footed, dirty-looking creature partly clad, was a missionary. What a welcome we had! What a joy was it to have a bath and get into some clean dry clothes, even if they were two sizes too small, and dinner! Did any one ever enjoy such a meal? But we could not say. There was just time to explain the position and speak to the different people, none of whom could understand where we had sprung from, for they all believed it would be impossible for us to find means to come. By four o'clock we were in the whale-boat and on our way down the river; we picked up the canoe and returned it to the owner, with payment most thankfully given, then picked up the dinghy and were on the launch again by nine o'clock. The engineer was quite certain we had all been murdered, and was wondering whether he had better go back or go on.

Mr. Ramsay, one of our staff, came down with me, and there was a fine crew for the whale-boat. On the way down he told me what they had done. The Government whale-boat had met the steamer and taken up the nurses, the mission whale-boat had taken up the rest of the party and some of the luggage. They had got two canoes and tied them together, and so had got up much more of the goods; and since then Ramsay had been living on the river in the whale-boat getting the stuff up, but they were getting very sick of it, for it was dreary work. He also explained that we had got up the river about fifteen miles with the launch, and he did not think we could get farther, as the river was low. I wanted to believe he was wrong about the distance, and would have liked to argue the point, for surely a launch going so many miles an hour for so many hours must get over so many miles, but I remembered that long dreary trip by dinghy, canoe, and foot, and said nothing.

The next day we put the whole of our load on the bank of the river, intending to go down again and work up as far as that, and so we did. Every day except Sunday we ran down, loaded up, and got back part of the way, and we brought all

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the stuff so far up the river. Then before we went away we thought it would be a sporting thing to try the flat, though we had had no rain. There might be a few inches of rise; at all events, it was possible with a light boat, and we got over at the first attempt. Well, then, the only thing to do was to load up again, so the whale-boat was sent back and timber brought to us, and on we went again. Another flat, another unloading, and even though it was only a mile, it seemed worth while getting it all that much farther, and so we did, loading and unloading again. We could not find a way over the last flat anywhere, and the time I had chartered the launch for was running on, so I told Ramsay I was sorry I could not do more for him, but I hoped he felt grateful, and I would wish him good-bye.

We steamed away with many shouts and salutations, and in about five minutes we were stuck; whether we were careless, or whether the river had fallen again, I don't know, but we had our worst experience of all then—everywhere round the boat that we tried it seemed to be shallow water. We were fairly expert by then at sounding with a stick. We got back the whale-boat and got a line out ahead to a tree on the bank. We pulled and hauled, and lifted and shoved, for it seemed we should have to drag her over the flat, and we hoped the current would enable us to do so, and that we should not make a hole for ourselves in the sand. The river in that part is about 150 to 200 yards wide, and we were in the middle. It was a great business to get a line to the bank, as the current carried the rope down stream and put a tremendous weight on to it. At last we got off and bade farewell to our friends once more.

We anchored in the river, and the next morning had to cut firewood to carry us back, as coal was nearly done. We got to the mouth of the Kunusi and inside the next day, filled up with fresh water, intending to go out again about midnight when the tide would suit, but my engineer had been treated, or had been allowed to treat himself, too well at the bulk store on the beach of which a white man was in charge. The result was that a little before midnight he was very certain he

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could manage everything all right, and I was certain he could not, so we postponed our departure. We spent a Sunday there, and picked up two passenger miners—one very sick, who had been waiting for weeks to get away; the other, who came down from the field just as we were leaving. I doubt whether we could have got out over the bar of the Kunusi if the store-keeper had not piloted us. He got back in his whale-boat—one or two bumps showed how little there was to spare in the channel. We ran on for a few hours to get under shelter of some islands, and to have a clean get-way during the night, hoping for a smooth sea, which we did not find when we left our anchorage about midnight. It was heavy slogging till morning against a head wind and a nasty sea, but the next day we got to an anchorage. Then on to Tufi, when the weather delayed us again, and we had to run back for shelter to another fiord. We got to Wedau for the Sunday, and then on to Samarai, only to find such a current in China Strait that we could make no headway, and it seemed impossible to steer. I was glad indeed of the presence of one of our passengers who had been a sailor, and most thankful when we dropped anchor in Samarai. I handed over the launch just in time, and was told next day that she was sold. It was a long risky journey we had taken, and one can only think there is a special providence that guards other fools besides tipsy men.

CHAPTER XXV

THE FUTURE

I HAVE been told that the closing chapter of this book should contain some expression of opinion about the future of the country from a commercial point of view, and also about the future of missionary work.

I cannot feel that I have any qualifications to say anything about commercial development. There may be a great future before the country, and great wealth from the rubber and coco-nut plantations, and from other tropical products. Certainly there has been a great change in the last few years. Thirteen years ago nearly all the wealth gained from the country was won by the miners. Now a great deal of capital is being invested in plantations and agricultural development, and gold takes a secondary place. It looks as though in the future tropical agriculture will be the chief industry, but there is said to be copper, and coal, and shale, so that mining may play a big part in development. What the returns on the capital invested will be, the future will show. There was a boom a couple of years ago for a few months, and companies were formed on flaring prospectuses with glaring mis-statements, and a good deal of the capital of such has been, or will be, lost to all except unscrupulous company promoters. There are others more sober and sounder. But the change means that many new problems are arising which will entail much thought and worry for the Government, and may mean a change of method for missionaries. The plantations require an increasing amount of labour. It is doubtful whether in the whole territory there is enough labour to work the capital invested, even allowing for a writing down of capital, which must surely

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come. The young men from the villages will go away more and more to work on the plantations, and village life will be broken up.

Boys may sign on for three years, and those that do will be cut off from their village life, and will find it hard when they go home to live without the extra food, and the tobacco they have enjoyed while at work. The gardens will be neglected, and it will be more difficult to live at home; there will not be enough food, so they will be tempted to go off again to work. The present generation of old people will die, and with them will die out all the old village customs which held together the village life. If, as has been suggested, families are taken to the plantations, then the break with the village life will be more complete still. Families are more likely to remain away at work for years, which is good for the plantation managers; but when the people get old what is to happen to them? and a New Guinea man gets old for work very early in life.

It is not likely that plantation owners will keep the old people when they are unable to work, and having been away from their homes for years they have lost their place and their position in the village, and they have no young people to work for them in their gardens. So long as a New Guinea man can keep his garden and have young people to work it, he is secure against destitution in his old age, and it certainly seems bad policy for the native to do anything which cuts off his retreat.

It has been suggested, again, that plantation owners would establish villages on their plantations, giving the natives a portion of the land which they can work, and where they can make gardens; but then what tenure would they have, and how far would people living under such conditions be really free agents?

It seems that if the men are to go away to work, if the country is to be developed by native labour, and some arrangements are not made for family life, then the population must decrease and the race die out. That may happen whether or no, but surely it is wisdom to arrange matters so that the risk of extinction is not made greater. The fact that all, or nearly all, the development is in the hands of

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companies makes the problem more difficult. A co-operation has no body to be kicked, and no soul to be damned. The moral responsibility is shared by so many that no one realizes it. The shareholders are away from, and know nothing of the duties and the responsibilities that arise from, employment of labour, they do not understand the difficulties of the situation—and do not want to be worried about them. The manager, who alone has to meet the difficulties, and if possible fulfil the duties, has to consider the directors and the dividends. His position depends on that, and he is more or less a bird of passage.

Of course these are just the difficulties that arise all through the modern world owing to the existence of limited liability companies, the members of which find it so easy to limit their sense of responsibility to employees they know nothing about.

We in Australia have seen it when banks and corporations have taken over stations, the owners having had to forfeit, and that has had a great deal to do with the labour war against financial institutions; but the difficulties inherent in companies are all the greater when the employees are a "lower" race, and less able to take care of themselves. If there is not sufficient labour in the country to work the plantations, and other commercial ventures, or if the labour is not forthcoming, there will be a cry—it has already been heard—of importing indentured labour for a period from "the East"—to us from the North. It is difficult to see how the Australian Commonwealth committed, as to all parties so it seems, to a white Australian policy can allow the importation of coloured aliens to a territory of the Commonwealth. White Australia seems to carry with it, as a corollary, brown New Guinea, and other races must be excluded. But capital will make a big fight for its interests in the territory. If alien labour were allowed it would probably mean that, being more reliable and obtainable in greater numbers, the native labour would be ousted from the market, and the native population live in the country isolated from its life and interests. It is difficult to imagine two races living in the same country in airtight compartments, cut off from intercommunication. Two

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problems would always be present for the authorities to deal with, conflicting interests and rights.

It seems that a change is coming, and what is in the womb of the future who can tell.

But under any conditions it seems that life is doomed, and there will arise problems and difficulties for the Church to face. On the whole the difficulties of the future will be different from, and harder than, those of the past for missionaries.

We have had the advantage of influence over our people in that they feared all these changes which they did not understand, and they at least knew the missionary was their friend to whom they could go for advice; the questions we have been asked, and the ignorant fears those questions have expressed, would be ludicrous to the white man who had no sympathy with the people.

Contact with a wider world makes the people less dependent. Many of the fears are found to be groundless, and one source of our influence goes.

Then we have also gained in the past from the reverence and respect which the native felt for the white man, reverence and respect founded no doubt on fear of the unknown. Hence there was a readiness to accept our teaching because we taught it, not from a belief in the truth itself. With a wider knowledge and more independence of character so gained there will be less disposition to accept teaching on authority. The opportunities for gain and for material pleasures, and what to these people are luxuries, will develop an individualism, and with it a selfishness which will militate against Christian teaching.

The passing of the old communal life will mean the loss of much that harmonizes with Christian teaching, and the passing away of native customs with their restraining moral influence will leave the people like a rudderless ship, and that before the power of the Gospel has been able to enter into and be a real influence on their lives.

We shall find it harder to make converts, and we shall find it harder for our people to be consistent in their lives, they will have more temptations and more difficulties.

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Should the future bring with it a breaking up of village life, as is quite possible, then our methods of work which have answered so well in the past will have to be altered, and we shall have to adapt ourselves to new conditions.

Already we have found changes, things to test our faith and try our loyalty. But if the work is to be more difficult it is for that reason the more worth doing, and we are sure that the promise of our Lord that He will ever be with His Church will not fail, the Church will be led by the Holy Spirit so to adapt herself that the will of the Father, who would have all men to be saved and come to a knowledge of the truth, will be accomplished, and that through men if men are found faithful.

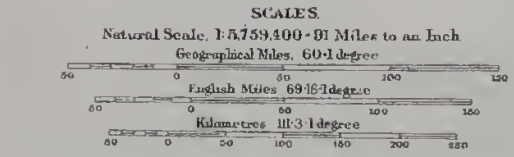
Any one who has been privileged to feel the presence of the Holy Spirit at times of baptism and confirmation, who has been privileged to witness loyal, consistent lives of New Guinea Christians, cannot dare to doubt that these people are capable of being indeed children of God, for whom Christ died. The very difficulties which will arise out of new conditions will under God be the very means by which those weaknesses of character we deplore are removed, and the strength of character we long for developed.

These children of Nature—children in so many ways—will soon pass out of the state of childhood into a wider life with more dangers and more temptations. May God in His infinite love so guide all who are responsible for the shaping of their future, and for providing the help they need, and which alone will enable them to grow from strength to strength! At present all we can do is the duty that lies next before us, and be ready always to meet new conditions when they arise without bemoaning the past, and with a sure and certain faith that if not in one way then in another these people can be trained, and that Christian Truth alone will train them to be what they are worthy to become.

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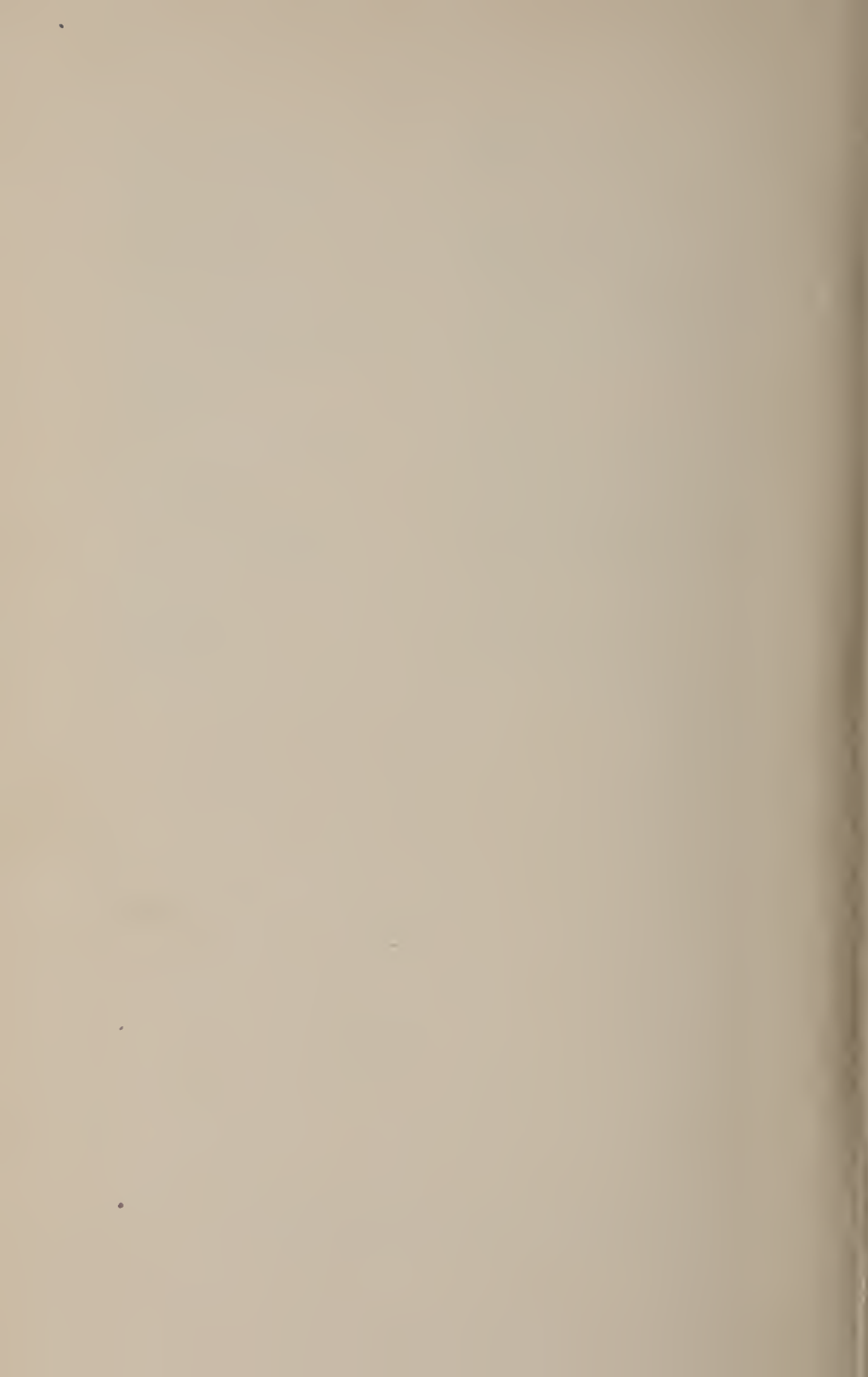
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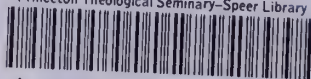
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